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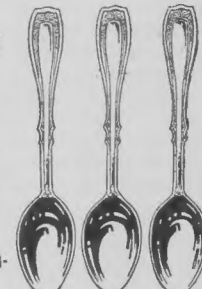
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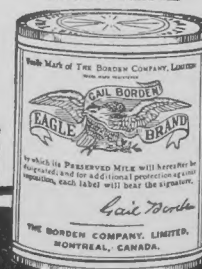
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How My Wife and I Made \$500⁰⁰ at Home

This is the splendid record of success in Auto Knitting achieved by Mr. and Mrs. George C. Niven. Not many Auto Knitter owners have the time and energy needed to bring out the full money-making possibilities of their machines, as Mr. and Mrs. Niven have, but in homes all over the country the Auto Knitter helps to bring in many welcome dollars the year round. Wouldn't you be glad to have some extra money in exchange for some of your spare hours? Read the Niven's inspiring story and send for free information about our "Guaranteed Wage Plan." That was how they got their start.

By Mr. George C. Niven

HOW many people have said to themselves, "I wish I could get some kind of paying work to do at home?" A little money coming in regularly, no matter how small, would always help towards the household expenses.

I was in this same predicament myself, not because I could not get work, but owing to the state of my health. It was impossible for me to take up my civil employment. I want to tell you how the Auto Knitter helped me out of the financial situation in which I was placed.

I studied all the advertisements in the daily papers and magazines, but nothing seemed to suit until I happened one day upon the advertisement of the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company, telling how to make money knitting socks. Having sent to Toronto for particulars of their offer, their proposition appeared to me so straight forward that I made up my mind to invest in one of their machines.

In less than two weeks the knitter was delivered. After studying the Instruction Book and learning all about the machine's principal parts, it is surprising how soon one can master its operation. After doing a few pairs of socks, I sent in a sample of my work to the Company and soon received word back saying it was satisfactory. I then got busy and started sending in bundles of five to seven dozen pairs, for which I promptly received my wage cheque.

In the beginning of the winter of 1920-21, I started to canvass some of my neighbors, and after showing them samples of my work, I was soon receiving orders from them, and they are highly delighted with the work. Having become familiar with my machine and knowing what good work it could turn out, I decided to advertise my work, and, if possible, increase my earnings.

I inserted a small advertisement in the local paper, offering to knit socks and stockings from the patron's own yarn. It was surprising the work I received in reply to it. The first day alone I received orders for 36 pairs of hosiery. I was now earning on an average of \$2.00 a day from private work alone and at the same time filling in my spare moments by doing Standard Socks for the Company.

Seeing the possibilities of the machine, I decided to invest in another one, which my wife could work about in her spare time, and I can safely say that our machines have paid for themselves over and over again. As the winter went on, my work got better known and my orders kept on increasing. I had now worked up a fairly good business.

\$500 Earned in Winter Months

When the winter came to an end and the demand for Woollen Hosiery slackened off, I had to look for an opening for my work during the summer months. Looking back on my winter's work, I am able to reckon my earnings from two machines for five months at \$500.00.

As the summer was now here, I decided to go in for the making of Golf Socks, but I had to find a market for my work. This I found by calling on the department stores in town and was fortunate enough to interest two of them in my work. From them I received a sample order for a few pairs. They were highly delighted with my work and very soon they were ordering more, which kept me going during the summer months.

When this winter came on, I interviewed the managers of the wool departments and suggested that I make up some socks and stockings from their yarn, which they could keep on their counters so that their patrons could see how the different yarns made up, which would help the sale of their yarns and at the same time might bring them orders for hosiery, to be made up by me. They readily agreed with my idea and they each opened up what we may call a "Made to Order Hosiery Department." The success of it was beyond all expectation and I was soon getting work which, in conjunction with orders from private customers, kept me going from morning till night.

Makes \$30 a Week at Home

I have now established a very good business at home, where, with the sale of yarn and my knitting my earnings never show less than Thirty Dollars a week and considerably more at times. Before closing, I would like to tell of another little opening for the Auto Knitter which only requires to be brought to the notice of my different customers in order to be profitable. That is what I call my "Repair Department." It is the re-knitting and re-footing of old socks and stockings. Every household has old socks and stockings lying about, which are either too small or have the feet worn out.

If people know that it is possible to have them made up again at a very small cost, they are much pleased to have them done. In re-knitting old work it is only necessary to unravel it and dip it in boiling water, which will restore it to almost its natural state, and after being allowed to dry, it will knit up almost as nice as a new pair of socks or stockings. I hope the foregoing few remarks of my experience may be a help to any prospective buyers of that wonderful machine—the Auto Knitter.

Mr. George C. Niven.

Why not Satisfy Your Wants Through Auto Knitting?

If you had an Auto Knitter, you would turn your spare moments into steady earnings that would rapidly grow into really worth while sums of money—to be used for clothes, home furnishings, savings, or any of the hundred-and-one needs and wants that keep presenting themselves, often unexpectedly, when your family income is already strained by regular expenses.

When an Auto Knitter owner needs extra money, she simply gets busy making standard socks on her machine, sends a shipment of them to the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company, and in a few days she has the money—in the form of a "money order from Toronto."

More than \$18,000 a Year being Paid to Workers

The total number of socks being sent in to us by Auto Knitter workers this year will reach over 150,000 pairs, and the total amount of wages sent them in "money orders from Toronto" will exceed \$18,000. This will give you some idea of the extent of this spare-time industry that the remarkable Auto Knitter machine has made possible for Canadian homes everywhere.

This immense number is received at the factory, sorted, shipped to more than 1,000 dealers in all parts of the country, including department stores, men's furnisiers and general stores—and sold under the trade name "Olde Tyme All-Wool Socks."



MR. GEORGE C. NIVEN

Yet out of this large number of pairs, received from novices as well as experts, from new workers as well as old—less than 5% have to be laid aside and returned as being below the standard set for "Olde Tyme All-Wool Socks."

Each Worker Protected by a Contract

You are given a signed Five-year Work Contract, which may be renewed by arrangements, guaranteeing you a market for every pair of standard Olde Tyme Socks you produce, and fixing a definite price which you will be paid for your work, in addition to which you will be furnished with yarn to replace, pound for pound, that which you send us in the form of socks.

You can work as much as you please or as little as you please—and the standard product you complete can be disposed of promptly and profitably to the company. You are not obligated in any way to send any part or all of your work to the Company unless you wish. You can make socks and sell them to your friends, neighbors and local trade. But if you prefer not to canvass or do any selling—it is always your privilege to send your standard socks to us and receive our fixed rate of payment together with replacement yarn.

Send for Fact-Stories and Full Information

If you want to turn your spare hours into cash, send the attached coupon to-day for full details of our offer, with stories of success telling what others have done and how you can get into the work.

Don't delay. Send the coupon to-day. Get the facts. Then decide for yourself. Resolve now to do as others have done. Make up your mind to let your own spare hours solve your money worries. Get the coupon in the mail this very day.

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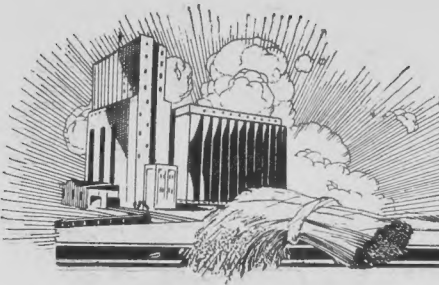
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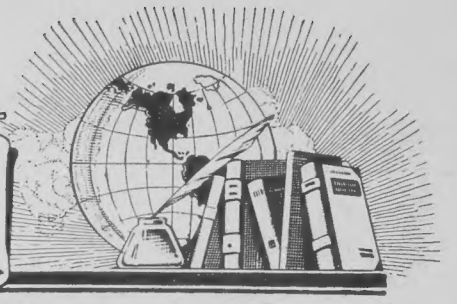
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Western Home Monthly 2-23



EDITORIAL



THE FRENCH ADVANCE

WHY does France wish to occupy the Ruhr region? Because she will be able to maintain a stronghold on Germany's metal industry, which France believes is the backbone of Germany's greatness.

The Rhine separates German and French metallurgical regions, the Ruhr and Lorraine. The two products necessary for iron and steel manufacture are the ore itself and coal. The Ruhr has the coal and Lorraine has the ore. This is the basis situation behind France's wish to get control of the Ruhr.

The year before the war, Germany produced 191,000,000 tons of coal. The Ruhr supplied 115,000,000 tons of this and practically all the rest came from the Saar and Upper Silesia. France now has the Saar and Poland has Upper Silesia. There remains for Germany only the Ruhr.

Before the war Germany produced 19,000,000 tons of iron yearly. Eight million tons of this have been lost to Germany by the separation of Lorraine and Upper Silesia. Of the remaining 11,000,000 tons, 9,000,000 tons are the annual product of the Ruhr. The German steel production before the war amounted to 19,000,000 tons, of which little remains, except the Ruhr output of about 10,000,000 tons.

If France occupies the Ruhr, Germany will cease to have her own coal and her own iron and steel mills. Either she must become a second rank industrial nation, or she must fight to recover her territory. Anybody can guess what will happen.

Ruhr and Lorraine are complementary areas, one producing coal and the other iron. A union of the two would be of more value to France than the whole German indemnity. Can anybody doubt why the invasion is acclaimed by all Parisians. To be the great industrial power of Europe is no small ambition.

The situation then, is a reversal of conditions at the close of the Franco-Prussian war.

The Ruhr, if it passes into French hands, will be Germany's Alsace-Lorraine, magnified many times. France could and did thrive without her lost provinces. Germany cannot. Therefore, the Germans will be actuated by the law of self-preservation to get back the Ruhr, if it should pass to France. That is why the present situation is so precarious and why the French Rhine policy is causing so much uneasiness in Washington, London and the other world capitals.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE

IN the satires of Horace, written about 50 B.C., there is a tribute paid by their distinguished poet to his father that it is good to read. The father was comparatively poor, but he believed that the best education was none too good for his son, and so this quotation tells of the sacrifice he made. "He, though not rich, for his farm was a poor one, would not send me to the school of Flavius, to which the first youths of the town, the sons of the centurions, the great men there, used to go, with their bags (for arithmetical calculations) and slates on their left arms, taking the teacher's fee on the idea of eight months in the year; but he had the spirit to carry me when a boy to Rome, there to learn the liberal arts which any knight or senator would have his own sons taught. Had any one seen my dress and the attendant servants, so far as would be observed in a populous city, he would have thought that such an expense was paid from an old heredity estate. He was ever present, a guardian incorruptible at all my studies. Why say more? My modesty, that first grain of virtue he preserved untainted, not only by an actual strain, but by the very rumor of it."

So without discussing the cost of education these days, one may say two things in all confidence. First of all if a man loves his children, he will be willing to make a sacrifice for them, and no sacrifice is too great. The father of Horace kept himself poor to educate his son, but what a noble son he had! Could any investment have given a greater return? In the second place the thing in education worth most is moral character—modesty and purity, and in such matters as this the teaching and example of the parent is worth more than anything else.

It is possibly true that today too much dependence is being placed upon the school teacher. Avoidance of responsibility by parents is easy, but

it has its danger. Is there any better way for a man to save his life than by losing it for his children?

PROFESSION AND PRACTICE

NOTWITHSTANDING the great disparity between Christian teaching and Christian practice, the Spirit of Christ is continually leavening the world, as He predicted it would. Though Japan and China have not adopted Christianity, the Christian ethic is becoming the ideal in both countries. Though Moslems of today are as opposed to the Christian idea as they were in the early days, yet Kemal will not attempt to rival Fimur in deeds of cruelty. Nor is this saying that the butchery of today is not horrible beyond description. Though Jews of today point in derision to self-styled Christian nations, because their practices come so short of their professions, yet they are only too pleased at times to claim Jesus as one of their own race who succeeded in expressing their fundamental moral beliefs. They say that Christians have accepted the name of Christ, but have rejected his ideas. In India the revolt is largely due to the contrast between Christian theory and practice. Everywhere it is the same. Christ in His teachings and His life was fundamentally sound. Just in proportion as the world in reality accepts His leadership, it works towards peace and good will. But when men or organizations merely profess His name, but in practice deny the soundness of His ethical teachings, they are doing worse service to His cause than if they ranked themselves among His opponents.

The world is growing weary of sham and pretence, and no sham is more obnoxious than that of a cult or institution or organization or nation, which in the name of Christianity commits deeds unworthy of savages, or which manifests mental attitudes unworthy of the feeble-minded.

Never before did the world need less of religious pride and pomp, and never before did it require so much of the spirit of the "Gentle Galilean." When all existing organizations have passed away, when nations have crumbled and individual fortunes have been dissipated when the present triumphs of science have become a mockery because new knowledge has displaced the old, the fundamental Christian virtues will still be cherished. Faith, hope and love will rule the world. Did we believe otherwise we might well wish for the obliteration of mankind.

PLAYING THE GAME

I WAS surprised to find myself standing on a field path and taking sides as a spectator in a football match between two teams of which I did not even know the names. One team wore blue and grey, and one team chocolate and black. Being fond of blue I immediately took sides with the former team, and when their leader sent the ball like a bomb through the goal, I joined in the hubbub and my first impulse was to become more enthusiastic and partisan than ever.

To my astonishment the opposite was the case, I now wished the chocolate and black team to even up the score and my whole interest centered in a little man with red face and redder hair who seemed to be the incarnation of energy. I had scarcely begun to sympathize with him when he leaped into the air with the purpose of heading the ball, only to hurt into the head of an opponent. He fell back on the field like a dead man, and was immediately carried off the field to recuperate while the game proceeded as if nothing had occurred. This, I believe, is the way they play this game.

After a time the red faced and redder hair began to move, and then the whole body revived and before one could say Jack Robinson, the player was back in the field and in the heat of the game. And to him the game was hot, for an opponent charged him in what he believed to be an illegitimate way, and though damage to his body was little, the danger to his sense of justice was unforgivable. He left the match to look after himself, and with face and hair brighter than ever, and with tongue and arm wagging in expostulation he began to protest in fierce expostulation. The referee seeing the trouble, ran to the rescue. He seized the players by the right hands, and fitted the two together and made them shake warmly, then nodding and smiling he went back to his work of blowing the whistle.

The little man hesitated, then he nodded his mop and ran off with his opponent to the thick of the play.

"O holy spirit of sport, thou that dost lay the evil passions of men and teach them to behave according to the rules, even amid the tumult and the shouting of the football field. Without thee there would be no civilization, but only a long contention without law, without honor, without obedience. To see such an incident as the little red faced man shaking hands in reluctant but unquestioning obedience to the referee increases one's confidence in the white race's future."—Adapted from the New Statesman.

MOVIES AND MOVIES

THEY are with us and in one form or another will remain for purposes of education and entertainment. That they can be of service to humanity, no one will deny; that they can minister to degradation, no one would be foolish enough to dispute. It is for this reason that those who provide the pictures should be exceedingly careful. If the purpose be education, then everything shown should be real; if the purpose is entertainment, then there should be nothing coarse and nothing suggestive of immorality. That much will be agreed to by all good firms who prepare films.

Now, it is no reflection on good productions, but an aid to them, to point out that in some respects many pictures of today are unworthy of recognition by the public. If the public do witness them it means a lowering of moral and aesthetic tone. Perhaps one or two instances will make this clear. Those who have seen the children's play, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," or such a thrilling story-play as "Behold My Wife," will probably say that the effect was wholesome, but when they have to bear with scenes of married infidelity, or to see girls smoking cigarettes as if that were right and proper custom for young Canadians, they might as well ask to be excused from attending the theatre.

Naturally there is strong pressure on film-producers to create something snappy, and one of the easiest things to do, but one of the most damaging, is to make ostentatious display of wealth. The good plays are careful to avoid this vulgarity—but all plays are not good. A well-known member of the British House of Commons, referring to certain American productions as shown in England, said that they created a bad impression because of this vulgar ostentation, which was as untrue to fact as it was unnecessary. It may be that American critics would speak in similar fashion of English film productions. And so all should be on their guard. It is as easy to be true to fact; to be clean and wholesome, as it is to be vulgar and suggestively immoral. All honor to those who have taken pains to present that which even young children and adolescents may view without danger of contamination. In the end the best censorship is that by the film-producers themselves. The highly-colored may attract for a moment, but the worthy will always endure. And what is true of the story-film is doubly true of comic productions. In this field it is a crime to be coarse; it is a privilege to be clean to the satisfaction of even "David Harum's sister."

THE LIQUOR QUESTION

IN civilized society no man can do what he likes, say what he likes, take what he likes or even be what he likes, if by doing, saying, taking or being interferes with the rightful liberty, happiness and comfort of others. No man has a right to make himself a menace to the rest of the community. On the other hand the community has a right to protect itself against every menace. The saloon was recognized as such a menace and so it was abolished. Liquor as a beverage is a menace not only to right life in the homes of to-day, but to the peace and prosperity of the coming generation.

The Christian Science Monitor, which is always strong editorially, in referring to conditions in Massachusetts says something that might apply in Manitoba to-day.

"They want the law to be ineffective; they are striving to make it more ineffective, and because they are thus able to make its enforcement difficult they ask that it should be repealed. Never was there a more complete example of the vicious circle; never a more extraordinary instance of men, in the name of liberty, seeking to deny to the people the power to enforce the laws which by half a century of earnest and patient effort they have put upon the statute books."



LAND'S END

By R. E. Breach

Continued from January Issue

BUT Anita was neither weepy nor hysterical. It might have been some consolation to Adam's wounded pride to know that she was silently blaming her own folly. The house-party seemed a very insignificant matter now. She would have given all Leawood, with its lawns and roseries, its fountains and luxurious appointments, for one good suit of woollen underwear, and a pair of goloshes. She had received her first sharp lesson in the relative value of things. Never before had she had reason to pity herself, and because the emotion was new and pleasurable, she indulged in it recklessly.

"Mr. Adam," she called to him presently, "aren't there any more blankets? I'm so cold."

"Sorry there are no more, Miss Westgate, but the sun will be out presently. Come for a stroll along the beach, and you'll soon be warm."

"I'm too cold to walk."

"You'll never get warm in there. Come out into the sun and move around."

Reluctantly she stretched her stiff limbs, and came out of the hut. He gave her his sweater, and a long slicker, and tied a woollen scarf closely about her head and throat. After a few minutes walking she felt warm, and the strength came back to her limbs.

"Let's go to the end of the point," said the prospector, buttoning his shirt tightly to his throat, and thrusting his hands deep into his velveteen breeches pockets. "I want to get those duds I laid out for you. We haven't enough clothes for two."

He led her along the hard sand, giving her a helping lift over the rough places. She looked listlessly at the trees he pointed out to her, or the strange shells he found for her, hoping to rouse her from her sullen apathy. He was forced finally to let her alone, leaving her cure to the bright sun and the wine-like air.

"Don't look back until we get to the end of this point," said he, as he led the way through the boulders. "It's a very fine view from there."

On either side of them lay the wreckage brought in by the ocean currents. Pieces of lost ships lay about them, torn and rotted. There a longboat half buried in the sand, here orderly piles of lumber swept bodily from a deckload, barrels and cases of unknown content, strange roots of tropic origin, all the flotsam and jetsam of the north Pacific swept into this lonely eddy.

"It's just like Robinson Crusoe's Island," said the girl, taking interest at last. "One might build a house and find everything they needed, here."

"Not much to eat, though Miss Westgate. Everything water-soaked and mouldy. Here's your outfit. What do you think of it? If you would prefer my clothes, I'll take these."

The clothing consisted of a pair of blue trousers, a couple of jerseys, and some men's coarse underclothing. It was rough, but warm, and had belonged to a man of small size, so that it promised to fit Anita. She declared in favor of it at once.

"We'll leave the stuff here until we come back," said Adam, much relieved at her decision.

The point sloped down to a narrow isthmus, terminating in a small round point, some thirty feet high, like a tower. Adam helped her to the top of this rock, and sat her down in a natural seat, with her feet dangling high above the water.

"You don't feel dizzy, do you?"

"Not a bit, and we're out of the wind, and so warm. Won't you sit down and talk to me?"

"Just what I would like to do, with your permission," replied Adam, much pleased at this sign of renewed interest on the part of the girl.

"I was just thinking about the ship, and the wreck," she went on, and as if glad to have a confidant. "The water is so gentle and beautiful now, but then—Oh, Mr. Adam, something seemed to die in me that night. I had only thought about having a good time, and getting the best of everything, but then I learned what life, just raw naked life, was, stripped of its embellishments and trappings."

"And what did life appear to you at such a time?"

"Something very noble, and something very bestial. I saw a sailor, mad with fear, crowd a woman with a baby out of her place in the lifeboat, and his officer shot him dead with his revolver. It was a steward who gave me his own place on a life-raft."

"Why weren't you in the boats?"

"Well, you see, four of them were broken by the waves in launching, and there seemed to be so many women with children. So they filled the boat with them first. I wonder if they reached land safely?"

"I DON'T remember how I got to shore, nor how long I was on the raft. It was so cold and I was horribly seasick. But when I did get to land, I had no food and no matches, and it rained, rained, rained. I caught some mussels among the rocks, and found berries in the woods. It is all like a bad dream, of which we remember only incidents here and there. And then after the pain in my chest got so bad, I remember nothing until I felt the heat of your fire on my face. Heat, what a wonderful thing it is!" and she turned her thin face, already tanned with the sharp sea wind, up to the sun. "Have you ever been shipwrecked, Mr. Adam?"

"Once, on the Peruvian coast, but I endured no such hardships as you have gone through. A warm climate makes a difference in such a disaster."

"Well, I've had enough of the sea. Poor daddy, and mother, too. How anxious they will be. I suppose I have been listed as missing."

"Please don't worry about that. Everything will be all right. I want to help you all I can, you know. Now, get up and look behind. Don't be afraid, I'll steady you."

Anita did as he wished, and saw the long point they had rounded, swelling in a long sloping volume to the white-peaked mountains in the distance. She seemed to be standing at the extreme edge of the world, where the land ceases, and where the waters have dominion over the face of the earth. Behind her stretched the continent, and she, at the end of the earth, stood midway between it and the sea.

"The most westerly point of the continent proper, Miss Westgate," said the prospector, rising, "I have named it Land's End."

"But this is an island?"

"A broken-off shelf, rather. That is the first open sea before us, and beyond that, China, the Orient. You were going to China, weren't you, Miss Westgate?"

"Yes," she replied, and flushed. "You see, Mr. Adam, daddy and I had a misunderstanding, so I thought it better to go away for a while. When people don't understand you, it's just as well to leave them alone, until they realize their mistake. Poor daddy! I am sure he must be very sorry now."

ADAM felt very much inclined to laugh. Here was a girl who was of the stuff of heroines, who had given up her place in a lifeboat to a baby, still nursing a childish egotism, and cherishing a fancied slight to her own importance. He wondered what George Westgate had denied his daughter. Had it been a love affair? The Westgates were very proud, for all their lowly origin. They were a clean, honest race. And, indeed, he thought, any noble house might be glad to claim the girl before him as of their blood. She was well above average height, slender to boyishness, and moved with the ease and unaffected freedom of the athletically trained girl. Hands and feet small but strong, her neck long and well balanced on it the shapely head with its heavy crown of black hair. But her eyes were her greatest beauty. Wide apart rimmed with heavy lashes, deep and full of cool gray light, they illumined the pale oval of her face. Her small pointed chin, set at a stubborn angle, gave strength and piquancy to a rather child-like face. Adam felt a new pulse beat in his blood as he watched her. She seemed so frail and helpless, so utterly in his hands. He felt a great pity for her, in which began to mingle a warmer, brighter emotion, filling him with ecstasy, and with a strange uneasiness.

Stephen Adam had had a happy boyhood. But the poverty of his parents had forced him into the world of work long before the average youth had left school. Since those early, happy days he had lived a lonely life, far from the home-circle which he so dearly loved. The necessity for achievement in the profession he loved, the economies he had been forced to practice in order to fit himself for that profession, had kept him apart from the ordinary routine of life. Now, at thirty-six, his hard apprenticeship had taught him to find in work the warm life which other men find in home, wife and children. He had told Anita Westgate that he was a prospector, but Stephen Adam was more than a mere searcher. He was a scientist, a mineralogist famous throughout America, a daring pioneer in the newer paths of his profession.

Where in past years men searched for the philosopher's stone, the gem which would transmute baser metals to gold, and later, disillusioned of that fable, sought the gold and jewels for themselves, so now the men of the sextant seek the element of radium. Stephen had made this work his special study, seeking the magic ore in many countries. Two years before he had spent

a summer on this coast, and had become convinced that the radium-bearing ore was to be found there. But though his work had brought him recognition, it had benefited him little financially. This year, however, he had been equipped by an American mining firm to examine once more the headlands of the western coast.

HE was thinking very seriously and anxiously about his work. Already his first month was slipping by, and he had not made even one expedition in search of his aim. In fact, he had not left the mile of beach where he had set up his headquarters. Aside from the loss of his own advancement, he felt that he must do something to justify the faith his backers had placed in him.

Neither could he bring himself to desert the girl whom a strange chance had thrown under his protection. Her physical condition made overland traveling utterly impossible. Still something had to be done at once, and with his natural decisiveness, he set to work.

Anita, who had been very much exhausted by her walk to Land's End, came out of the shelter at sundown, and found Adam setting up four posts in a sheltered corner of the beach.

"What are you making?" she queried.

"A new house for you," he replied merrily. "Do you approve of the plan?"

"A new house for me? What's the use of taking so much trouble? The shelter I have now is good enough for the short time we shall be here."

"Miss Westgate," said Adam, laying aside his hatchet, "I want to talk seriously to you about that. But first sit down here out of the wind, and let me bring you a blanket. I don't like that cough of yours."

"Neither do I," replied the girl, snuggling down into the sun-warmed sand behind the rocks. "And that's one reason why I am so anxious to get home again."

Adam sat down upon a flat stone nearby, and lighted his pipe.

"I can explain things better if I smoke. Now about this going home. Do you know how far you walked this afternoon?"

"It seemed miles, even though you helped me over the roughest places."

"Well, you travelled a mile and a half, over smooth sand, without a load, and with me to help you. Now the nearest settlement is fifty miles to the south-east, yonder, right across that mountain with the two sharp peaks. The direction, if I remember rightly, runs over the right shoulder. It's a mighty hard climb, Miss Westgate, and a mighty hard road. Not smooth sand, but muskeg, boulder-strewn valley, and in the woods the fallen trunks and underbrush are waist deep. We would have to pack blankets, guns and the necessary equipment for two people. If you did win through to the settlement, it's thirty miles further to the first place where we could get a pony for you. You are just over an illness that has been almost fatal to you. Do you see my point?"

"I see that you consider me physically unfit for the journey at present."

"Yes, and you will probably be so, for two months to come. That is going to bring us to the end of August. It will take me a month to get you

out, with good luck. I was fifteen days with a guide and two packers coming in two years ago. No white man had been over the road before me. Five miles a day was heavy doing for men physically up to the packer's job. If you did half that with a pack such as you will have to carry, you will do wonders."

"I carry a pack!"
"Your blankets, at least. It would be impossible for me to carry everything. But, see here, if you would be content to wait here another month, you would be as far ahead, and the whaler on which I came in will stop for me about that time. A third and last argument, I am not sure of my way, and that might delay us again. If you fell ill, it would be disaster."

"If you are an experienced woodsman, why can't you find the way?"
"I am experienced enough to know that it would be a hard and dangerous trip for us both. Don't think that I am not considering you. I am, very much. I want to do what is best for you."

"I AM sure of that, Mr. Adam, but I don't think you are right. How can you ask me to stay three months in this awful place?"

"Because I want to keep you from worse experiences. I can make you very comfortable here, Miss Westgate. Time will perhaps hang heavy on our hands, but perhaps I can find something to amuse you. Meantime you will surely regain your health, and when the Lajeunesse stops for us, you will be united to your family without any more danger or discomfort. Come, now, what do you think of it?"

"I don't know what to think of it," replied the girl. "It seems incomprehensible to me that we cannot go those eighty miles without endangering my life."

"I can only repeat my arguments. When you are stronger, I shall show you a bit of the road we would have to travel. I'm sure that will convince you."

He spent three days building the rough hut for the girl. Anita dozed on her blankets, or came and watched him at his work. A great inertia was upon her. She seldom spoke to him, but lay half-asleep in the drowsy sunshine. Nature was busy repairing the damage which disease had made, and had no vitality to spare for action. Adam was thankful that she was for the time content. When the hut was finished he moved her few belongings into it, and set about repairing her old shelter for his own use. His work was interrupted only by the necessity of preparing food for both. He often wished that she was able to exert herself in this direction, for time was precious, and his work was unbelievably slow.

On a shelf of dry sand under an overhanging rock, he constructed a third shelter. Anita, who had been walking slowly along the beach with the Aire-dale, came to inquire what this third hut was for.

"It's for something very precious to me, and to us both. I'm going to put all our stuff in here, the grub and my instruments, and the apparatus you see in those waterproof packages."

"Are they very valuable?"

"They certainly are. Besides, if that grub was spoiled, we'd have a slim living until the Lajeunesse comes along. You'd miss your morning cup of coffee, Miss Westgate."

"Do you have this apparatus for your work?" said Anita, examining the packages with interest.

"One can't very well get along without it," replied Adam, and he began to unwrap his instruments to show to her, pleased at having found something to interest the girl. "You understand, Miss Westgate, that radium isn't like other ore products, you don't find it sticking out of the rocks like gold or iron. Radium is found in such infinitesimal amounts that it cannot be seen with the naked eye. But it has what is called a radia-activity, that is, it throws off rays like light. We use instruments to detect these rays, which permeate through the radium-bearing rock. This instrument is especially for that work; it's called a scintilloscope."

"Do you think there is radium in these rocks?"

"I believe so. But so far I haven't been able to locate it. Every sign points to its presence—the formation of the rocks."

"Isn't it radium that is being used so much for jewelry?"

"No—you are perhaps thinking of platinum. Radium is sought now mostly because it is a cure for cancerous diseases. But there is so little of it as yet, and so much disease."

"We had a gardener who died of cancer. Mother said he suffered so terribly. Would this radium have eased his pain?"

"It might have cured him."
"That would have been a wonderful thing, wouldn't it. Does it mean a great deal to you to find this metal?"

"It would be the making of me. All over the world men are searching for this substance, which is more precious than gold. It was my big chance to come out here, and I am hoping to make good."

"Perhaps," said the girl, in a small hard voice, "that is why you are not going to take me away?"

Adam looked at her astonished. Then he realized that she had trapped him, and he became angry.

"I did not suspect you of unfairness," he said, bluntly.

"Unfair!" cried the girl. "Is it unfair of me to want to get away from this horrible place?"

He caught the odor of burning food, the pungent smell of scorched rubber. He was too late.



"NO, I didn't mean that. But surely it was not fair of you to accuse me of keeping you here for my own interests?"

"I cannot be convinced," she cried passionately, "that that is not what you are doing. I knew there was some secret reason behind all this balderdash about rough trails and precipitous mountains. You don't want to go. You would let me die here before you would lose a chance to make some wretched dollars for yourself. You are a selfish brute. I am in your power, and must stay, but I warn you that if I ever make my way from this place, you shall suffer for this!"

"Miss Westgate," said Adam, gently. "You are not yourself. God knows I would do anything for you. But I cannot see my way clear to do what you ask. I do admit that I have regretted being unable to carry on my work. I have felt my responsibility for you a hindrance. But I declare to you that I have never begrudged anything I have done for you. You see I am being honest with you. Can't you trust me, and be patient? I know this country, and the trail over yonder is not for a sick girl."

"You know this country! You have just told me, in your fine list of arguments, that you didn't know the trail out."

"I meant," said Adam, patiently, "that I understood the general conditions of the country. I assure you that I was speaking truly when I said I was not sure of my way. I know the general direction—south-east—but fol-

lowing the compass blindly might bring us up against an impasse."

"I don't believe you!"

"Won't you go to your hut and rest? You are excited and overwrought now. After a rest you will feel better about all this. Come, let me help you there." For he saw that she could hardly stand.

"Keep away from me, please," cried Anita, striking angrily at his outstretched hand. "I don't trust you. I believe you are an unscrupulous man, but I warn you that I shall protect myself, with my teeth and nails, if I can find nothing better. Keep away!"

She burst into a storm of weeping, and walked off to her hut. Adam, the hatchet dangling forgotten from his hand, watched her. The blood slowly mounted until his face was crimson to the very roots of his hair. He was dumbfounded. Her wilfulness, her peevishness, he had borne with, as one bears with a sick and petted child. But her last accusation stung him. He could not understand her motive in making such an insinuation. He threw his axe down, and sat moodily upon the sand, his head leaning on his hands.

Presently he arose and went into the new cabin. He carried out a light rifle which he used for game, a gun of heavy calibre, and his revolver. He brought them to her hut.

"Don't you dare to come in!" The girl's voice came muffled and hoarse.

"I shall not come in, Miss Westgate," he said. "You needn't fear. See here, I have brought you the two guns and the

departed. His work filled his days, though he missed the companionship of his dog. Returning at evening, he found the fire dead, and Anita's plate and cup waiting to be washed. He shrewdly suspected that this was done as an additional insult to him, rather than from a lothfulness on her part.

Unwittingly, he had taken the best way with her. Two weeks of silence on his part showed even her arrogant mind that he had no intention of coming suing for forgiveness. She could not but be touched by his patient service. So one evening Adam had the satisfaction of seeing that it was in her mind to speak to him. He gave no encouragement. But when she came near the fire where he was cooking, he placed a blanket on the sand for her, and inquired as to her health.

"Oh, I'm well enough."
"Glad to hear it," he replied, heartily. "Here's a partridge that I snared this morning. See what a fine stew he has made for us," and he dished out a liberal supply into her plate.

She ate in silence. Adam, who never held a grudge, felt inclined to laugh at her childish dignity. He saw with satisfaction that her face was rounding out, her eyes were no longer sunken, her whole aspect one of returning health. "What a little goose she is," he thought to himself, "and what a shame to spoil so splendid a girl by indulgence. Bet you she was brought up to consider the scheme of the universe woven about her." And he thought the life was very likely to reserve hard blows for the schooling of such as she.

"I have been thinking things over, Mr. Adam," she said presently, and I am very sorry that I spoke to you as I did that night."

"It's very generous of you to say so. Though I don't think I have ever given you reason to distrust me."

"No, that's true. But you see," she added, candidly, "Whenever I am angry I say the first bad thing that comes into my head. I wanted to punish you for not doing as I wished, and so I tried to hurt you all I could."

"You succeeded very well. But I was just thinking, Miss Westgate, that a girl in your rank of society has very little opportunity to learn generous and kindly ways."

"How so?"

"Have you ever given up anything for another person? Were you ever denied anything by your parents?"

"Just one thing that I can remember, and I don't understand why daddy did it."

"And what was that, May I ask?"
So she told him of her house-party and Leewood, and Aunt Josephine.

"Your father was quite right about that, but he should have taught you to consider other people's happiness."

Anita received this judgment in silence. Adam felt that she considered his opinion of no importance.

"Now, Mr. Adam," said the girl, laying aside her plate. "I've done the right thing by you. Will you do as much for me?"

"What can I do for you?"

"The one thing that I have asked of you, or ever will. Please, oh, please, take me out to the settlements, take me away from this awful beach!"

Anita was pleading, something she had rarely done. To the man, she seemed again the little helpless girl, passionate, misguided, but with great possibilities of courage and truth to expiate her faults. Perhaps, he thought to himself, "she was right about my motive in keeping her here. I may have been unconsciously considering my own interests." He hesitated, looking seriously at the pale, anxious little face across the fire from him.

Anita misread his hesitation. She thought he was about to lay before her some argument which she could not answer, however much she might resent it. He was again refusing her, who had never been refused before. She did not wait to hear that, against his better judgment and experience, in the face of his sure knowledge of the difficulties, the very possible disaster that lay be-

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THE SHAFT AND THE SHADOWS

By H. Mortimer Batten

IT was during the Easter holidays that a young city clerk, dressed in rough tweeds and carrying a pack upon his shoulders, took with him on his long tramp over the hills a little wire-haired terrier he called Floss. She was red as a fox, and there was something almost fox-like in the quick intelligence of her expression.

From Eldon the youth chose the old mine road across the heights—a dreary expanse of sixteen miles without human habitation, for he had heard a good deal of that dead city away back in the hills—the Kapola Mines. Once among the most flourishing mines in the Kingdom, it had been shut down almost at a day's notice a matter of thirty years ago, and since then the whole vast area, with its towering chimney stacks, its rows upon rows of cottages and walled yards, had served no more useful purpose than to break the force of the uplands gales for the flocks of horned sheep.

The youth was appalled at the silence and desolation of the place. On every side, so far as one could see, were the signs of a vast human industry, yet throughout it all there was no sound of human voice nor tread of human feet. The very road, a yellow streak winding through the abandonment, was grass grown and in places nothing more than a river bed, while there was something ghostly in the sightless stare of so many glassless windows.

So he pushed on, for it was already late afternoon, and leaving behind the last of the mine buildings, he turned and whistled for his dog, who had been ranging wide for rabbits. He whistled and called, and at length he went back a little way. No dog! He called till the uncanny echoes startled him, and bit by bit a haunting superstition of the place fell upon his city mind. Once he found himself looking into the black mouth of a shaft. He dropped a stone into it, and waited, breathless, for the echoes. It seemed a full minute ere any sound reached his ears, then booming upward from the darkness in a thousand ghostly voices he heard the landing of the stone.

The youth turned with a shudder, and a moment later he uttered a cry of alarm as the solid earth gave way under his feet, and he sank a yard or so through the crumbling roof of the culvert. He clambered hurriedly out, and hastened back to the road, determined not to leave it again. And so he called and searched for his dog till hope died and the dusk began to settle, then, longing for the clang of the street cars and the gleam of the lamplight on wet city pavements, he broke into a run on his journey across the moor.

Next day he was back, and every day during his brief holiday found him searching the dead city for his dog. Perhaps he gained a little in the manly worth of things, but had you asked him he would have told you that he spent a lonely and miserable week of it.

As for Floss, the terrier, she had met with a misfortune of a kind likely to befall any city dog in that place. Chasing a rabbit, or rather following the scent of one, and incidentally following it backwards—she had not as yet seen a rabbit in the flesh—it led her to the mouth of one of the numerous shafts, and scrambling about on the loose masonry she set a veritable landslide moving and was carried with it down in the passage below, a fall of ten feet or more. She was lucky in not being crushed or buried, and as she was a wise little dog she saw at a glance that there was no return by the way she had fallen. Ahead of her was the darkness of the shaft, but in that direction also was a delicious smell of rabbit, so away she headed into the darkness—partly in pursuit of the rabbit, partly in search of a way out.

Now the hill dogs are wise, schooled in a hard school, yet the shepherds when they visit that part of the moor keep a close watch on their dogs. The shafts have been fenced round to prevent sheep falling in, yet the fences are not of a kind to stop a dog in pursuit of a rabbit. And the shepherds know that,

once a dog becomes lost in the underground workings, he is hopelessly and irredeemably lost, for the subterranean passages run for miles, the miners' corridors here and there having laid open vast labyrinths of natural corridors among the limestone rock. Also there are pits, so-called bottomless, and vast underground rivers, in which there dwell a race of white, blind trout. And it was in this mysterious underworld that Floss was lost.

BEN LOAN, the shepherd, who met the city youth one day ere the latter abandoned his search, was hearty in his recommendation to "give it up."

"That dog's father," said Ben, pointing to his own white ruffled sheep dog, "got lost about this place ten years ago. He was away a fortnight, but when he came back he was a changed dog. No good among the sheep, no good for anything. Nerves clean gone, and he screamed if you looked at him. What he had been through no one knows, but he never mended. Before that he was the wisest dog I ever knew."

Yet for three weeks Floss remained underground in that silent city of the earth, but she lived. As a matter of fact there was little danger of starving down there. Rabbits were everywhere, many so young that they were easily caught. Also there were bats—bats by the thousand, suspended from the

shrank, watching, from among the ghostly pillars. And the fox trotted past quite close to her—a big, grey mountain fox.

If he was aware of Floss's presence—and he must have been, for her scent was everywhere—he did not show it, and in a moment he was gone.

For some minutes Floss remained, staring wild-eyed into the darkness after him, then a new idea occurred to her. Here was a creature like herself, and where he could go she could follow. So she took up his trail, progressing cautiously, ever listening, her nose to the ground. It led her past inky pools, where she shuddered on a slippery foothold across rotten, man-made bridges, covered with slime and strange growths of fungus, and spanning inky spaces, from the depths of which came the roar of water, then on and up, towards a distant point of light. At first it was a mere point, then larger, larger it grew, till her own shadow followed her through the gloom.

A minute or two later Floss emerged into the sunshine. For a time she could not tolerate the light, and lay, rubbing at her eyes with her forepaws. If she was glad to be free her attitude did not signify it. She seemed afraid—afraid of the open spaces. She stole from point to point, looking out, her tail between her legs, and at length, as though unable to understand, she stole

but her attempts to catch one of them had so far proved singularly unsuccessful.

Yet, in the end she succeeded, and it marked a new era in her life. Watching the grouse closely, she saw two of them engaged in desperate combat. Flattened out like a rag Floss crept in and out among the ruins, then under a peat bank till she was within springing distance. She snapped up one of the birds ere it was able to rise, and could have struck down both of them had she tried. After that Floss watched the grouse more keenly than before, and whenever she saw two fighting she tried to stalk them.

HER lesson came in much the same way with the rabbits. At first, having made a careful stalk of a family of youngsters, she would burst into their midst from the most convenient point, and always had the mortification of seeing them vanish underground a second too soon. Later she learnt, this time by accident, that if she burst in upon them from the direction of their burrow, so cutting off their way of retreat, one or more was sure to become panic-stricken, and to fall an easy victim.

So, living her wild life, Floss became wild and fox-like in looks, and one day she heard a sound which sent her cowering to the heather. It was the whistling of a shepherd, followed by his harsh orders to his dog, and peering from her hiding Floss saw him. Cunningly she watched, and saw to her horror that he was coming straight towards her. She waited till he vanished into a hollow, then she turned and fled like a streak of light for the security of her underground retreat.

Yet, as she cowered there, strange emotions possessed her. She was like the peasant boy who longed to see his king, yet shrank in shuddering fear from the palace gates. She stole out again, and watched the man pass, only her eyes and her two big ears above the mound, and when he was gone she crept down and sniffed his tracks, looking wistfully after him.

Fear comes to man with the fall of darkness, but at that hour it leaves the creatures of the wild. So when night came, Floss took up the trail of the shepherd, and followed it over the moor into a hidden away little valley, where there were woods and green fields, and a white-walled homestead.

It was the home of Ben Loan, and at the gateway Ruff, his dog, met her. Ruff sprang from a long line of shepherding ancestors, and one had only to look into his eyes to read his breeding. None wiser than he, save man himself. Even man's language was known to Ruff, and each evening, lying by the kitchen fire, he gleaned from the conversation and from the actions of his master what they were to do tomorrow. And tomorrow found him ready for his special task.

But, like many sheep dogs in the wild hills, Ruff lived a double life. All day he served Ben, but at night time he lived the life of a wolf, and like a wolf he fled at the approach of man. Ben never fed Ruff, because there was no need. He was as well able to fend for himself as the grey foxes and the owls of the mine ruins. Thus it was that Ruff and Floss became acquainted.

The sheep dog, full of cordial hospitality, showed Floss round the place. Together they explored the ash pit and the out-buildings, and it was near the break of day when Floss, hearing ominous sounds from the house, headed back towards the moor, carrying a huge slab of rancid bacon in her jaws.

Next night Ruff met Floss on the moor, and together they hunted rabbits among the ruins. Ruff, I say, was wise, and he it was who invented the abush system and the drive, by which, ere many nights were past, they were able to slay more bunnies than their necessities demanded.

So for many nights they hunted together among the grim ruins, but the

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Her lesson come in much the same way with the rabbits.

shelves. They flew past in the gloom in veritable clouds. In addition there were lizards, which had dropped in and become resident, like Floss herself, for it must not be imagined that inky blackness was everywhere. Here and there there were jagged holes through the roof of her prison, but for the most part high above her, and completely inaccessible.

The damp and the cold were her worst foes, together with the awful oppression of being a helpless prisoner. Day after day the horror of it took a firmer hold. She would sit and howl—first in misery, but later in terror of the ghostly echoes. At such times it was as though hundreds of ghost dogs haunted the same dim corridors, and she was afraid of them.

Floss never ate till her body craved food. She wandered from one patch of light to the next—searching, searching for a way out. Thus each day her range was extended a little—each day she nerved herself up to grope a little further through the gloom of her prison, but everywhere there were many ways down but no way up. The bats had wings and could fly, the rabbits could come and go by perilous shelves she could not follow, and learning of her presence they became more and more difficult to catch. In time they came to know her exact capabilities, and would sit just out of her reach, thumping the ground in goggle-eyed indifference.

But one night a new scent smote Floss's nostrils, a scent which was wholly repugnant to her. Moreover she was vaguely afraid of it, as most things are instinctively afraid of the scent of the musk bearers, and she

back into the gloom of the shaft mouth, and curled herself up to sleep.

When she awoke it was sundown, and she was hungry. Down there she had learnt to feed herself, but she knew nothing of the order of things up here. Once she had belonged to the world of sunlight, but in those days the hand of man had supplied her needs. She had never been called upon to fend for herself, and between those days and the present hour there hung a curtain—a dark curtain enshrouding half her memory.

Floss had changed, and the change was a perilous one. More perilous still, she had learnt to live without man. Three weeks in that horrible place was equivalent to a year in the sunlight and air of the world above, and had she met her master now it is more than likely that she would have shrunk from him with glistening fangs. She wanted only to be alone—to be alone and hide.

Floss went back into the shaft to hunt for her evening meal.

Her horror of the place was now removed, for she knew her way in and out. It was no longer a prison. All those vast workings were now at her bidding, as they were at the bidding of the grey fox and the rabbits—yes, and of the otters, which came up from the burn to hunt the white, wall-eyed trout.

So three more weeks passed. At night time Floss hunted underground, at daytime she basked in the sunshine at the cave mouth. But, bit by bit she was learning that it was possible to live up here on the earth's surface. She heard the crowing of the grouse, at dawn she saw them, sometimes hundreds together, creeping about among the ling,

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The real naptha goes through the threads and loosens grease and unsuspected dirt like magic. The sudsy water flushes them away. Its work done, the naptha vanishes, leaving the cloths clean, sweet and sanitary.

Fels-Naptha is not only a great cleanser of dish-towels. It does *all* laundry work, from sheets and shirts to sheerest waists, with equal speed, thoroughness and safety.

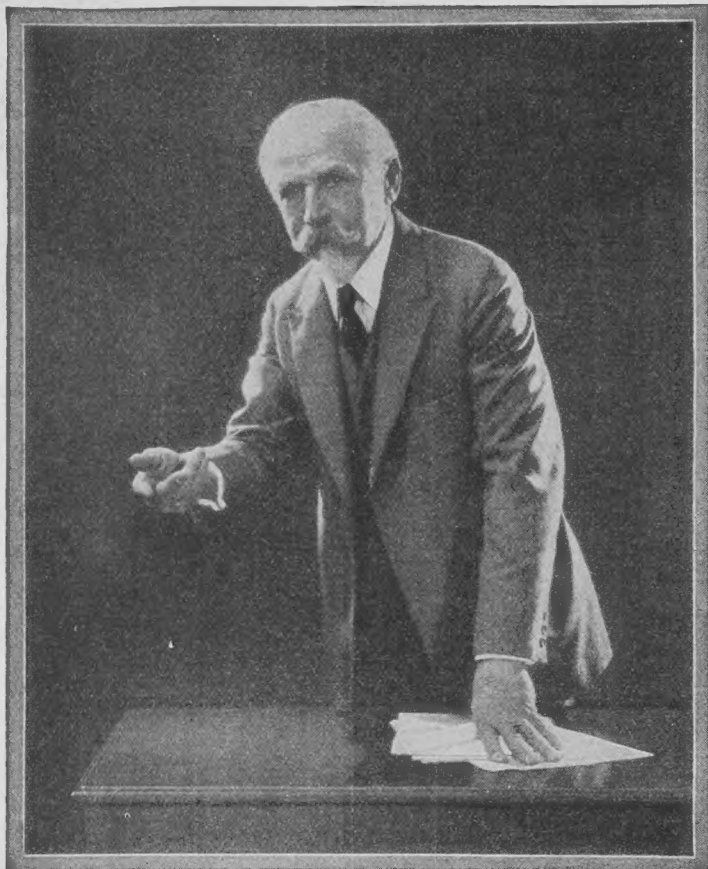
Fels-Naptha is *more* than soap. It is *more* than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive *Fels-Naptha* blend of *splendid* soap and *real* naptha in a way that brings out the best in these two great cleaners. Get it today from your grocer.

TEST *Fels-Naptha's* wonderful efficiency. Send 2¢ in stamps for sample bar. Address *Fels-Naptha Soap*, Philadelphia.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

THE SHAFT and the SHADOWS—Continued from page 6



"Constipation Causes Many Grave Diseases"

—Say Doctors

A DISTINGUISHED physician compares constipation to a thief who, unobserved, steals away the health we believe we are so carefully guarding. This steady sapping of vitality is the result of the continuous action of intestinal poisons upon the bodily organs.

At first their evil effects are not apparent says a noted specialist of intestinal diseases. But as the slow dropping of water wears away the hardest stone, so do the various defences of the body give way in time. All the vital organs suffer and the individual may become the victim of one or more serious diseases.

The brain and nerves show evidences of this poisoning in neurasthenia, chronic headache, neuritis, neuralgia and even paralysis. The skin becomes disfigured with pimples, blotches, eruptions and the like. The effect of this systematic poisoning upon the arteries is a gradual hardening and thickening of the arterial walls. The kidneys break down, causing Bright's disease, and the liver cannot function properly.

These are some of the evils which a recent congress of physicians and surgeons in London found were caused by poisoning resulting from chronic constipation.

Constipation can be avoided

Not by the use of laxatives or cathartics, for in the opinion of an eminent

authority an inestimable amount of injury is done by these intestinal irritants, most of which provide temporary relief only at the expense of permanent injury.

No wonder that science has sought a newer, better way to overcome constipation. After years of study there has been found in *lubrication* a means as simple as Nature itself.

Lubrication

In perfect health a natural lubricant keeps the food waste soft. Thus it is easily eliminated. But when you are constipated there is not enough of Nature's lubricating liquid produced in the bowel to keep the food waste soft and moving. To find something to take the place of this natural lubricant, leading medical authorities conducted exhaustive research. They discovered that the gentle lubricant, Nujol, acts like this natural lubricant and thus replaces it. As Nujol is not a laxative, it cannot gripe. Moreover, by preventing straining, Nujol not only soothes the suffering of hemorrhoids (piles), but relieves the irritation, brings comfort and helps to remove them. Nujol is not a medicine in any sense of the word and, like pure water, it is harmless and pleasant to take.

These facts have led to its adoption in leading hospitals throughout the world for the relief of constipation and resulting ailments. Test Nujol yourself. For sale by all druggists.

For Constipation

Nujol

A Lubricant—Not a Laxative

Guaranteed by Nujol Laboratories



Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey).

Mail coupon for 24-page booklet, "DANGERS OF CONSTIPATION"—How auto-intoxication undermines health and shortens life—to Nujol, Room 877 R. 22 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.

Name.....
Address.....

night arrived when Ruff did not appear. As a matter of fact he had gone to a distant market with his master, and after waiting a while for him, Floss sat down in a lonely place, and uttered a long, squalling call note. It was strange that the foxes utter that call, also the wild coyotes of the foothills, but our domestic dogs—never!

No answer came, and after a while Floss stole down to the homestead in the valley. Ruff was not to be seen, the house was silent, and she fell to exploring the place. The ash pit proved singularly uninteresting, but in the croft Floss found a number of gaily colored grouse—at least she thought they were grouse—roosting low down in the damson tree. As a matter of fact the maid had been left to look after the farm, and in her haste to go acourting she had forgotten to lock up the fowls.

Floss sat under the trees, and howled. At first the birds merely shifted uneasily, then one of them seemed to lose its sense of balance. It swung round the branch, head downwards, and hung there, fluttering feebly, then it flopped—straight into Floss's jaws!

Floss killed five of them, leaving the paddock strewn with feathers. Three of the birds she buried in the soft earth at the other end of the paddock, one she ate, and one she carried home.

When Ben came back at midday next day he was informed that the fox had been down from the hill, so having rightly upbraided the farm girl, he fell to investigating the crime. It did not

of the old shaft. For some nights past Ruff had brought food for her, and what she did not need she had buried near at hand. Once he brought a water vole, and once a large beef bone, and now it was lucky for Floss that she had her little store.

What had become of the wild life of the hills? There were still rabbits, but not so many as before. They had wandered off into the sheltered valleys, and those that remained were old and wise. The lizards had buried themselves with the first frost, the curlews and lapwings were gone. Food had been none too plentiful of late, and but for Ruff, Floss would have fared badly.

But hitherto there had been only herself to feed, and a day or two of hunger had not mattered much. Now, with those precious puppies of hers, it was a different matter. Had she dared to visit the farm she might yet have made out all right, but the dread remembrance of that charge of shot still haunted her mind.

SO it came about that, with the dawning of winter, hard times befell Floss. The frost began early that year. Snow followed, and though the valleys were soon clear, it remained on the hills. Ruff's generous offerings were not enough to keep Floss and her puppies alive. As a matter of fact Ruff himself was often hungry during the winter months, and such food as was given him, oatmeal and milk, he could not carry away to Floss.



Ladies Hockey Championship—Banff—Courtesy Canadian Pacific Railway

require a Sherlock Holmes to discover the buried birds, and that night Ben sat up with his gun, knowing that "the fox" would return. Also he took the precaution of locking Ruff up in the house.

Often Floss had her dreams—dreams of a cosy fireside, and of one whom she had loved, one whose touch upon her coat had been very pleasant, and whose voice she remembered. Those things belonged to another world, a world as vague and distant as the crowded streets and the clanging street cars; yet, had the right chance been given her, she would gladly have returned to that world. For ages past her forefathers had served man, and it was bred in her to do so. The last few weeks had wrought a great change in her life, but the change was not permanent, for, she had outlived her former habits, so now might she quickly have outlived her habits of the wild. One touch of friendliness from man might indeed have re-established her confidence and love, but the events of that night were, indeed, to place her still further beyond the pale.

When again Ruff did not arrive, Floss once more went down to the homestead to search for him. Of course, she remembered her hidden treasures, but as she lightly bounded the paddock wall, she was greeted by a charge of shot, quickly followed by a man's fierce roars of anger. For Ben had seen her clearly in the moonlight, and guessed aright as to her identity.

Floss fled, dripping blood, never more to visit that awful place till every other door was closed.

It was late autumn when Floss's puppies, three in number, were born—in a bed of bracken within the shelter

A little rain followed the first snow, and after that another frost, so that the snow formed a sharp, glassy crust, and the whole earth was ice-bound. Floss's feet became sore, and began to swell. She was not really a creature of the wild, and it was now that her soft breeding was beginning to tell. She became so lame that she had difficulty in getting about, and often her paws left little red patches in the snow.

Constantly her puppies cried for food, and her loving caresses were of no use to stay their pangs of hunger. She was starving, and so were they. The weakling died and she buried him in the snow, yet the days came and went, and she struggled on, feeding the two at the cost of what little life she still possessed. How the wind cut and lashed about those desolate pillars, and, oh, the bleak cruelty of her moorland home! How the ice particles drove into her eyes, till often she crouched low, hiding her face, yet whimpering her eagerness, then on, on, in search of the food which simply did not exist.

Slowly but surely the remorseless conditions of life were weighing her down, and, but that she was a mother, she would long ago have given up hope. Her coat lost its lustre, her eyes became dim. Sometimes she lay in the snow and sobbed, as on that night when she buried the second of her puppies. The last and only one came nestling up to her, showering his little lean kisses on her muzzle, and Floss took him between her forepaws and cuddled him to her.

Life! Life! Nothing mattered now but just to keep alive. Once she had known the meaning of fear, but now that sense was overwhelmed by the magnitude of the one desire which possessed

THE SHAFT and the SHADOWS—Continued from page 8

her soul. Gladly she would have given her own life, what was left of it, that her puppy might live, and as she lay there in the snow, the pitiless stars overhead, again those faint and far-off visions rose before her mind. It was as though a voice were calling to her, calling over the whiteness, and she pricked her ears to catch its breathless summons. Then she rose, taking the puppy in her jaws, and began to trot slowly through the starlight.

Life, death, what did it matter now? She had reached the limits of her endurance, and only the darkness lay ahead. Yet, through that darkness, alone and aloft, there shone one ray of hope, growing brighter, brighter, like the first star of sundown, or like the star which led the voyagers of another history.

So, resting her little one many times, Floss came at length to the pasture by the white-walled homestead. Brightly the lamp shone at the kitchen window, casting a long white oblong across the frosted grass. A woman was moving in the ruddy glow of the fire, she heard a murmur of human voices, savoury scents came to her nostrils.

Afraid? Not tonight! With death at her heels, why should she fear what lay ahead? Ruff came up to her with his ready kisses, but she did not heed him. Yet his presence gave her confidence,

and slowly, still carrying her puppy, she made her way to the closed door, and scratch, scratch, scratched upon the panels. Then she laid her little one on the step, as one might lay a sacrifice on a cold, stone altar, which signified the seat of God, and Floss awaiting to her summons.

The answer came. Ben told one of his boys to let the dog in, and presently the latch was lifted. Then the child cried—"It isn't Ruff! It's another dog with her puppy!"

Ben came forward, and stood looking down, and Floss looked up at him, her eyes soft with gentle pleading, her coat already jewelled with the jewels of the Frost King.

"The city clerk's dog!" muttered Ben, almost incredulously, then he stooped and raised the little lean, cold atom of life from the step where Floss had laid it. "Starving!" he muttered almost reverently, and he carried it into the warmth, calling Floss to follow.

From man's threshold she had come, and thither she returned in her hour of desperate need. She had learnt the joys of the wild, but its bitterness also she knew. And lying there in the warm firelight, her puppy between her paws lapping at a bowl of milk, Floss felt that it was good to be alive.



They Did This

To find the way to prettier teeth

This is how millions found the way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. You see glistening teeth, as one result, wherever you look today.

The same free test is at your command. If you don't know this method, try it now. Watch the changes that it brings. Then judge by what you see and feel if you and yours should use it.

Remove the film

It is film that makes teeth dingy—that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. The film absorbs stains, then forms cloudy coats. Tartar is based on film.

Old-way brushing left much film intact, so beautiful teeth were seen less often than now. Tooth troubles were almost universal—most of them due to film.

Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

So dental science has long been seeking ways to fight that film.

Two methods now

Two methods were discovered. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. These two great film combatants were embodied in it.

The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent. Today careful people of some fifty nations employ it, largely through dental advice.

Other new effects

Pepsodent brings other effects which

modern research proves essential. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Thus every use gives manifold power to these great natural tooth-protecting agents. There has come a new era in dental hygiene.



Look in ten days

The way to know these benefits is to make this ten-day test. Then judge by what you see and feel. Let your own mirror tell you if this new way excels the old.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

The effects are quick and convincing. Give to yourself and your family this chance to see and know them. Cut out the coupon now.

Made in Canada
Pepsodent
REG. IN CANADA
The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

10-Day Tube Free 1001-Can

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 700, 191 George St., Toronto, Ont.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.



Start Men's Snow Shoe Race, Banff—Courtesy Canadian Pacific Railway.

The Little Gray Houses

Marion Belden Cook

They line the streets of the smoking town,
They're streaked with black where the soot sifts down,
They dot the hills and the plains burnt-brown—
The little gray houses that men call Home.

Along country lanes shaded by trees,
Sighing low in the whispering breeze,
They are lulled to sleep by the humming bees—
The little gray houses that men call Home.

High on the mountain with cliffs overhead,
Windows aflame in the sun's dying red,
Shingles bleached like bones of the dead—
Are the little gray houses that men call Home.

Down in the valley the night comes soon,
The pine trees whine and the grasses croon,
Wild shadows leap and dance for the moon
'Round the little gray houses that men call Home.

Oh! they're huddled together in the town,
They're streaked with gold when the sun sifts down,
They dot the hills and the plains burnt-brown—
The little gray houses that men call Home!

THE LURING NORTHERN LIGHTS.

The day was done, so I spread my bunk—
on a bank of frozen snow,
And I settled down on the blankets, to muse in the log-fire's glow;
It was dark, I was camped by the timber on a Northern hunting trip,
And the night was cold, for Winter, held all in his icy grip.

As I raised my eyes to the heavens, the Moon peeped over a rise,
And she seemed to issue a challenge—to all the Northern skies;
Then appeared the bright Aurora with her elf-like heavenly host—
Which flitted in mystic wonder, and the Moon was sad of her boast.

Now these wondrous Arctic dancers—clad in their bright array,
Flung out their radiant streamers, in a tinted, Mist-like spray;
I was thrilled by their witching antics, above in the starry heights,
For I'd often read of the Arctic, and the luring Northern Lights.

Then broke the mighty silence—the call of the hunting pack;
I heard the crash of the hunted, who sped through the timber black,
It seemed that the slumb'ring Northland, was now in a thrice awake;
Then I threw a log on the blazes; and I felt the forest's quake.

The frosted pines cracked answer, to th' coyotes' hunting cry,
And I saw a darkened shadow—leap out and it hurried by:
'Twas the hour when fur and feather—fought on for their sundry rights:
They were lighted on to battle—by the Moon and Aurora's sprites.

Harold F. Cruickshank.

The IMMIGRANT

By Ruth P. Collins

Let the Sunshine in!

ARE you fagged and foggy when you wake up in the morning? "There's a Reason."

Tea and coffee are known to affect many people that way. Often, too, these beverages cause nervousness, sleeplessness and severe headache. "There's a Reason."

Instant Postum, made from choice, roasted wheat, is a delightful meal-time beverage free from any element of harm.

Try it for awhile, instead of tea or coffee, and let the Sunshine in.

At Your Grocer's in
Sealed, Air-tight Tins

Instant Postum

FOR HEALTH

"There's a Reason"

A generous sample tin of Instant Postum sent, postpaid, for 4c in stamps. Write:

Canadian Postum Cereal Company, Limited
45 Front St., E., Toronto. Factory: Windsor, Ontario

THE hand processes—seven of them—by which every single Spencerian Pen is carefully and separately fashioned, are what make Spencerian Pens so long lived, so uniform in quality and so perfect in their writing points. We might add that this same individual care has made them the standard for over half a century. At all good dealers.

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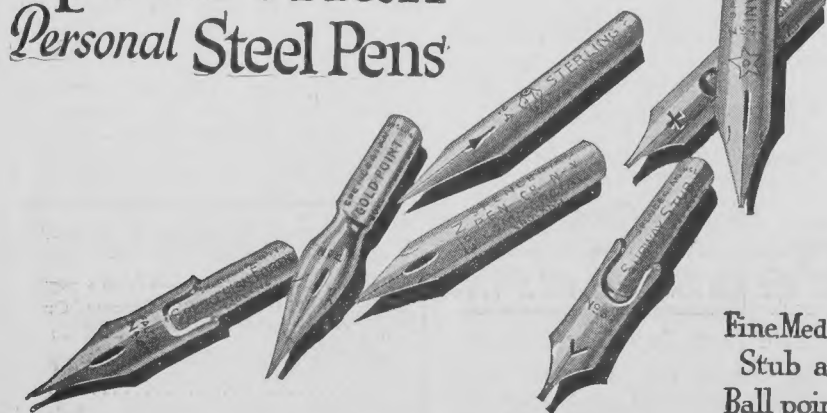
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Send 10c for 10 sample pens, and get free, that fascinating book, "What Your Hand-writing Reveals."

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SPENCERIAN PEN CO.
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Fine Medium,
Stub and
Ball pointed



When answering advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly

JIM BARRETT, "big boss" of the Cowrie Creek Ranch, stood at the door of the town hall, eagerly scanning the swaying, motley crowd of dancers. He had been travelling all day, trying to get back in time for this Thanksgiving Fete, but the train had been late and he was landing in now, just at the end of the revelry.

After a moment he made his way easily across the floor to the far corner of the room, where, through the thick haze of smoke, he had spied old Warner. As he passed more than one pair of bright eyes followed him, for Jim Barrett, if he was over forty, was still considered the handsomest and most eligible bachelor of the Creek.

Old Warner jumped up and greeted him over-effusively.

"Why, Jim! Didn't know as ye'd got back yet?" he cried delightedly.

The rancher, however, gave him a mere nod, and sat down. His eyes were fixed moodily on a slight little crimson-clad figure, gaily waltzing around the hall, in the arms of a big fair fellow.

"Who's that chap dancin' with Luce?" he enquired casually.

The old man glanced at him warily and for just a moment a gleam of satisfaction flickered in his eyes.

"Him? Oh he's an immigrant! Don't know much about him."

an' she always puts me off! Yes!"—as Warner tried to object—"I know what she's doin'. She leads me on with her smiles an' words' but I know an'—d— it all! —I'm not goin' to stand it any longer. It's got to be yes or no! and tonight. It's the last time. Tomorrow we'll settle up that mortgage!"

He ceased abruptly as the music stopped and Luce came running toward them.

"Are you back, Jim?" She greeted him laughingly and laid a dainty little hand on his arm. "But what's the matter? You look so cross tonight!"

"Nothing! Only tired!" he answered abruptly. "Are you comin' home now? It's mornin'!"

She looked around at the swaying, dancing crowd, for the music had started again. The noise, the smoke, the laughter, the strum of the banjo, the clink of glasses, it all seemed so good to the little crimson clad girl. Across the hall the big fair immigrant smiled invitingly at her. She gave a petulant little move.

"No, no, not yet! It's far too early!"

But Jim had seen that smile across the hall and taking her arm, a little roughly, he said, "No! Come on, Luce! I'm goin' to take you home. I want to talk to you!"

Her face fell but she followed him from the hall.



The Snow Shoe Clubs' Parade at Ottawa Ont.—Courtesy Canadian National Railways

He drifted in here a couple of weeks ago, lookin' for a place. Not much cash I heard. Grey took him on—he needed a man. Says he's right willin' an' handy an'—"

"How'd Luce get so thick with him?" Jim interrupted brusquely. A flush had suddenly crept up over his thin brown face.

"Oh! He's been over several times. I don't know where she met him. He's a smart young chap with his tongue an' gals allays likes them kind!"

He glanced slyly again to see the effect of his words.

"If you're meanin' me an' comparin'—"

"No! Oh no, Jim! Nothin' of the kind! Women allays likes to flirt an' fool around with gay young fellers,"—he waved his pipe toward the girl as she whirled past, "but when it comes to marryin' an' settlin' down, why, they wants the quiet, sensible ones as can give 'em a good home."

The rancher did not answer and old Warner suddenly leaned closer.

"Look here, Jim!" he said, in a low, confidential tone, "why don't you speak up an' ask the gal? She's yours fer the askin' I know!"

"Wish I was as sure as you are!" Jim retorted gloomily.

He was watching the girl's radiant face and he knew that in all the months he had been courting her, he had never brought such a light to her eyes.

"See here, Warner!" he broke out vehemently, unable to control the jealousy he felt, "I'm tired of this foolin' round! I've asked Luce a dozen times

WELL, what's it to be, Luce? Yes or no? It's got to be one or the other, and tonight."

He slowed down the car and turned to the pretty face beside him. Then he drew out a small grey velvet box from his pocket and held it toward her.

"Here! I've got the ring!" he said, almost coaxingly.

She held back and he saw that there was no desire, or even curiosity, in her eyes.

"Jim!" she began awkwardly, "can't you give me a little more time?"

"No!" the answer was sharp and decisive.

"Then," she said hotly, drawing herself away from him, "my answer is—no! I won't marry you!"

"What's the matter with me? he broke out bitterly. Ain't I good enough for you? Perhaps it's because I'm old an' quiet?"

"No, No!" she cried, repentant at once, "you know how much I like you! And you've been good to us all and—"

"Cut out that stuff," he said roughly, "If you like me so much, won't you marry me?"

She did not answer.

"See here, Luce! I know!" he went on scornfully. "I know. Don't beat around the bush. You were almost takin' me before I went away. It's that new chap! The immigrant! Isn't it?"

She hesitated a moment then, half fearfully, whispered "yes!"

"All right, Luce!" He started the car on quickly, "I won't bother you again."

Continued on page 11

THE IMMIGRANT—Continued from page 10

You can have him. He'll probably get you a good home an' keep your old folks too. I've kept 'em long enough!"

The girl was staring out over the prairie. She was facing a big question. Gradually her expression changed.

"Jim!" she said, in a queer, lifeless tone, as they drew up before a rough frame house, "I've changed my mind. You know now about him—about my loving him. But if you still want me, you can have me. I'll marry you tomorrow—any time—the sooner the better!"

She stepped out of the car and waited. "Marry you!" he cried joyfully, "as if I hadn't just been waitin' for you Luce!"

He stretched out eager arms but she shrank from him.

"Only remember this," she went on dully, "it's for my people! and—" her voice suddenly became vibrant with passion—"Get him away out of here! I can't see him again! For I'll always love him!"

ON his way home Jim Barrett laughed aloud several times. He had gained his heart's desire and was already planning his future life with Luce. He would dress her like a queen. He would make her happy. Her confession of love for another did not worry him in the least.

"I've always had to fight for everything I wanted, but I got it in the end," he gloated, "and I'll make you love me

Then times got better, and now—well, I'm happy enough now!"

He smiled to himself. Then he looked sharply around at the boy. It was the first proper look he had of him. Strong, clean cut, fresh complexioned, a pleasing face, but nothing out of the ordinary, yet somehow it stirred him strangely. It puzzled him.

"Where have I met you before?" he asked abruptly.

"Nowhere as far as I know! just came last month," the boy said smilingly.

Barrett continued to stare at him but the smile had disarmed him. He decided he wouldn't speak of Luce at all. After all it wasn't the boy's fault if he liked Luce. Nor would he offer him money to go. Something in the boy's blue eyes told him it would not be accepted anyhow.

"What are you plannin' to do out here?" he asked.

"Don't know myself yet," he answered lightly. "Wish I did. Am doing odd jobs out at Grey's just now."

"What can you do?"

"Anything on a farm," he answered with assurance, "I've been on a farm in Scotland for the last five years."

"How'd you like to take over a little farm for me up North? I've got a nice little place and need a good steady chap. It'll be good money and a chance to do something for yourself."



Snow Shoe Races at Ottawa, Ont.—Courtesy Canadian National Railway

yet, little Luce, same as I've made you marry me."

He pulled up sharply as he overtook a man walking along the road.

"Hi, there!" he called out in true Western fashion, "want a lift?"

"Much obliged, I'm sure," a pleasant boyish voice answered and the next moment to Barrett's dismay he found himself seated by the side of his rival. He felt inclined to be churlish at first, but the boy was obviously unaware of his offence—he had never even heard of him he found—and he chatted so amiably that, before Jim knew it, he was interested in spite of himself.

"After all," he told himself, "Fate has played into my hands and I won't miss the chance."

"Come in, my boy!" he said cordially as they drove up to the door, "and have a drink before you go on. I'll drive you over after."

"Thanks!" said the boy, pleased and surprised. And in another moment they were inside the cosy room. Barrett busied himself with the fire.

"Got a nice place here!" the boy said admiringly.

"Not too bad! I built it myself twenty years ago and have stuck to it ever since."

"Always lived alone?"

"Always!"

"Gee! Must have been pretty lonely!"

Jim looked up. "Lonely! Don't talk of it! I used to think I'd go mad at first! And everything went wrong those first years—crops all a failure—drought—and I didn't know a thing about farmin'.

The boy jumped to his feet excitedly. His face was glowing.

"A chance!" he cried. "A chance! Why, it's just what I've wanted! And I can make good, sir, I know I can!"

For a moment Jim hesitated.

"But why are you so good?" the boy went on quickly.

"Me? Well," Jim drawled, "you see it's for my benefit too. Good men are scarce out here. But let's get down to terms. What's your name?"

"Martin! Sydney Martin!"

Jim turned and poked up the fire.

"Sydney Martin, eh? That's odd! I used to know a chap by that name!" He still poked at the fire.

"Did you?" the boy cried excitedly. "Where? In England?"

"No!" Jim said slowly. "No! Out here!"

"Tell me!" the boy's voice was actually trembling, "tell me about him. Perhaps it was my father?"

"Oh, no!" there was a note of relief in Jim's voice. "This chap didn't have any children."

"No!" the boy broke out still more excited, "that's just it. My father didn't know he had any children either—that is—"

"What do you mean?" Jim demanded abruptly. "How could that be?"

The boy blushed to the roots of his hair.

"It was this way," he went on in a low, shamed voice, "I never knew my father. I was born while he was in prison. He was married when he was

Continued on page 46



He Made Wheat a Confection

Also blasted every food cell
so the whole grain could digest

To Prof. A. P. Anderson you owe Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. He found the way to blast all food cells, to make whole grains wholly digestible. His process causes in every kernel 125 million steam explosions—one for each food cell. Thus every granule is fitted to digest. Every atom of the whole grain feeds.

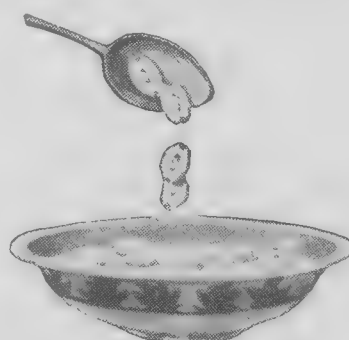
Toasted bubble grains

The grains are puffed to bubbles, eight times normal size. Their texture is like snowflakes, their flavor is like nuts. For millions of children they have made whole grains the

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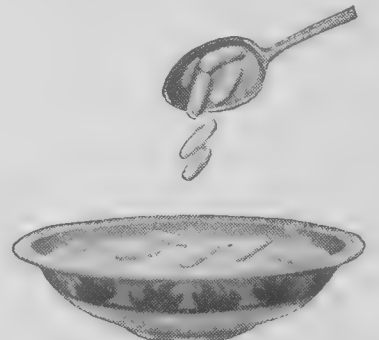
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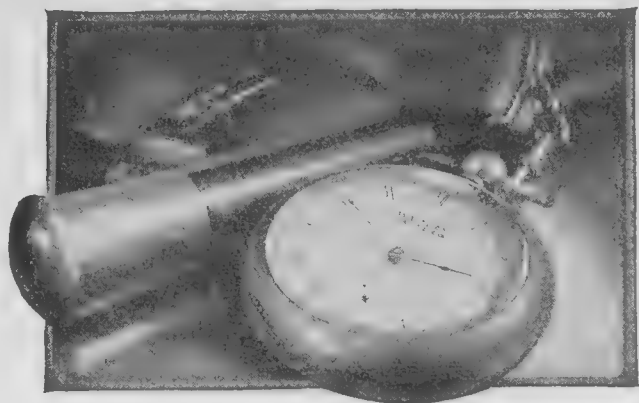
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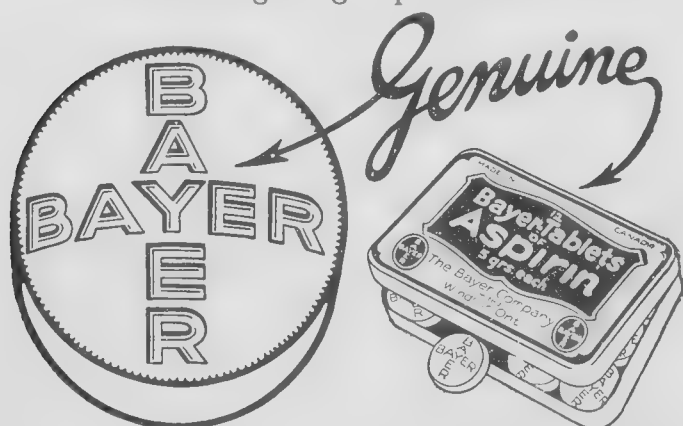
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THE SINS OF THE FATHERS

By A. Lawrence Wood

THE rush of Christmas business was in full swing in the house of Blair and Joslyn. Robert Joslyn, the junior member of the firm, looked up from his work, a little nervous line which hurried work brings, in his forehead.

"Miss Allen, are you willing to put in a few evenings here to help catch up with the work?" There was a shade of hesitation in his voice.

Barbara Allen had been his private secretary for about six months, yet a certain reserve in her manner made her almost as much of a stranger as on the first day of taking up her duties there. But she answered promptly enough, "Perfectly willing. I can work on Christmas Day if you wish?"

"What?" he said, in surprise. "You are not going home for Christmas?"

"Perhaps I haven't any home," she replied, soberly; then, with a little smile, "Perhaps New York is my home."

"I doubt it," he said, smiling back. "I am country bred myself and I think I know—well, I hardly think you are a New York girl."

"No," she admitted, "I am not." "I am from Fairfield, myself—Fairfield, Massachusetts," he went on, frankly. "My father is not living and, as my mother is spending the winter in California and there is a press of business, I have concluded to stay in town for the holidays. I shall dine at the club—not very festive but I think I can live through it."

She was looking at him with wide open eyes. "Fairfield!" she exclaimed. "Why, that is my home!" Then her eyes fell confusedly, as though she had been surprised into an unwilling admission. His surprise was equal to hers.

"You a native of Fairfield, too? How does it happen that we have escaped each other? It is remarkable. Fairfield is not so large a place—a pretty good-sized town, though. Of course, I know the Allens of Fairfield in a general way."

"And I the Joslyns. I have sometimes wondered if you were one of the Fairfield Joslyns."

"Son of Andrew Joslyn." "President of the Fairfield bank?" she said, mechanically.

"The same. Of course, I left home some years ago and I was away at school and college. Perhaps you were too."

"I learned all I know at the Fairfield school," she replied.

An office boy, coming up at that moment interrupted them and the ensuing days and evenings were too full of work to admit of any talk foreign to business. But when the desks were closed on Christmas Eve Mr. Joslyn turned to her with a smile: "Miss Allen, since we are townspeople, wouldn't it be a good plan to celebrate the fact by dining together on Christmas Day?"

Barbara looked up with a bright smile. "Yes, indeed, it would be very pleasant!" Then she hesitated. "But—"

"You have other plans?"

"No. And you are very kind. I would like so much to dine with you, but I have made it a rule never to dine with my employer!" Somehow it seemed a rude reply and she blushed slightly as she made it.

He answered quickly, "And I think I can say that I have never asked my secretary to dine with me before." They both laughed a little. "You are alone, and I am alone, this year. Of course, I respect your scruples, but we can scarcely call ourselves strangers as we have the same home town. It makes a difference, doesn't it?"

It did make a difference and Barbara was not slow to admit it. The end of the matter was that they agreed to dine together at the Plaza on the following evening.

Yet, happy as she was not to be compelled to pass a solitary Christmas, she could not avoid a certain uneasiness at having broken the principles she had imposed upon herself when she had taken up the duty of self-support. Her self-respect suffered a little and she told

herself that she lacked resolution—"backbone," to use the Fairfield vernacular. Yet she was justified by circumstances since he was a Fairfield man. At any rate, the thought of the coming dinner was too pleasant a one to be spoiled by regrets and she determined to enjoy it to the full.

It was a pleasant dinner and they both entered wholly into the spirit of it. To Barbara, particularly, unused to such gaiety, the scene itself, the lights, the beautifully decorated tables, the elegantly dressed women, the dainty dishes set before them, all took her out of herself and brought a glow to her cheeks and a light to her eyes. She, herself, was good to look at. Even in tailored skirt and shirt-waist she was a pretty girl. But arrayed in her simple but modest georgette gown, with her hair becomingly dressed, she was transformed into a beauty. So while her eyes roamed about the room acquainting themselves with this gay New York world and frankly admiring lovely women in wonderful costumes, he found ample entertainment in watching her. They talked of Fairfield at intervals during the dinner, contriving to place and explain each other pretty satisfactorily, although Barbara, seemingly loath to keep the conversation on herself, contrived usually to swing it back to more congenial topics, a fact he attributed to fading interest in Fairfield and growing interest in New York. Yet he learned that her father and mother were dead and that she was alone in the world except for one brother who was now in the West. She appeared to talk more willingly of him than of herself or her parents. It appeared that while he wrote at rare intervals he did not forget that she was in a strange world unprotected, for he sent her an occasional check, as he was able, and filled his letters with plenty of good, brotherly advice.

"Which you conscientiously follow," remarked Mr. Joslyn, laughingly, "and rightly, too!"

After dinner there was the theatre, no less a treat and a novelty to Barbara than the wonderful dinner itself. And when she found herself back in her narrow hall bedroom, after it was all over, she sat and thought about it all for an hour or more, living over every moment of the evening and, perhaps, anticipating others to follow for, strangely enough, after her misgivings had disappeared, her employer had become, indeed, her townsfellow.

The days flew rapidly by after that Christmas dinner, each one filled with work, accomplished on Barbara's part with no sense of fatigue, although, except for friendly exchange of greetings, business alone occupied them. As time went on Barbara was somewhat puzzled and even disappointed to find that there were no more dinners and no more theatres. She began to wonder if their friendship was to begin and end with that one never-to-be-forgotten evening and that nothing more was to follow. If so, it was well and quite right for him to respect her strict principles; yet there was every day that lurking expectancy and inevitable disappointment. Uniformly kind and considerate, though thoughtful, and at times absent-minded, he was now her "employer," while on that one evening he had been her friend.

So wholly had she accepted the situation that one afternoon as she was preparing to leave, when Mr. Joslyn asked her, suddenly "How would you like to see the new musical comedy at the Park Theatre this evening?"—she was startled into stammering:

"I, I don't know, I—"

"Perhaps you have seen it already?"

"Oh, no, I rarely go out evenings here."

"Suppose you break over your rule and come to-night," he smiled.

It is easy to be persuaded when inclination prompts so, needless to say, Barbara went and another red-letter day was added to her calendar. Others followed, and then she began to realize that she was

THE SINS OF THE FATHERS—Continued from page 12

carrying this friendship too far for safety. So one day she nerved herself to say "No" to a particularly inviting plan for spending Sunday afternoon.

"But why not?" he asked in surprise. "I thought we had practically agreed to be friends. You know who I am and I know who you are. There must be some other reason. Is it that you dislike me?" There was a boyish petulance in his voice which she had never heard before and she hastened to reply.

"No, no, Mr. Joslyn, you must know that I do not. I like you very much!" She had almost said "too much." He came to her side with a quick stride.

"Then you do like me, Barbara?" he asked, in a low voice.

But she drew back, remembering herself. "You have no right to ask me that question, Mr. Joslyn!"

AFTER this followed a long period of constraint, even coolness on his part, which, despite occasional efforts, she found it impossible to break. "Business only" seemed to be distinctly written across his forehead. Of course, she was responsible for it and ought not to be surprised at the result; yet, commend herself as she would for doing her duty, she got no satisfaction from it. As the winter dragged along she became despondent and melancholy.

The warm spring days came on, the trees began to bud and the grass grew green in the park. Barbara took long walks there, breathed in the fresh, sweet air and told herself that it was all beautiful and that she ought to be happy and

and enjoy. In her mind was the thought that hereafter she would take what the gods provided, let come what would.

She did enjoy it to the full and so did he. The fresh wind brought a bright color to her face which had lately been quite wan and pale, despite her walks and bus rides, and her dark eyes glowed as he had never seen them before. She talked, really chattered like a child, freely commenting on everything that passed, a fact he did not fail to note; but he said not a word, for she had at last completely broken through that reserve of hers and he would do nothing to bottle her up again.

"Do you know where you are going to dine?" he asked, suddenly. They had driven far out into the country and reached the seashore where they joined the fast speeding motors on a wide coast driveway.

"At home, I suppose." Yet she knew quite well that she would not sit down at the dingy boarding-house table to listen to the facetious remarks regularly passed around on the Sabbath day, and secretly congratulated herself that she would be spared the depressing dinner-hour there for once at least. He was in command to-day and she would follow his lead.

"No, we shall dine on the veranda of a little inn I know, right on the water's edge.

They did, and the hours flew rapidly by as they discussed the deliciously cooked sea food and also many subjects interesting to both, while the crisp salt air fanned their faces and the soft monotonous thud of the sea waves, breaking



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contented. But she was not happy—she was restless and dissatisfied. A great longing for the country came over her—for Fairfield, with its streams and fragrant woods and green fields, where she had so many times wandered. After all, the park, lovely as it was, was not the real country. As she found time she would sit on some side bench there and watch the automobiles fly by—hundreds of them—bearing their happy occupants far out beyond the city limits to country roads and skies. How she would like to be one of them, thoughtlessly gliding through the balmy, intoxicating air for miles and miles and hours. But she must not wish for what she could not have. To cheat herself, however, she climbed to the top of the Fifth Avenue bus one day and, childishly fancying herself in her own motor, rode the length of the trip and back. This brought a glow and she repeated it more than once.

One beautiful Sunday morning she took a book and started for the park, proposing to read the morning away out-of-doors. As she was walking, soberly, beside the Western Drive Mr. Joslyn passed her in his runabout. He stopped the car and waited for her to come up.

"Won't you jump in and take a ride with me this wonderful morning?"

She did not stop to accept or decline. She simply jumped in and took a seat beside him, her face alight with a pleasure she did not attempt to conceal. The opportunity she was longing for had come—this ride was hers to accept

on the beach, made music in their ears.

Then there was the long drive homeward through the twilight, which they took almost in silence, watching the dancing lights on the water and along the beach, to Barbara a fairy picture as novel as it was beautiful and one not soon to be forgotten.

These motor drives were repeated on many a Sunday and holiday until Barbara became quite familiar with New York's environments, each one disclosing new wonders to her inexperienced eyes.

"How they have to use every inch of ground here!" she exclaimed one day, as they passed some market gardens of the squatters on the outskirts of the city.

"Yes, people bred in the country find it hard to realize the value of land here." Since she had mentioned Fairfield, he at once took it up and grew eloquent over its beauties but, as usual, she soon turned the talk into another channel. Try as he would, he could not keep her to the topics which interested him most—herself and her native town. But she was good company and delighted him whatever her theme. She was well read too, and as prone to talk books as he. Yet, while their tastes agreed in so many respects, their friendship did not grow closer and this perplexed him more and more.

In August he left town for a month's vacation. Thrown upon her own

Continued on page 14

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THE SINS OF THE FATHERS—Continued from page 13

resources once more, she could only resume her bus rides and walks in the park, and she recalled how she had looked at those solitary pedestrians as she had passed them in Mr. Joslyn's runabout, with a feeling of pity for them and for herself for having been one of them. And now she was one of them again. The park itself was not what it was, for August in New York is far from having the charm of spring. It was hot and dusty and Barbara, going listlessly through it one day on her way home, threw herself down on one of the benches, thoroughly weary and out of sorts; to rest. It was a selected spot, so that she felt free to look as wretched as she felt.

Suddenly a step approached her and a familiar voice spoke her name and in another moment Mr. Joslyn had taken a seat at her side.

"You are back so soon!"

"Yes, I cut my vacation short. In fact, I went away to demonstrate a certain matter and demonstrated it rather sooner than I expected. Barbara," he stopped short. "Pardon me—I call you Barbara in my thoughts and forgot myself!" She looked up at him smiling. "I suppose you never call me Robert in thought?" he inquired, then went on hurriedly, "Will you call me Robert Barbara?"

"Yes, I will, Robert."

"I went away this summer, determined to learn my own feelings, even if I could not learn yours. I have succeeded; in fact, I knew it perfectly well before. I know there is no other woman in the world for me. I love you and I want to marry you. Barbara, will you marry me? Do you love me? Please don't say that it is only 'like' with you!"

Barbara raised her eyes, suspiciously tearful, and her lips trembled as she answered, "I do love you, Robert, I love—but—"

He seized her hands and held them, drawing close to her. "Always that 'but'! I am not afraid of 'buts'. You love me, that is enough! What is the 'but'?"

"I cannot tell you, Robert! You see—it is impossible—I cannot marry you."

He dropped her hands. "Then, there is something in the way?"

"Yes, there is."

"Barbara," he said, seriously, "I think you owe it to me to be frank and clear up this mystery. If you cannot marry me, I ought to know why. Don't fear, I have the courage to hear anything."

"Robert," she said, looking with a sudden purpose in her face, "is it really true that you have never heard about my father—you, a Fairfield man?"

"Why, yes, it is true!" he exclaimed, in what she saw was genuine surprise.

"Did you go there during your vacation?"

"For a day only."

"That would be too short a time to hear any gossip about us; perhaps there is no gossip—perhaps it has all died down. My father was not an important man in Fairfield, like yours." If Robert winced slightly at this, she failed to see it, so taken up was she with the story she must tell. "My brother, Jack, and I promised each other faithfully that we would never tell a living being of it but—I am going to tell you!" She drew a long breath. "My father was a drinking man. It was a habit which he would resist for a while and then give way to it entirely and drink to excess. When my brother and I were small—in fact, until we were grown up, mother contrived to keep much of it from us and from our friends, bearing and suffering everything to shield him. But the time came when she could bear it no longer. It was when my brother was eighteen and I fifteen that she took a stand, telling him that she would shield him no longer, that he must stop drinking entirely or she would act. He saw that she meant what she said and promised to reform. He kept his promise for a year—then, the night before Thanksgiving he met an old drinking friend who persuaded him to take a drink. It has always seemed to me almost a crime for men to treat each other, particularly to tempt a man who is trying to break off the habit. When he came home he was absolutely

uncontrollable—he had gone clean out of his mind. When Mother attempted to quiet him he turned on her and would have killed her, had I not interfered. Then he flew at me and, in my fright, I ran screaming out of the house. The neighbors flocked in and sent for a policeman. He was locked up for the night, the next morning brought before the judge and remanded to jail for ten days."

"Wasn't it possible to liberate him?" asked Robert.

"They tried—mother, Jack and all of father's relatives, but the judge was adamant; he ignored our feelings and even persuaded my half-distracted mother that the lesson would do him good and that he would be a better man for the punishment. He was a different man after it, for he never drank again—but he was disgraced and he could not hold up his head after that. He stayed closely at home—so we all did, as much as possible—becoming almost a recluse. When he died, two years afterwards, mother, Jack and I could not get away from Fairfield quick enough. Mother had a little money and she and I came to New York where I obtained the position as private secretary, while Jack went to San Francisco where he had the offer of a good position. She died two years ago." She came to a pause, then went hurriedly on, "I have never forgiven myself for my part in the catastrophe. You see, Jack was not at home that night; if I had not given way to fright, we might have been spared—it all happened so unfortunately. I think mother secretly felt that, although she never blamed me." Barbara wiped away a few tears which would gather in spite of her efforts to suppress them.

"You poor girl!" Robert put his arm around her and drew her close. "But you have made altogether too much of it. Many a family has suffered disgrace—worse disgrace—and as unjustly, and some," he hesitated, "have been spared disgrace who might have had it. Do you imagine for a moment that it will keep us apart? Why, Barbara, I would marry you all the quicker for it—to protect you, if for nothing else!"

"But are you sure you can bear the stigma of it—to know and feel that other people know that your wife's father had been in jail?"

"It wouldn't bother me in the least. Besides—" he paused and sat for a few moments lost in thought. "Well, I may as well out with it—I owe it to you after what you have told me. To tell the truth, I have a fellow-feeling for you, Barbara, I, too, had a father!" He gave a little embarrassed laugh while she glanced up at him curiously.

"As you know," he continued, "he was president of the Fairfield bank. To make a short story of it, he speculated with the bank's funds. Of course, there was no wrong intent; the bank would have been the gainer in case of a favorable outcome, but it was a misappropriation of funds and he was liable. In a moment of panic, he confided to my mother, who at once turned over to him some holdings of her own and all she could realize on her jewels and small bits of real estate. So he was saved. No one ever knew how narrowly he escaped disgrace and—yes, jail!" He forced himself to say the word and, to cover a deeper emotion, added, in lighter tones, "Now, do you feel better?"

For she was sitting up straight and looking at him with shining eyes. "Oh, I am so glad!" she exclaimed, her face glowing with what he declared to be an unholy joy, as he said:

"I never expected to be congratulated on that matter. In fact, it has never been made known to a living soul before. I have guarded my secret from the world as you have yours, and now we will guard each others. You see, we are in the same boat! Shall we sail through life together?"

Barbara's answer was a satisfactory one—perhaps too satisfactory to be recorded. As they strolled out of the park some time later, she said, "Both of our fathers were fine men except—"

"Except for their faults," he interrupted, completing her sentence for her. "Well, my dear girl, I do not propose that the sins of the fathers shall blight our lives!" and she smiled a happy acquiescence.

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LAND'S END—Continued from page 5

fore them, he was about to yield. The love that he now bore for this impulsive spoiled, selfish, but potentially great soul that had been committed into his care, was going to set aside his reason and his experience.

He saw her face change from pleading to passion.

"I have never asked so humbly from anyone before, and I shall never ask anything of you again." Her slim figure rose up through the red firelight, quivering with passion. "You don't understand. This place haunts me, oppresses me. If I stay here I shall die. I rode with death beside me to this beach, and I see the dead that I saw die out yonder about me, calling beseechingly, as they did when I tried to reach their outstretched hands, and the waves swept me by. You are afraid I shall die on the trail. I would rather die in those hard mountains, than live by this ghost-ridden sea.

He tried to speak, but she motioned him to silence.

"YOU think I am selfish, spoiled, unreasonable, but I would never, if I were a man, hold a girl captive as you are holding me. Who are you to say what shall be best for me? Believe me, your abuse of your strength is more abominable than my childish whims and tempers. For I know I am selfish, and silly. Don't you think selfish people suffer from their own faults? It's you strong, generous souls that bind down weaker ones by their faults. Oh, I hate you, I could kill you. I am sorry I took back

soaring in crimson bars across the black shadows of the night. It was a little past midnight. He leaped up, his mind struck with the sure fore knowledge of disaster, and ran out of the hut, half-dressed.

The store-house in the angle of the rock was on fire. The flames leaped up in wild triumph, and an aureole of fierce heat held him at bay as he tried to gain entrance. He caught the odor of burning food, the pungent smell of scorched rubber. He was too late. All his stores of food, his instruments, were gone in the flames, which now gluttered with destruction, were lowering their red flags to the duller glow of ashes.

For a moment he stood, stupefied at his loss. Then his mind moved, swiftly, unerringly, to the startling conclusion. There had been no inflammable materials in the cache, for he was too good a woodsman for that. The matches were in a small hole in the rock. The night was still, the embers of the fire long since dead. Only a human hand could have fired the cache, and only one other than his was there to do it.

He strode to the girl's hut, but she was not there. Presently he found her, leaning against the rock, wrapped closely in her long coat. Her eyes looked defiantly at him. The dull red light of the dying fire clothed her with a sinister air.

"Why did you do it?"

"Do you realize," he continued, when she did not answer, "that you have placed us in a very precarious position?"



Girls Snow Shoe Race, Banff.—Courtesy Canadian Pacific Railway

what I said, for I don't trust you, Stephen Adam, I can't trust you. I'll pay you back double for what you have meted out to me!"

She rushed off through the darkness to her hut, leaving Adam very much inclined to anger, to pity, to laughter, but finally he combined all three in an oath of disgust, kicked together the ashes of his fire, and went off to bed.

He lay for a long time in the darkness smoking. He heard the soft soughings of the little waves on the beach. The trees creaked in the night wind. Far up in the hills he heard faint cries, the sounds of wild beasts. The great moving forces of nature—what to them were the petty crying of an ignorant child? Poor little soul, beating out her heart in wild distrust of everything. No, he wouldn't take her. He pictured her on the trail, going bravely for the first miles, then the blistered feet, the aching, dragging limbs, the gradual collapse of her physical strength in the battle against the barrier of the hills. He would stand by her, in spite of herself, and if he didn't fulfil the hopes of his backers, he would put up with failure, and try again somewhere else. Surely there wouldn't be a shipwrecked girl on every radium-bearing ridge. He knocked the ashes out of his pipe and fell asleep.

When he awoke, he wondered at the wild redness of the morning. Rip stirred uneasily and whimpered.

"Too early, old man," said Adam, pulling up his blankets, "lie down and wait until sunup."

The dog barked, and Adam, raising himself on his elbow, noted that the redness of the light was leaping and

We have lost our stores of food, our scanty extra clothing, my instruments? How do you think we are going to live here now?"

"That is what I was waiting to hear you say," she answered. "Now you will have to take me away. That is why I burned the stores."

Adam saw red. He forgot that a girl stood before him, a sick child. He seized her by both shoulders, and shook her until her teeth chattered in her head. Then he shoved her violently against the hard rocky wall against which she leaned. Her eyes still held his, asking no mercy. He suddenly let her go, and walking away into the darkness, threw himself down upon the sand, soul-sick at what he had done. He had laid hands on a helpless woman.

Adam was a humane man. He loved children and animals. He had for all women respect and reverence. He honored his parents. He thought suddenly of his mother, a slow-spoken, brown-eyed woman, capable in her everyday life, a leader in emergency, uncomplaining and resourceful in hardship. But this girl was beyond his comprehension. She was ready to go to any length to satisfy her own whim. Never having known necessity, her own desires became the great objective of her life. All her resources of strength and intelligence would be marshalled for its attainment.

The miserable hours of the night dragged by. He wished he had never seen the girl. Nor could he understand her object in burning the stores. He had indeed told her that they could not well remain on the beach without the sup-

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Men knew it but she didn't

AND the pity of it was that the subject was so delicate a one that even her closest friends didn't have the heart to mention it to her.

It was one of those things that people habitually dodge in conversation even though it might be a great boon to the person so handicapped if he or she were informed.

Halitosis is not a pretty subject, perhaps. But how many, many people—men and women—suffer from it and are held back both socially and in business!

Halitosis is the scientific term for unpleasant breath—a trouble thousands suffer from and usually un-awares. The insidious thing about halitosis is that you rarely know yourself whether your breath is just right

or not. You can't detect it but your friends will—very quickly.

Most cases of halitosis are temporary and yield quickly to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle. This well-known liquid antiseptic possesses deodorizing properties ideally suited to combat halitosis. Listerine arrests fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for half a century.

Read the interesting booklet that comes with every bottle.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Toronto, Canada.

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A Community Golf Course



THE CLUB HOUSE



MAYOR FARMER, DRIVING FROM THE FIRST TEE,

WINNIPEG MUNICIPAL GOLF LINKS

WHEN LORD BYNG, the Governor-General, visited Winnipeg last fall it was the desire of the city's democratic mayor, Frank O. Fowler, that his excellency should keep in sympathetic touch with the life of ordinary, everyday Winnipeggers. This was equally the wish of the Governor-General. A quarter of a century ago the very last thing the mayor would have done to achieve such a purpose would have been to arrange a game of golf, for in those days golf was a domain occupied almost exclusively by the rich and powerful.

How far we have travelled may be judged by the fact that Mayor Fowler, in order to keep Lord Byng in touch with the people, arranged to play him a game of golf on the City's Municipal Links adjoining Kildonan Park. Over these same links have played during the past season 50,240 Winnipeggers, old and young, rich and poor, male and female. This is at the rate of 235 a day during the long season, April 28 to Nov. 26, during which the links were open. On the latter date 42 players went over the course. After that the course was closed. If it had remained open more games would have been played. This does not speak badly for Winnipeg's winter climate.

From the foregoing it will be judged that Winnipeg's Municipal Golf Course has been a great success. In truth it is one of the most successful undertakings upon which the city has ever ventured. While the vision, good-will and co-operation of many citizens have contributed to the popularity of the Municipal Course, James McDiarmid, one of Winnipeg's most public-spirited citizens, is often referred to as "the father of the course." Mr. McDiarmid, it was, who drew the plans for the course and also for the handsome and commodious clubhouse.

It took Winnipeg many years to establish a municipal golf course. As long ago as 1908 Mayor Fowler, then Alderman Fowler, headed a delegation of citizens to the Public Parks Board with a request that the city establish a golf course. but it was not till 1921 that a



James McDiarmid

Winnipeg's Beautifully Situated Municipal Links attract over 50,000. Players during past Season—Many Improvements Planned to Course

By A. Vernon Thomas



George Champion

municipal links became an accomplished fact. Lack of funds proved a perennial difficulty.

After a possible site adjoining Brookside Cemetery had been looked over and

of land of 93 acres had been acquired as an exhibition site, but its value for this purpose was considerably reduced by permission being granted to the C.P.R. to run a freight cut-off across it.



Lord Byng, the Governor-General, and Mayor Frank O. Fowler, at the 18th hole of the Winnipeg Municipal Links on Oct. 5th, 1922

abandoned, and after a golf course had actually been mapped out in Assiniboine Park, the City Council transferred to the Parks Board in 1916 the present site on the Red River in Kildonan. This fine piece

HOWEVER, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good. While the joys of an annual exhibition have been denied to Winnipeggers for several years they have during the past two summers had an

opportunity to derive health and pleasure from their own municipal golf course. The conversion of the site into a links, however, was no easy task. The city, to try and get some revenue from the land, had rented it out in small farms. The experiment had been a good deal of a failure and the ground was a chaos of scrub and weeds, with fifteen houses scattered up and down it.

It took all the efforts of the city's able and experienced parks superintendent, George Champion, to make greens and fairways, and otherwise create a course. Portions of it had to be sown and resown, coaxed and pampered in all sorts of ways. But the job was finally done and well done. There are more elaborate golf courses around Winnipeg, but for a combination of attractions the Winnipeg Municipal links are a course apart. This is generally conceded and members of private clubs are enthusiastic patrons of the city's links. And one may add that the pleasantest relations exist between the municipal links and its rivals. During the past summer a ladies' open championship was held on the course, as well as driving, approaching and putting competitions, in which the best amateurs and professionals of the male sex took part.

For the season of 1923 prospects are that the course will be more beautiful than ever. Many improvements are in process. Shade trees are being planted to protect those waiting at the greens. Additional bunkers are being supplied, the turf of the green and the fairways is being given special care and a verandah is being added to the clubhouse. It is also proposed to cut through the woods bordering the river bank so as to provide water scenes at one or two points. A grassy slope running through the site prevents the course from being a dead level, while trees and hedgerows also give it a delightful variety. As the links can be reached from the city with a single fare on the car their popularity is assured. In 1921 the number of players going over the course daily was 222. This year, as already stated, it was 235

Continued on page 22



Waiting for a game on Saturday afternoon



On the Green of the 12th hole



It's Not Men Only Who Need These Energizing, Ironizing Foods

Always ask for Sun-Maid Raisins for all home cooking purposes. Try Sun-Maid *Seeded* Raisins (in the blue package) for your puddings, cakes, and pies. Made from finest California table grapes.

Washed, seeded, sterilized and packed, while still hot, in new, clean cartons; and now also in tins.

Insist on the Sun-Maid Brand, the kind you know is good.

Mail coupon for free book of tested Sun-Maid recipes.



HOUSE work, like office work, saps energy—a lot of it—taking the youthfulness and color from scores of pretty cheeks. So it isn't men only who need revitalizing foods; *you* need them, madam.

Running up and down stairs a hundred times a day is not exactly recreation for a woman, and she must keep well nourished to perform such tasks.

A few slices of delicious raisin bread at luncheon after a hard morning's work is the kind of food that restores the energy it takes.

Raisins are 75 per cent pure fruit sugar, furnishing 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound, in practically pre-digested form so that this nourishment is felt almost at once. It's the quickest acting energy food that anyone can use.

Wheat, too, is an energizer. And raisins supply iron.

Therefore in this fine combination of cereal and fruit you have a luscious, up-building food of supreme value.

Delicious, Ready-Baked

No need to bake this bread at home. Your finest modern local bakeries are baking it fresh every week, some every day and delivering it to grocers everywhere. You can buy it also at neighborhood bake shops.

Made with big, plump, tender, seeded Sun-Maid Raisins, the finest raisins grown. Rich, full-fruited loaves. *Real raisin* bread with at least eight tempting raisins to the slice.

Try it toasted with your tea. Make delicious bread pudding with left-over portions.

Get a loaf today and try it—see how good it is.

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It is not surprising Sloan's is used in seven million homes—it has so many everyday, practical uses.

It happens in most families

Father somehow fails to hit the nail on the head

Mother undertakes too much

Brother ———

FATHER seems unable to handle a hammer without smashing his thumb—

Mother *will* keep on her feet all day—and have a tired, aching back at night—

And young brother! Baseball in the spring and football in the fall keep him the constant possessor of bruises and sprains.

No wonder in one out of every three American homes today, Sloan's Liniment has a prominent place on the bathroom shelf.

What Sloan's does

Sloan's Liniment brings almost instant relief to sore and aching muscles.

Most muscular and nerve pain is due to congestion. Congestion occurs when blood collects in a tissue and does not circulate freely. Fatigue—cold, damp weather—or an actual sprain or bruise—these are perhaps its most frequent causes.

Sloan's Liniment breaks up congestion by drawing the blood away from the congested or inflamed tissues. Normal circulation is quickly restored. Discomfort disappears.

A matter of minutes with Sloan's

The thing that astonishes you, if you have never used Sloan's Liniment before, is the rapidity with which it brings relief.

Apply a little Sloan's to the sore or aching spot. Don't rub it in. Don't bandage.

Almost immediately you notice a warm, tingling glow—a drawing, healing sensation.

For a moment you think that this warmth has simply made you forget the pain. Then suddenly you realize that the pain itself is completely gone!

In its place is a soothing feeling of ease, comfort, relaxation.

Get a bottle of Sloan's today and keep it always on hand. Don't wait until some member of the family needs it badly.

You will find more practical everyday uses for Sloan's than for any other item in your medicine cabinet.

Made in Canada

Sloan's Liniment

Wherever congestion causes pain—use Sloan's



Fawns are all about the man's house in the summer



A perfect picture of a Columbia or Coast deer Hardy Island, B. C.

"We Are Kindred"

The Almost Unbelievable Story of a Wild Animal Island Sanctuary in British Columbia

By FRANCIS DICKIE

WE are kindred of the wild things. They will love us if we let them. Shyest bird, fiercest carnivorous beast, most timid vegetarian animal will in time come to accept man's presence, will become his friends. This has been proven over and over again by a few rare souls in tune with the wild. In Ontario, Jack Miner has succeeded in gaining the trust and love of countless wild geese and ducks. Starting a decade ago with a few which came to rest on the two ponds of his farm, he now has yearly thousands of these migrating birds visit him, for his first friends among the ducks and geese told others about him. That birds and beasts convey information to each other cannot be doubted. The thousands of geese and ducks which yearly come to Miner's place, where he annually feeds them about four hundred bushels of corn at his own expense, is one proof. One other example is the subject of this story, an almost unbelievable one of a wonderful wild animal sanctuary that exists on an island off the coast of British Columbia, a sanctuary until now unknown to the great outside world, and herewith told of in detail for the first time.

But to continue regarding the possible friendly relations which may exist between man and the beasts of the earth, and the birds of the air. From the wild goose to the humming bird is a long jump in ornithology. Miss Sherman, of the American Ornithologists' Union, has succeeded in getting on a comradeship basis with the humming-bird. She first began with bottles of syrup hidden in gaudy artificial flowers, then finally used only the bare bottles. The humming-birds got so they came and buzzed loud demands to be fed.

Enos Mills in Colorado, got on speaking terms with the grizzly bear, than which there is no shyer animal.

Other convincing proofs are to be found in all of the United States National Parks, and the Dominion Parks in Canada, where bears have become so friendly as to be a positive nuisance at times.

But stranger than all is the island of wild-tame deer on Hardy Island, British Columbia, a tiny rocky dot, covered with cedar, fir and alder, a dot similar to thousands of the islands which stud the "Inland Passage" off the coast of British Columbia, and the wonderful man who dwells there, a performer of

miracles in a few year's time, which man and animals I have just discovered, and here tell the great reading public about for the first time.

This bit of primeval island wilderness is privately owned by an absent owner, and for a decade there has dwelt here a single caretaker. On the island when he came, were a few wild deer. He protected them, diligently patrolling the island shores to keep away hunters from the city of Vancouver, only sixty miles distant. As the days went by the shy, wild deer became cognizant of his friendly presence. Growing trust banished their timidity until they came to accept by night the food he placed out for them.

CREATURES of the wild are above all things occult. Soon the deer came by day about the dwelling of the man, for he is one of those rare souls to whose aura the so sensitive wild creatures quickly respond. To tell in details of all wonderful things which marked the first years of his dwelling on Hardy Island, while he slowly and with infinite patience, convinced the deer of his good intentions, would require a large sized book. Even the few things carefully selected from the many which here will be told, I know will be scoffed at by some people. Yet they are truths a score of times and more repeated, doubly emphasizing my statement that we are kindred of the wild; they will love us if we let them.

As has been said of the wild geese and ducks, which Jack Miner befriended, "the first visitors told others about the place." This cannot be doubted, for from a few visitors the number soon rose till now a thousand birds at a time rest upon his farm. In similar manner the deer of the coast of British Columbia, in the neighborhood of Hardy Island, "talked about" the friendly man who had come. That this cannot be doubted is shown by the increase in the number of deer which began coming to this island, some for short periods of time, others to stay permanently. They came to Hardy Island from Nelson Island, an area some ten times larger, which in one place is only a stone's throw distant. Deer also travelled from the main land to Hardy via Nelson, a swim of three miles in some places.

The deer on the mainland and on Nelson Island are extensively hunted in the shooting season, and out of it.

That they now for several years come to recognize Hardy Island as a sanctuary is beyond dispute, for the island is full of them during that time. They also breed here.

In the course of a season many hundreds visit the sanctuary, staying for various lengths of time. In addition, there are about fifty "home-guards," real old settlers, who look upon the place as theirs. These remain and, in the words of the guardian, "run the island." They certainly do. They clutter up his front yard by the dozens, they sleep on his doorstep. You can hardly move around the back of the house without stumbling over a fawn or two. They gather in the orchard and eat wind fallen apples. Some of the real old timers, quite without training, will pick the guardian's pocket for dainties, though they really are not hungry, for there is a great guest table in the open for all the beautiful, shy, wild creatures that care to come and partake of its bounty. And to take care of "rush" times at this restaurant in the woods, there are side tables to accommodate extra visitors when the main banqueting board is crowded. Each deer has a separate dish, and their table manners are perfect; no pushing or scrambling here, no grabbing for the other fellow's portion, but a quiet orderly array of wild creatures that in ordinary times would dash madly away from the sight or scent of man. These tables are not for the "home-guard" of old settlers only. Many wild deer visiting the island for the first time, which never before braved such proximity to man, come to feed, made brave by the information imparted from another visitor.

THOUGH the guest tables are bountifully spread, this does not prevent some of the deer from begging extras. With their horns or their heads they butt on the door, or rattle the knob with their teeth, and are rewarded with tit-bits of raw oatmeal, or bits of apple. Yet at the sight of a stranger the most of them will vanish into the forest, for remember, they are absolutely wild deer, the most of them born and come to maturity in the forest depths. Their trust rests only in this one man. In the cases of a few of the old settler deer, when the man is around to stand sponsor for other human beings, the deer will accept the stranger's company, even be quite friendly.

But it has taken years for even this man so sympathetic with the wild things, and learned in their ways, to establish such cordial relations. Even yet certain of his wild guests are sufficiently impolite as to show some doubt of him, or perhaps it is not doubt of him, but others of his kind who may come. There is one old doe, now seven years of age, which in the spring and summer is forever hanging around the house. Yet when the shooting season draws near disappears with the little band of followers which have gathered about her, and is seen no more until the following February. Yet the guardian does not believe she leaves the island. Story could be piled upon story of these absolutely wild deer which have the whole coast of British Columbia to roam in, hundreds of which go and come from Hardy Island, and while they are there, forget their wildness.

Space only permits one more anecdote, but this, above all, convincing proof that a means of communicating ideas exists among animals. To the island there came during a recent summer, and continued for the period of a year, a very large buck. No one but the guardian ever saw him, for he came only at night and if he smelt a stranger he would vanish. But every night, at various times, and always after dark, this buck came and knocked on the back door. Sometimes the guardian had to get out of bed to answer; but he never failed to feed him some oatmeal. Now here was a fully matured wild animal, come from a distance after it had reached maturity, to partake of the hospitality of a man! The buck finally disappeared, probably was shot, perhaps scores of miles from the island sanctuary where it had visited so often.

The deer are the Columbia species, or Coast deer, found from Alaska to California. Through his years of observation the guardian of the island—who, shy as his own wild friends, refuses to allow his name to be mentioned—has gathered many facts of great interest and importance to naturalists and all those interested in game preservation. Particularly worthy of note is his claim that the Columbia female deer do not mate before the third year. This is a very important matter, showing more than ever how necessary it is not to shoot female deer. The Columbia male

Continued on page 22



One of the Banqueting tables at the outside Restaurant, Hardy Island, B. C.

The Wizard of the wild, who the wild deer trusts

A scene on Hardy Island, absolutely wild deer allow the man to photograph them

A Mind at Ease

is good medicine for the body. It gives a man power to withstand the stress of steady toil, the pressure of business worries. No man, however, can have ease of mind, where no provision has been made for the future of his wife and family. It is a duty he owes to himself, as well as to them, to make such provision, and the sanest, surest, easiest way to do so is through life insurance.

A small sum invested annually in a Great-West Life insurance policy will provide the requisite protection and pay a good return on your investment. Write us for exact particulars of rates and plans. State age at nearest birthday.

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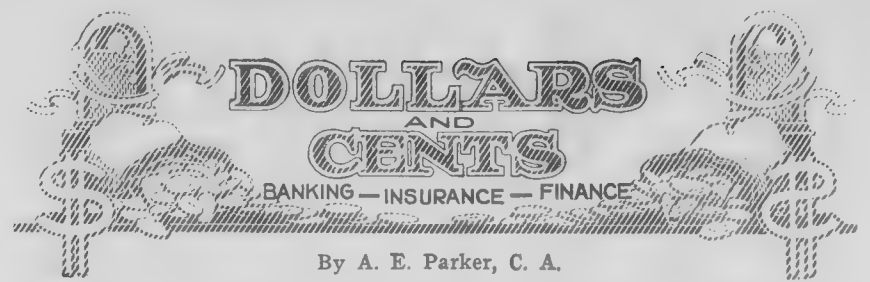
Saving is the first step to good credit.

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Head Office

WINNIPEG



By A. E. Parker, C. A.

An American View of the World's Wheat Situation

THE world's wheat situation is a controlling factor in the progress which Canada makes from year to year. The price of wheat and the relative proportion which Canada supplies of the total world supply are the things which decide whether times will be good or whether they will be bad in this country. We are therefore very definitely interested in the world's wheat situation.

A few days ago a comprehensive report on wheat conditions throughout the world was issued by Messrs. Baird and Botterell of Winnipeg on behalf of the Bartlett Frazier Co., the well known grain dealers of Chicago. This report shows that in recent years the world has not only consumed the wheat which has been grown from year to year but has also seriously reduced the reserves which were built up during the war period, so that 1923 may see us living from hand to mouth in the matter of wheat supplies and it is suggested that a wheat shortage is not beyond the realms of possibility. If conditions should arise causing such a wheat shortage, the price of wheat will go up and if coincident with these conditions Canada produces an average or better-than-average crop, the Canadian farmer will benefit in a very substantial way, just as he suffered very seriously through world conditions in 1922. The pendulum works both ways.

Wheat Reserves Shrink Away

The report referred to shows that the world's stock of wheat on hand on August 1 in each of the years mentioned was as follows:

1914	133,000,000 bushels
1919	306,500,000 bushels
1920	171,100,000 bushels
1921	164,300,000 bushels
1922	126,600,000 bushels

It will be noted that on August 1, 1919 the world had on hand a six-months supply of wheat, whereas on August, 1922 the supply dropped to about a two-months supply. This is a plain indication that during the past three years the world demand and consumption of wheat has steadily overtaken the supply. The 1922 crop season will not improve the situation. The European crop was smaller than usual, Russia was not a factor, the Australian exportable surplus will, it is estimated, be 60,000,000 bushels less than last year while the increase in the Argentine is not expected to exceed 30,000,000 bushels.

With this condition of affairs existing it is interesting to study the prospects for 1923. The Bartlett Frazier report states that wheat reserves are now reduced to a dangerously low level and coupled with that the United States, the world's greatest wheat producer, faces the probability of reduced production. Add to this that Canada's fall wheat acreage sown for 1923-crop decreased 5 per cent, and there seems to be ample justification for the Bartlett Frazier statement that "The broad general trend is in the direction of actual wheat bread scarcity and occasional heavy world shipments, or receipts for the moment above previous showings are mere ripples on the steady current that appears to be bearing the world toward a food crisis."

United States Has Decreased Acreage for 1923

Current reports indicate a decrease of from 8 to 10 per cent, in acreage seeded to winter wheat in the United States last fall. This represents a loss of over 3,000,000 acres in addition to which a drought in the southwest delayed seeding and germination. In Eastern Kansas and Nebraska the crop got a late start and elsewhere west of the Missouri frosty

weather came with a considerable portion of the crop unsprouted in the ground. East of the Missouri conditions are satisfactory but taking the crop as a whole it went into winter quarters materially below normal.

Summing up the whole world situation the following facts stand out:

1. The world will soon have used up its wheat reserves.
2. Australia's exportable wheat surplus is 60,000,000 bushels short of last year.
3. Russia is still a negligible factor as an export wheat producer.
4. The world's greatest wheat producer, the United States, expects decreased acreage for 1923.
5. Grain experts predict a wheat shortage.

These facts will raise the question in the minds of Canadians "Will Canadian farmers benefit from these unsatisfactory world-wide conditions?"

The Sharp Decrease in Interest Rates

THE economic processes which govern the changes in financial conditions are usually slow but very sure in character. Watching financial conditions from day to day we see little change and it is necessary for us to cast our minds over long periods in order to realize just what is going on. A typical instance of this is the marked change in interest earned on bond investments during the past two years. On December 1, 1920 the investor could purchase good government bonds at a price which would yield him an income of from 5.53% to 7.18%. About a year ago prices had improved to such an extent that the income to be secured from this class of bonds bought then had decreased from 4.90% to 6.15%, whereas today the same class of bonds yield an income of from 4.93% to 6.15% to the purchaser and the yield is continually decreasing. Comparison of the income on 1920 bond purchases with the income that can be secured on bonds purchased today is an eye-opener and shows that we have travelled a long way along the road to more stable financial conditions.

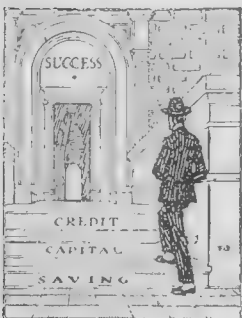
Calculating Bank Profits

IN the agitations which arise from time to time regarding the alleged excessive profits made by Canadian chartered banks the wildest kind of statements are carelessly made and are just as carelessly accepted by many people. At the recent convention of the United Farmers of Alberta those present were entertained by a number of would-be banking experts who handed out some of the most fantastic ideas imaginable. If these statements were treated on their merits no danger would ensue, but unfortunately they are often accepted as the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

One speaker at this convention assured the audience that the cause of the present money stringency in Canada was because some individual in New York—he did not divulge the name—had ordered a cipher to be cut off the amount of money to be allowed to Canada and thereby Canada's allowance has been cut in two. This is a new problem in mathematics. If any person can conceive of a number which can be cut in two by taking a cipher from it we shall be glad to hear of it. New York has no control over our Canadian banks. It does exercise some control over our bond prices, but that control is all in our favor, because we have been able to borrow in New York at a much lower rate than we could have done in Canada for a long time past.

Another speaker wanted interest done away with altogether—in other words he wants plain, unvarnished Socialism

Continued on page 21



Nationalised Russian children studying art at a Bolshevik school and nursery in Petrograd

"I'LL TALK IT OVER WITH MY WIFE"

(All Rights Reserved.)

By Emily F. Murphy ("Janey Canuck")

I WANT to have my children adopted out," said a tired looking, sad-faced woman recently. "I have four under ten years of age, and no way of supporting them. My husband died of pneumonia on Christmas Day. I have been promised the position of pantry maid in the M— Hotel, but I cannot accept it till the children are placed in foster homes."

"What was your husband's occupation?" I asked. "Did he leave any life insurance?"

"He was a book-keeper in R—'s, and he had no insurance," she explained tearfully. "but it was all my fault." "You see, Mrs. Murphy, I wouldn't let him take out a policy. I thought we needed the money for other things, and besides, it seemed like putting a price on his life. I could not bear the thought of it."

"Ho! Ho!" said I to myself, "it is truer than ever that foolish folks of the world make nearly as much trouble as the wicked ones." But I didn't tell her this, for her words seemed to hurt as they came jerkily from her dry and husky throat.

"What happened the family?" you ask. The furniture in their home was sold and, with the proceeds thereof, Betty, aged nine, lame from her birth, was sent to "his people," who live down Windsor way, in Ontario.

The two boys were placed in a charitable institution with the hope that, one day, their mother might reclaim them, while the woman herself, accepted a position in a country home working as housekeeper, taking with her Marie Josephine, the baby.

Maybe, this woman, like many others, had not just understood the meaning of life insurance.

Maybe, she wanted to live up to all her husband's income.

Maybe, she was just irresponsible and flitter-brained.

And yet, whatever the cause, no mother—I maintain it fearlessly—has a right to gamble on the future of her children, whatever chances she may care to take for herself. Should a father die without an estate, his little ones cannot be kept together in the home except through charity; by a decreased standard of living, or by the neglect of their health and education.

And this leads us to deduce that instead of saying to the agent, "I want to first talk over this policy with my wife," a man should really talk it over with some other fellow's widow. Her experiences will throw real light on the subject. She is the woman who knows.

Yes! a man who has agreed "to love and cherish" his wife, is bound in honor to provide for her, not only as long as he lives, but so long as she lives, irrespective of her prejudices or lack of knowledge as to the life insurance policy.

And when he comes to think of it, anyway, no matter what her prejudices may be as a wife, a man can safely count upon it that, as a widow, she will not refuse the company's cheque.

And why should she? The poverty of a widow with several young children looking to her, not only for the necessities of life but for its graces and amenities, is of a kind that has all the suffering of tragedy with little or none of its dignity.

... Having read the foregoing to a male friend, he remarks with force, "Please add a line, will you, saying that a woman who refuses to co-operate in the carrying of a life insurance policy, may be causing her husband to carry instead, a constant burden of fear and anxiety. No man who isn't selfish, or entirely a shirker, can reasonably expect contentment until he has made provision of a kind against possibility of his death or disablement."

DOLLARS AND CENTS

Continued from page 20

so far as money goes, but possibly would object if the same theory was applied to land.

The prize suggestion was that of a delegate who submitted an easy and speedy remedy for all the evils under which Alberta farmers are now laboring. He assured the convention that all that was necessary was for the Alberta Government to select five persons to apply to Ottawa for a bank charter. This would require a deposit of \$5,000 and a further sum of \$245,000 for paid up capital. Having secured the charter the bank thus created would proceed to issue its own notes. When asked where the \$250,000 would come from, the speaker said the government could borrow it and after the charter was secured could issue its own bank notes and pay the loan back—a very ingenious idea. Both Russia and Germany have tried this paper money idea. Russian paper money is not worth the paper it is printed on while the German mark at this time of writing can be secured at the rate of about 23,000 to the \$1. In pre-war days the mark was worth 24 cents—today you can buy 230 marks for one cent. Is this the kind of currency Canada wants?

Another favorite topic of these amateur bankers is the alleged tremendous profits made by chartered banks. One of our large banks issued its annual report recently showing net profits totaling \$878,762. The banks paid up capital amounts to \$5,000,000 and a prominent critic has already dashed into the arena to point out that these profits are at the rate of 17.57%. As an actual fact this particular bank paid dividends to its shareholders at the rate of 5% on the shareholders investment, because the paid up capital is only a part of the money invested in the bank's business which belongs to the shareholders. The shareholders' funds used include the following:

Capital	\$5,000,000
Reserves	6,000,000
Undivided Profits	1,061,241
	\$12,061,241

On this basis the profits earned on the actual cash invested by the shareholders is at the rate of about 7.25%—not a very excessive earning as compared with other forms of investment.

A Big Man

The head of a large New York firm recently proved himself a really big man, according to a writer who describes in the New York Evening Sun how he publicly apologized to his office boy for a mistake. He had ordered some sheets of statistics prepared and placed on his desk, and when he needed them he could not find them. He called for the boy whose business it was to look after such things and gave him a cruel "tongue lashing" before those in the outer office. Finally, he dismissed him publicly with the remark that he was a stupid blunderer and returned to his private office.

The boy walked quietly to the bench where the office boys rest and waited. He had been given no opportunity to admit himself wrong or to declare himself faithful to the small but important duty that had been left to his care.

Those within hearing of the outburst had hardly resumed their work when the inner office door opened again and out came the big man. "Will all those within sound of my voice come this way for a moment?" he began. Then he called to the boy: "Come here, lad! A few minutes ago I talked severely to this boy," he went on. "Am I talking as loud now as I did before?" he asked looking round at the group.

Someone had the temerity to murmur "Yes."

"I want to acknowledge before you all that I was wrong and that this lad was right. My boy, I ask your pardon. That is all. I was wrong, and I am deeply sorry."

Then he turned, while a score of faces gazed after him in astonishment and admiration, and rejoined the group behind the president's door.



Magic for Mothers!

*"And there she weaves by night and day
A magic web in colors gay."*

—Tennyson.

Magic carpets used to be woven by the Wise Fairies for bestowal upon the Favorites of Fortune. They would waft their lucky possessors to the "Land of Their Dreams."

To-day every woman can be a Wise Fairy for herself—or for her children.

Day by day, and year by year, she weaves the strands of silver that will make the Magic Carpet complete in ten, fifteen, or twenty years.

When it is finished, it will carry her to The Land of HER Dreams, which may be

A Silver Wedding Trip with the Husband of her Youth;

OR, PERHAPS,

To the College where she wants to enter her Son;

OR, POSSIBLY,

Through the well-plenished rooms where she will help her little Daughter to set up Housekeeping.

AND IF

Fate stills her fingers before the Magic Carpet is finished—it will not perish, as Fairy Gifts so often used to do. The last wave of her vanishing hand will bring it to completion; so that what she has woven will never be wasted.

The Carpet is An Endowment Policy. The Silver Strands are The Yearly Premium.

If she dies—even after only one premium is paid—the full amount of the Policy is immediately available; to be used for her children; or in any way she may direct.

Write us—or let our Agent explain this Policy.

The
London Life
Insurance Company

"Policies Good as Gold"

HEAD OFFICES

LONDON, CANADA

Agencies in all principal cities

"Ye Olde Firme" Heintzman & Co., Ltd.—
Established 1850—72 Years.



—Unrivalled
in Tone.

—Unexcelled
in Touch.

Heintzman & Co. Baby Grand Piano

The past twelve months constitute a record year in the sale of Grand Pianos, carrying the name of "Ye Olde Firme". The buying trend of music-loving Canadians in all parts of Canada leads unmistakably towards this Grand Piano.

The Heintzman & Co. Baby Grand combines all the attributes of the larger Grand Pianos, whilst in size, it is available for the average sized room of the average-sized home.

—The piano of Melba, who within the year purchased a Heintzman & Co. Baby Grand for her Australian home.

HEINTZMAN & CO. LIMITED
193-197 Yonge Street, Toronto

BRANCHES—Calgary, Edmonton, Regina, Moose Jaw, Saskatoon, Lethbridge, Prince Albert.

J. J. H. McLean & Co., Winnipeg and Brandon, Distributors for Manitoba.

Write for illustrated catalogue, naming The Western Home Monthly.



**MUSICAL
INSTRUMENTS**
LARGE AND SMALL

**Have Music in Your Home On
Easy Payment Terms**

Whether it be a piano, player-piano, phonograph or any of the smaller musical instruments. Our immense volume of business enables us to quote lowest possible prices and easiest terms of payment. For full particulars and illustrated catalogues write us today.

WINNIPEG PIANO CO. 333 PORTAGE AVE.

GREATEST SELECTION UNDER ONE ROOF

PIANOS—Steinway, Gerhard Heintzman, Nordheimer, Williams, Haines, Bell, Sherlock-Manning, Karn, Morris, Doherty, Lesage and Canada.
PHONOGRAPHS—Edison, Columbia, Gerhard Heintzman, Starr, Pathe, McLagan, Euphonolian.

A COMMUNITY GOLF COURSE—Continued from page 16



At the green of the 16th hole

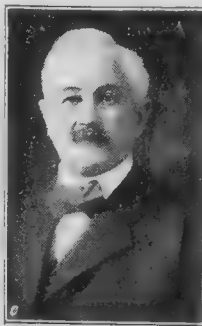
and beyond this it is hardly desirable to go. In fact the Parks Board has for some time been considering the opening of a second municipal course.

PERHAPS one cannot do better than conclude this brief review with the following extract from an interview recently given to the press by A. W. Puttee, a former chairman of the Parks Board and himself an enthusiastic patron of the municipal course:

"The records show that over 50,000 games have been played this season. This means that from early spring until late fall, with the exception of hours of darkness and rain, there has been a continuous stream of happy golfers tramping over the course. What this means in health, pleasure and good temper to the citizens of Winnipeg is quite beyond estimation.

The operation of the course has completely killed the notion many of us had that golf is a rich man's game. Citizens of all varieties and ages seem to enjoy the game equally. The young athlete and the enthusiasts of three score years and ten have been seen following one another round the links brimming over with cheerfulness and the joy of the game. The young man takes his sweetheart, wife or mother. All can play."

FEW Winnipeg citizens are better known than the veteran president of Royal Crown Soaps, and director of many financial and industrial institutions, Mr. Manlius Bull. He celebrated his 72nd anniversary some four months ago, and marked the occasion by playing a vigorous game of golf of 72 holes. Mr. Bull has passed almost half a century in Western



Manlius Bull

Canada and has taken a keen interest in healthy sport and indeed in all other things at all times that make for the betterment of a city and country. With the passing of the years, his interest in golf but intensifies, and it is said that he was the last player on the Civic Links at the close of the 1922 season, where he delivered the final stroke on November 29th, when winter had already cast its shadows.

Just Hungry

"You poor boy!" said the visitor, after watching little Tommy eat his dinner. "You're starved, aren't you?" "No," said Tommy, according to the Windsor Magazine, "I'm always starved before my dinner, but after I've had my dinner I'm only just hungry."

Orator.—It's knowledge we want! Ask the av'ridge man when Magna Charta was king of England—and 'e can't tell yer!

WE ARE KINDRED

Continued from page 19

deer lose their horns from January until about the 5th of March. The new horn starts in a short time and by the middle of August is full grown and the velvet drops off. The fawns are born from the first week in June as late as the middle of July. Usually a doe has one fawn, but two are quite common. The guardian of the island has one doe that had six fawns in four years.

Happiness is one of the gifts of life which we are all eagerly striving for, and when found we long to retain. Out on Hardy Island one great-hearted man has found supreme happiness in this novel way. All the year round deer surround his home, feeding at his guest tables spread by him for them in the open; fawns clutter up the yard and sleep upon his doorstep. Yet all these shy creatures are straight from the heart of the wild, and to the wild most of them return. In the dead of night some even come to visit him.

Unbelievable, you say! Well, look at the picture, and remember these pictures are not taken of tame deer raised from earliest days in sight of man, but wild things of the dark forest depths and low rounding mountains of the coast of British Columbia. If you still do not believe take train for Vancouver. From there it is only sixty miles to the island. And if you come to this lonely spot without a gun in your hand, or a dog at your heels, the kindly man who rules this wilderness spot will likely welcome you, and tell you far more strange things than I have dared to set down in the limited space here allotted me.

The Triumph of Love

Thy love is more to me than gold or fame,
Than spices from the East or fabulous shows,
My constant heart at sound of the dear name,
Uplifted to the heights with rapture glows.
Thy eyes serene and fair are like to stars,
Set in a face that Nature's hand hath painted
With deft sweet grace, no blot, no blemish mars
A heavenly sight with beauty's self acquainted.
Thy smile has power to charm sad thoughts to rest,
And shed upon my path a radiance bright;
Like to the sunset's vision in the West,
Thy love has filled my sky with golden light.
I worship thee while drawing life's scant breath,
And love can brave the very gates of Death.

Samuel J. Looker

Luxuries of Modern Education

Johnny handed the following note from his mother to the teacher one morning:

Dere Teecher. You keep tellin' my boy to brethe with his diafram. Maybe rich children has got diaframs, but how about when their father only makes one dollar and fifty cents a day and has got five children to keep? First, it's one thing, then it's another, and now it's diaframs. That's the worst yet.

SUBSCRIPTION AGENTS—YOUR OPPORTUNITY

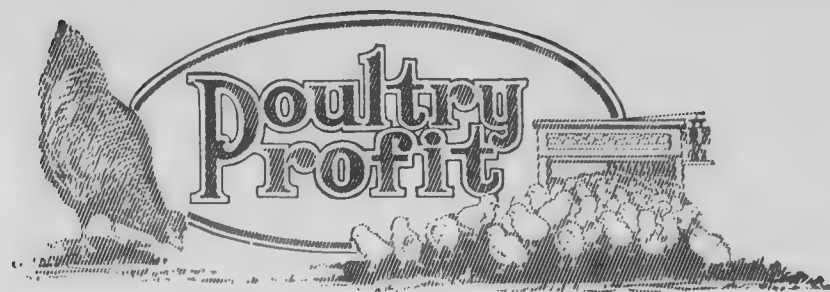
Increase your sales and profits with our new business booster. One Cleveland newspaper sold over 20,000 subscriptions with it in less than 3 months. Women fascinated the minute you flash sample—they have never seen anything like it before. A real subscription getter. Be the first in your territory to use it. Exclusive rights given reliable agents. Send \$1.00 for samples and particulars—no further investment necessary.

BOYD IMPORT & MFG. CO.

Room 11 Perry-Payne Building

Cleveland, Ohio

Magazine Value as represented by The Western Home Monthly at \$1.00 per year is unequalled. Tell your friends about it.



Helen E. Vialoux

THE lengthening of the days and the approach of Spring Poultry Shows make us ponder over the poultry problems of to-day. When our farmers and ranchers are disposed to feel somewhat downhearted over the prospects ahead of them, there is certainly not a blue outlook for the poultry raiser, now that there is to be inaugurated a Dominion wide egg grading system by the Federated Government, and also a Co-operative Poultry Marketing Association, which has done splendid work already, though only brought into operation in October 1922. This association is under the auspices of the Dominion Live Stock Branch of Agriculture and may be organized in any centre in the West by local societies such as Agricultural Associations, Women's Institutes, United Farm Women or other organizations already in existence.

A. C. McCulloch, poultry promoter, is to be congratulated on the splendid success which attended his efforts to give the producer a living price for turkeys and chickens and other fowl. Southern Manitoba was the field of operation for this new experiment, and a meeting was held at each point in October, and each section wishing to co-operate in the scheme appointed two delegates to a general meeting of organization held at Melita, Man. At this meeting, W. A. Sander was appointed president and D. W. Storey of Hartney, secy.-manager. Directors were appointed from Lyleton, Waskada, Goodlands, Deloraine, Killarney, Melita, Medora, Sander and Hartney. A mailing list was secured from each point and the growers given instructions regarding preparation of their poultry for marketing, the necessity of having all birds fattened and the importance of the farmers attending poultry killing demonstrations and other matters pertaining to the shipment, etc. A demonstration was given on the killing, plucking and general care of the fowl before and after killing. Shipment was arranged from the following points:—Lyleton, Tuesday, December 5th; Waskada, Wednesday, December 6th; and so on from nine principal points on given dates. In ten days these places had sufficient poultry for one car load, others combining to make two more car loads. The fowl were graded and packed and the weighing supervised by officers of the branch. The poultry for the most part was delivered in fine condition. All poultry was sold to the highest bidder and the weights and grades at the time of shipment were accepted by the purchaser. The growers had the privilege of seeing their own poultry graded and weighed, which was quite satisfactory to them. Not a single complaint has come in to

the association, regarding grading or weight from the producers. The total expenses for operations were pooled and deducted from the average price received from each grade. Mr McCulloch reports that the entire shipment was pooled even though the cars from one place brought a higher price than others and every man was paid the same price. This arrangement gave complete satisfaction, and prices for specials varied from 30 to 40 cents per pound for turkeys. In fact, the turkeys graded as specials weighed 28,624 pounds and after all expenses were paid, the raiser received 35 cents per pound net. No. 1. turkeys weighed 53,978 pounds and 34 cents net was received. In all sixty tons of turkeys were thus sold and when the turkey market fell to lower prices shortly before Christmas, the members of the Co-operative Association, had their fair profits already in their hands. The percentage of turkeys grading special was 26.6%. No. 1. 50.2% No. 2. 20.7% which shows the fine quality of the Western birds which found a ready market in Toronto. Between 7,000 and 8,000 lbs. of chicken was included in these shipments. No. 1 chickens bringing 21 cents net to the raiser. 440 lbs. of ducks averaged 19 cents, net, also, 425 persons contributed to make up this fine shipment from Manitoba. Mr. McCulloch is well pleased with the result of his work for the good of the poultry farmer and we can predict that many co-operative associations will spring up throughout the west this next season for the shipment and marketing of poultry, butter, eggs, cheese, pork and beef, etc., farm commodities which the producer has not been able to get a fair price for owing to numerous middlemen. Now it is up to the farmer in the west to organize with the good services of the federal poultry promoter to assist them. In these districts where co-operative marketing has been tried out, the poultry industry has been given great impetus when we learn from the best authorities that shipment of Hungarian Turkeys were sent to Canada. This past season 60,000 turkeys came in to compete against our Canadian birds, and various European countries are trying to find a market in our country. We must be up and doing and produce a really fine article properly fleshed and killed. No country on earth can raise better birds than our own Canadian West, so we must take heart and specialize in turkey and chicken raising. The day of second grade poultry, fit only for the soup-pot is over. The proper grading of eggs to secure a good market at home and abroad is being considered from every possible angle by a committee of eighteen members,

Continued on page 24

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

If you want to buy or sell anything in the line of Poultry, Farm Property, Farm Machinery if you want Help or Employment, remember that the Classified Advertisement Columns of The Western Home Monthly are always ready to help you accomplish your object. Cost 5c. per word. Minimum 75c. Cash with order.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS, MEN AND WOMEN—We have positively the greatest household necessity on the market. A patented curtain rod. Instantly adjusted, no nails or tacks required. Samples free. George Grattan, manufacturer's agent, New Glasgow, Que. **tf**

A NEW INVENTION—Pyro Fire Extinguisher weighs only 3 lbs. Excels work of heavy high priced devices. Guaranteed. Puts out fire in ten seconds. A child can use it. Already selling like wildfire in organized territory. Price of only \$2 makes easy sales—100% profit. J. S. Perry, P.E.I. sold 750 last 30 days. Alvin McAulay placed 14 in two hours. Investigate today. Pyro Extinguisher Co., 605 Echo Drive, Ottawa, Ont. **tf**

AGENTS TO SELL Dr. Bovel's Toilet Soap—Toilet Articles—Home Remedies. Men or women can do this work and earn from \$25 to \$75 per week. Whole or spare time. Territories allowed. For further particulars apply: Bovel Manufacturing Co., Dept. 28, Toronto, Ont. **tf**

AGENTS—\$100, \$200 monthly selling Easy-Wash, washes clothes while you rest; no rubbing or boiling required; send 15c for 10 family washings. M. Manufacturing Co., Sault Ste Marie, Ont. **3-23**

AGENTS—Men or women. Sell knitting yarn, the article in demand in every home. Women or girls are all knitting whether a garment of necessity or luxury. We supply sample card of 16 shades of the best knitting yarn on the market. We allow large profits on every sale and supply your customers free with instructions for knitting popular, up-to-date garments. This helps you make sales. Write for sample card and territory. Donalds Manufacturing Company, Dept. 156, Toronto, Ont. **tf**

SALESMEN; SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW in advertising pencils, oldest and largest pencil concern in the business. Write for our proposition today. Souvenir Lead Pencil Co., Sta. H. Toronto, Ont. **2-23**

WE PAY \$15 TO \$50 WEEKLY for steady spare time work at home. No canvassing or experience required. Special terms now. Write Brennan Show Card System, Dept. 21, Toronto. **2-23**

SALESMEN WANTED for Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta to represent "Canada's Greatest Nurseries." Largest list of hardy varieties, recommended by Western Experimental Stations. Highest commissions, exclusive territory, handsome free outfit. Stone & Wellington, Toronto, Ont. **2-23**

FRUIT AND FARM LANDS

BRITISH COLUMBIA—Why not write me for my Farm Catalogue? I have some attractive propositions for sale or for exchange. What have you on the Coast for some good Prairie Farms? E. G. Kingwell, Strout Farm Agency Inc., 511, B.C. Perm. Loan Bldg., Victoria, B.C. **tf**

WANT TO HEAR from owner having farm for sale; give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. **2-23**

I WANT FARMS for cash buyers. Describe and state price. R. A. McNow, 380 Wilkinson Bldg., Omaha, Neb. **3-23**

WANTED—To hear from owner of good Farm for sale. State cash price, full particulars. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn. **2-23**

HONEY FOR SALE

CLOVER HONEY in 80 lb. crate \$11.60. William A. Hartley, Beamsville, Ont. **2-23**

CLOVER \$9.00, Amber \$7.00, Buckwheat \$6.00 for 60 lbs. Large orders at lower prices. F. W. Krouse, Guelph, Ont. **tf**

HONEY—Do you know the delight of finest quality on your table? Send \$10.00 for case containing six pails, 10 lbs. each. D. Fraser, Ilderton, Ont. **2-23**

HONEY—Choice mixed, clover and buckwheat, 60 pounds \$6.00. Hector Inch, Port Hope, Ont. **3-23**

FOR SALE

20 BIG PKTS. Northern Grown Garden Seeds your choice for \$1.00. Catalog free. 2 lbs. cotton remnants \$1.10 postpaid. Allen Novelty, St. Zacharie, Quebec. **4-23**

IMMORTALITY CERTAIN and a real world beyond is shown in Swedenborg's great work on "Heaven & Hell." Over 400 pages. Only 25c postpaid. F. W. Law, 486 Euclid Ave., Toronto. **2-23**

\$2.00 LADIES GOLD FILLED RING for 75c and 300 Bargain Catalogue. 2 lbs. fine cotton prints for quilt \$1.00 postpaid. Allen Novelty, St. Zacharie, Que. **3-23**

THE CHOICEST PEDIGREED and registered, Silver black breeding foxes. Buy the best. Reid Bros., Bothwell, Ontario, Canada. **3-23**

SILVER PATCH and Red Foxes. T. R. Lyons, Waterville, N.S. **4-23**

STAMMERING

ST-STU-T-T-T-TERING and Stammering cured at home; instructive booklet free. Walter McDonnell, 109 Potomac Bldg., Washington, D. C. **3-23**

HELP WANTED

WOMEN—Learn Expert Dress Making. \$35 week, sewing experience unnecessary. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. N529, Rochester, N. Y. **2-23**

STAMPS

STAMPS—100 different foreign stamps, catalogue, hinges, album, 15 cents; large packet, album, with war stamps, 25 cents; ask for bargain approvals. We buy stamps; large lots, for spot cash. Marks Stamp Company, Toronto, Canada. **tf**

POSTAGE STAMPS bought, sold or exchanged. History and check list with fifty illustrations. All Canadian issues from 1851; price 50c. Collectors, 268 Station "B," Montreal. **tf**

POULTRY

FOR SALE PURE ROSE Comb White Wyandotte Cockerels \$2.50 each; pullets \$1.00 each. Collie pups, good heelers, at \$4.00. Mrs. Shepherd, Fleming, Sask. **2-23**

WHITE WYANDOTTE COCKERELS—Martin's Dorcas strain. April hatched. \$2.50 each. Some nice crested canaries. George Lee, Springdale, Sask. **2-23**

WHITE WYANDOTTE Roosters, full brothers to my pen at Indian Head Laying Contest. April hatched; \$4.00 each; two, \$7.50. F. Finch, Lanigan, Sask. **2-23**

FOR SALE—Few Light Brahma cockerels. Apply H. Higgins, Expanse, Sask. **2-23**

MISCELLANEOUS

MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS Catalogue and price list furnished on request. Saskatoon Granite and Marble Works Ltd., 131 Avenue A. North, Saskatoon. **3-23**

ELECTRIC FIXTURES, are you in the market for Electric Fixtures or Supplies, if so we can save you money. Write for our Special Sale Catalogue. Every Fixture a bargain. Earle Electric Supply Co., St. Clair Avenue, Toronto, Ont. **5-23**

BE A DETECTIVE; great demand; travel; experience unnecessary. Write Dept. 75, American Detective System, 1966 Broadway, New York. **2-23**

CAPTAIN COLES—Salvation Army, writes: "Your books for boys and girls should be in every Christian Home." "Better Living," formerly "Purity Advocate," 10c per year. Vir Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa. **tf**

OUR IMPORTED SHIRTINGS, are guaranteed fast colors, best for ladies' and children's blouses, waists and dresses. Free samples on request. Harry Tolton, Kitchener, Ont. **2-23**

CLEAN UP THIS YEAR. Wonderful new fast seller. Goes like wildfire. Enormous profits. Write quick. Free particulars. Mission, Factory 52, 56w Pitt, Windsor, Ont. **tf**

MANTLES for Gasoline Lamps, Junior size, best quality 90c per dozen, postpaid. Match-Lite Lamps \$10.50; Lanterns \$9.00, delivered. We can save you money on all Gasoline Lighting Supplies. Dominion Lamp & Mantle Co., P.O. Box 371, Edmonton, Alta. **2-23**

100 lbs. CLOVER HONEY \$14.00. Wm. A. Hartley, Beamsville, Ont. **3-23**

IF IT'S MADE OF RUBBER we have it—Write us and mention your wants. Camera Supply Co., Box 2704, Montreal. **tf**

FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO.—The old established firm. Patents everywhere. Head office, Royal Bank Bldg., Toronto; Ottawa office, 5 Elgin St. Offices throughout Canada. Booklet free. **tf**

HOME WORK—We want reliable families to operate our high speed Automatic Knitting Machines at home; whole or spare time knitting for the trade; good wages. For all particulars send stamped, addressed envelope to the Canadian Wholesale Distribution Co., Dept. M., Orillia, Ont. **4-23**

ON RECEIPT of \$1.35, send to you 2 lbs. cotton remnants, about 10 yards, fancy colors. Also 300 Novelty Catalogue postpaid. Allen Novelty, St. Zacharie, Que. **2-23**

BOYS' INTERESTING BOOK—"Magical Mysteries" with amusing catalogue, 10c. Stone, Box 474, Fredericton, New Brunswick. **3-23**

FREE BOOK—Elijah coming before Jesus. Convincing Bible evidence. W. Megiddo, Mission, Rochester, New York. **3-23**

W.M.G. RHEUMATISM CAPSULES absolutely cure rheumatism; immediate relief worst cases. \$1 box, postpaid. Write today. W. M. Gill, P. O. Box 695, Winnipeg. **2-23**

BETTER BREAD! USE HO-MAYDE BREAD Improver! It will give a finer, sweeter, larger loaf. Perfectly wholesome. Ask your grocer, or send 15 cents to Western Agents, C. and J. Jones, Lombard St., Winnipeg. **2-23**

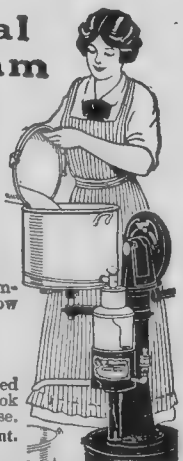
DENTISTS

DR. PARSONS, DENTIST—Specialist in Crown and Bridge work and Plate work. 222 McIntyre Block, Winnipeg. **2-23**

INVENTORS

Manufacturers always consider good inventions. Fortunes are made from New Ideas to suit modern times. Send for Free List of Ideas and Circulars. **THE RAMSAY COMPANY** Patent Attorneys 273 Bank St., Ottawa, Can. **tf**

24 **\$24.95** Sent on Trial Upward **American Cream SEPARATOR** Thousands in Use giving splendid satisfaction justifies investigating our wonderful offer: a brand new, well made, easy running, easily cleaned, perfect skimming separator only \$24.95. Skims warm or cold milk closely. Makes thick or thin cream. Different from picture, which illustrates our low priced, large capacity machines. Bowl is a sanitary marvel and embodies all our latest improvements. Our Absolute Guarantee Protects You. Besides wonderfully low prices and generous trial terms, our offer includes our—



Easy Monthly Payment Plan

Whether dairy is large or small, do not fail to get our great offer. Our richly illustrated catalog SENT FREE on request, is a most complete, elaborate and interesting book on cream separators. Learn how an American Separator may pay for itself while in use. Shipments made promptly from Winnipeg, Man., St. John, N. B., and Toronto, Ont. Write today for catalog and see our big money saving proposition.

AMERICAN SEPARATOR CO., Box 1196, Bainbridge, New York

Gombault's Caustic Balsam

The Standard Remedy

Human and Veterinary

As a veterinary remedy its curative qualities have been acknowledged for many years in cases of Curb, Splint, Sweeney, Capped Hock, Strained Tendons, Spavin, Ringbone and other bony tumors.

A Perfect Antiseptic

Soothing and Healing

For treatment of Rheumatism, Sprains, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sore Throat, Stiff Joints, Cuts and Bruises it is invaluable. \$1.50 per bottle at druggists, or sent by parcel post on receipt of price.

The Lawrence-Williams Co., Toronto, Ont.

MAKE MONEY AT HOME

YOU CAN earn \$1 to \$2 an hour writing show cards at home in your spare time. Quickly and easily learned by our new simple method. No canvassing or soliciting. We teach you how, guarantee you steady work at home, no matter where you live, and pay you cash each week. Full particulars and booklet free. Write to-day. AMERICAN SHOW CARD SYSTEM LIMITED Authorized and Fully Paid Capital, One Million Dollars.

49 Adams Bldg. Toronto, Canada.

About the Farm

Conducted by
Allan Campbell

How to Make Use of the Experimental Farms

WHEN giving a description of the work of the Experimental Farms, it is advisable at the commencement, to endeavor to eliminate some of the wrong impressions of the lay mind in regard to how and why these institutions function. Let us place danger buoys along the chartered course, as it were.

The Experimental Farms are not run as business concerns.

They are not colleges.

They are not forest nursery stations.

They are not philanthropic institutions.

The aim of the Experimental Farms is to take the risks that the average farmer cannot afford to take, and report the results to the general public. With an annual appropriation from the Dominion Government, a programme is drawn up, embracing experiments with grasses, grains, live stock, poultry, horticultural lines, etc., and judgment is not pronounced upon any new variety after the first year of trial, but is given due justice by being put under test for a number of years, thereby saving it from being unduly eulogized or condemned, by the influence of a freakish season. The law of averages is the recognized law of the officers of the Experimental Farms, who hold no brief for or against any varieties or breeds that have not been thoroughly tried out.

The farmers of the country could do a great service in the cause of the Experimental Farms by reporting any results they may have with any special

varieties of grains, etc., as all farmers are in a position to become co-experimenters.

The Experimental Farms, backed by year's of scientific investigation, are well equipped to give advice on agricultural problems, and farmers are well advised, when contemplating some new phase of agricultural endeavour, to drop a line to the superintendent of the nearest Experimental Farm, who will likely have data of value on the subject, which will be given for the asking, for the farm records are being added to from day to day, thus making up a store house of information which is, or should be, public property.

Other assistance that is given to farmers consists of the distribution of grain samples from the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, the distribution of potatoes from each branch Experimental Farm, also the offering for sale of pure bred live stock, poultry, and seed grain of the best kind. As some of the live stock possessed by the Experimental Farms is from the most elite of its kind, a sire from one of these institutions, purchased, and placed on a farm will tend to establish a most desirable line of breeding and eventually give the owner an eminent position in his district as a breeder of first class stock.

A very important feature of the work is the issuing of publications dealing with various lines of the work. These bulletins and pamphlets are written by men well versed in the work of their own special departments, and are not only for the guidance of farmers of many acres, but also for the residents of towns

and cities who may have gardens and small poultry plants, all of which contribute their quota to the agricultural products of the country. These publications are entirely free, and the best plan is to obtain the "List of Publications," which is divided into several heads, such as Live Stock, Dairy, Horticulture, etc., then select the bulletins dealing with the items on which information is desired. This list may be termed the "key" to agricultural information.

Another feature of interest is the work done in the keeping of meteorological records at each of the Experimental Farms. These records are of great value and are receiving more recognition as an important part of the work of the farms, as the data acquired shows the weather conditions under which the various crops were grown, and it is only by taking into consideration the prevailing weather conditions for each season that we are readily able to appreciate the capabilities of any given crop.

POULTRY PROFITS

Continued from page 23

who will have presented their prospects to the Federal Department of Agriculture by the time this goes to print. No less than sixty delegates met in Winnipeg recently. H. S. Arkell presided over the meeting. The four Western provinces were represented, also Ottawa, Dr. J. H. Grisdale, the M.A.C., and delegates from the Wholesale and Retail Merchants Associations. The proposition of a proper egg grading system is a very big thing and the unanimous feeling of the meeting was that if Canada was to retain her markets on the other side of the Atlantic, "egg grading" should be established as a regulation as quickly as possible and should be in working order in 1923. Canada has to compete with seventeen different countries in the world's market when she sends eggs abroad.

Now is the time to make preparations for the breeding season, which is fast approaching, and see that proper male birds full of good health and vim are ready for the pens to be mated in early spring. Hens and pullets that have laid heavily all winter should be included in the breeding pens until they have had a test or run out of doors, as good fertility in hatching in March and April is a most important factor. Plenty of green food, beef scrap, or buttermilk in the daily ration will put the hens in condition to lay fertile eggs. Nowadays, when pens of laying hens are forced for winter laying, by means of special feeding and the use of electric light, so, that in December and January nine-tenths of the hens are laying daily, making a good profit for their owner, it is absurd to expect that eggs from these birds will hatch well in April. You cannot burn the candle at both ends, to use an old proverb. Yet every Spring people do this very thing and wonder why the eggs hatch so badly. Machines and brooders can be put in order and little defects repaired before spring work commences. Judging from reports winter egg production has been very good this season, the long fall giving the pullets a fine chance to develop. There have been plenty of winter eggs on the city markets even in bitter weather, but the housekeeper who craves "a new laid egg" cannot depend on those peddled about from door to door as many of these so called fresh eggs are only storage stock palmed off as the real thing.

Compensations

"I will give my song to the world," she said,
"To the listening, wondering world," she said.

O! the sweetness of fame so near;
But she sang her song to the child instead,
To the listening wondering child instead,
She sang a song of cheer.
And the infinite depth of longing died
When the dreams of fame was by love denied.

"I will write my tale for man to read,"
For restless, unsatisfied man to read,"
Ah! the pleasure of fame in sight.
But she told her tale to the child instead,
To the restless, unsatisfied child instead.
And felt the child's delight
As the soul of the youth in fancy strayed
Through the beautiful realms that love portrayed.



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SILVER ANNIVERSARY OF THE MOTHER WOMEN'S INSTITUTE (Elizabeth Bailey Price)

"Our echoes roll from soul to soul
And grow forever and forever."

A MID environment rife in tradition and history, several hundred women assembled on the Stoney Creek battlefield recently to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the "Mother," or first branch of the Women's Institute, and to pay generous tribute to the founder, Mrs. Adelaide Hoodless, of Hamilton. Twenty-five years ago on almost the same spot, Mrs. Hoodless was instrumental in placing the idea of a society, that had for its chief object the making of better homes, before the women of the district. The outcome was the formation of the first branch of the Women's Institute.

Today, on the occasion of its silver anniversary, so far have those "Echoes rolled from soul to soul, and grown forever and forever" that nearly one hundred thousand women in Canada are grouped together under the name, "The Federated Women's Institutes of Canada." This idea has travelled across our Dominion "from sea to sea." It has spread from Vancouver Island to Grand Pré and northward to Peace River and Fort McMurray. It was taken overseas to England by a Canadian woman, Mrs. Alfred Watt, M.B.E., and through its medium amazing feats of service were performed by the rural women there during the war. Its echoes have rolled to South Africa, to Belgium, with its Cercles des Femmes.

An alliance has been formed with the British Institutes, and already negotiations are under way for an International Federation, which will likely be culminated within the next two years.

History of Organization

Mrs. A. E. Walker, a prominent member of the "Mother Institute," has gone to considerable trouble in looking up the historical facts of the organization of the first branch. She says:

"History will ever connect two important events with the fair village of Stoney Creek. These are the battle of Stoney Creek in 1813 and the birth of the Women's Institutes.

It seems a strange coincidence that both the Farmers' and Women's Institutes should have their origin in Wentworth county. Several years before there was a Women's Institute, there was a Farmers' Institute, one of the active workers of the latter being a Mr. Erland Lee, a young progressive farmer of the district. In the fall of 1896, Mr. Lee, while attending the Experimental Union, held in Guelph, heard Mrs. Hoodless, of Hamilton, deliver an address on "Domestic Science and Sewing in our Public Schools." Mr. Lee was so impressed with this address that he invited her to come to Stoney Creek and speak at a joint meeting of men and women held under the auspices of the Farmers' Institute. She did so and advanced the idea that a women's institute, similar to the farmers, would have many benefits and advantages. The chairman then asked the women how many could come to a meeting at which Mrs. Hoodless, assisted by Mrs. Rorer, would speak again, and decide whether or not they would organize an institute. Thirty-five hands went up immediately. The following Friday, February 19th, 1897, the women met in Squire's Hall. There were awaiting the speaker 101 women and one man, Mr. Erland Lee, who was made chairman.

After much discussion, argument, etc., it was decided to organize a Women's Department of Domestic Economy, in affiliation with the Farmers' Institute, and that the name of the new organization be Women's Department of the Farmers' Institute of South Wentworth. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. E. D. Smith; first vice-president, Mrs. J. M. Melson; second vice-president, Mrs. J. J. Dean; secretary, Miss M. E. Nash; treasurer, Mrs. J. H. McNeilly. These officers have been continuous active workers ever since. The first regular meeting was held Thursday, February 25th, when the name of the Society was discussed and

changed to The Women's Institute of Saltfleet. The constitution and by-laws were drafted and adopted, these remaining today almost identical to those passed at that meeting. The constitution read: 'The object of this institute shall be to promote that knowledge of household science which shall lead to the improvement in household architecture with special attention to home sanitation,

to a better understanding of the economic and hygienic value of foods and fuels and to a more scientific care of children with a view to raising the general health of our people.'

At the next meeting, two weeks later, a reply from Mr. Hodson, Superintendent of the Farmers' Institute, was read and was most favorable.

Early Work of this Branch

It is interesting to note the topics studied and discussed at the first meetings. Mrs. McNeilly gave a paper on "Proper Food for Children" at the second meeting, followed by a discussion, while another paper on "Art" was read by a member. Other papers were on "Our Children," "The Children in

Continued on Page 30

PRICE GUIDES of the WEST



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The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

Honesty.

INCLUDED in an article in Canadian Finance are the following particulars of recent alleged cases of dishonesty:

Melfort—Town clerk pleads guilty to theft of \$5,044.
Winnipeg—Official of athletic association charged with theft of \$4,000.

Regina—Solicitor charged with theft of \$8,000 trust funds.

Brooklands—Municipal official charged with theft of \$943.

Winnipeg—Real estate dealer charged with fraud involving \$2,000.

St. Boniface—Municipal official charged with theft of \$50,000.

Calgary—Secretary of educational institution charged with theft of \$11,200.

Lethbridge—Railway official charged with theft of \$1,000.

Winnipeg—Fraternal society officer charged with theft of \$3,100.

All of these "incidents" occurred within a period of about thirty days.

The officials charged with these offences must be men of fair education; they must have passed through the schools of this or some other country; and in church and school and home they must have at times been informed that "honesty is the best policy." Take heed.

"Truth and honesty," says Samuel Smiles, "show themselves in various ways. They characterize the men of just dealing, the faithful men of business, the men who will not deceive you to their own advantage. Honesty is the plainest and humblest manifestation of the principle of truth. Full measures, just weights, true samples, full service, strict fulfilment of engagements, are all indispensable to men of character."

The Boys' Parliament.

SO MUCH has been written, in commendatory terms, of the Manitoba Boys' Parliament, that one hesitates to write from an opposite point of view, but there are at least two sides to every question and an incident that came to my notice recently impels me to question the almost extravagant statements that have been made of the value of this junior parliament.

Not long ago, a young man came to me for personal help in connection with a subject that he had decided to study. He brought an exercise book with him and, on looking through it, I noticed that some work had already been done.

"Is this some of your work?" I asked.

"Oh, no," was the reply. "That is my brother's work."

"Is he going on with it?" I said.

"Well, you see," was the answer, "he started a course and then he was nominated for the boys' parliament, so he had to let his course go."

Such harm as this, for I think it is harm, may easily be worked through over-zealous efforts to exploit the boys of our Province. One of the oft-repeated arguments in connection with the junior parliament is that it will enable the young men to speak more fluently, but is a nation of fluent speakers an efficient nation?

What, after all, should a nation require of its young men? Briefly, is not the answer Honesty, Industry and Knowledge? And what kind of Knowledge do we want the young men to have? The answer is in the achievements of the young men of any progressive nation—technical information concerning a course of endeavor in which they may serve their country.

Of what benefit to the country is it, if the young men are to be projected into a strenuous amateur political campaign at an age and time when they ought to be preparing and training technically for the economic struggle of life, so that in due time they may be fitted by real knowledge and experience to tackle such problems of state and politics as they may encounter later on?

It is said that in the parliament the boys were brought face to face with issues that otherwise they might not have been familiar with, and yet I venture to assert that any of the questions brought before the junior parliament could have been debated as thoroughly and effectively and probably with better advantage to scattered communities at any of the community halls and schools throughout the province.

But apparently the community debate is too old-fashioned and the boys' parliament is to be renewed at an expense of \$6,000.00, which is to be raised by a "whirlwind" campaign—a fantastic solution for the problems with which we are beset.

Using What You Have.

IN Forbes Magazine, Thomas Dreier tells of a little store on Times Square, New York, which has no more than six feet of frontage, while the interior is a triangle of about five feet by three and a half. The rent is \$6,000.00 a year.

The owner of the store has but one employee, but but the store itself is so small that the owner and the employee cannot be there at the same time. This store handles nothing but small articles of jewelry because of the limited space and everything sold is of high quality because cheap things could not be handled at a profit.

Mr. Dreier writes that many a store-keeper with a small store is complaining because he hasn't more space in which to do business. It is true that hundreds of thousands of persons pass this small store every year and smaller stores in other communities would not have this advantage, but in these cases the rent would be very much less.

If, therefore, says Mr. Dreier, you have a small store, a small office, or a small anything else, all you need to do is to be absolutely sure you are using what you have to the very best advantage.

By using what you have, where you are, you'll get what you want.

Twelve Maxims.

THE President of the London Chamber of Commerce gives these twelve business maxims which he has tested through years of business experience, and which he recommends as tending to ensure success:

1. Have a definite aim.
2. Go straight for it.
3. Master all details.
4. Always know more than you are expected to know.
5. Remember that difficulties are only made to be overcome.
6. Treat failures as stepping stones to further effort.
7. Never put your hand out further than you can draw it back.
8. At all times be bold; always, be prudent.
9. The minority often beats the majority in the end.
10. Make good use of other men's brains.
11. Listen well; answer cautiously; decide promptly.
12. Preserve, by all means in your power, "a sound mind in a sound body."

Drawing Made Easy.

IT is true that there is no royal road to knowledge, but a new book, "Drawing Made Easy," by Charles Lederer, a well-known cartoonist and artist, certainly should make easier the work of the student of drawing who has to rely a great deal on his own resources. It is a handsomely bound book of some 350 pages and is freely illustrated in colors and in black and white. It is published by Hall & McCreary, 430-432 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, and the Canadian price, including transportation, is \$2.25.

The way to do it is told in a manner that really makes easier the art of drawing and the teaching of it. The author is unusually explicit and accurate in his definitions. He defines drawing terms carefully and immediately illustrates them in use, thus making clear the meaning of the definitions and their applications.

In his preface, the author says: "Knowledge of drawing of a practical kind is of more use and is the least apt to be forgotten of any form of study not in constant use. Aside from the fact that the study of art encourages and fosters a love for the beautiful, as expressed in form and color, it has its every-day practical value. Information of various kinds can be imparted more readily to others by means of pictorial illustration than by the description of words, written or spoken."

Many phases of drawing are discussed and illustrated, as shown by the following selection from the table of contents: Clay modeling, Paper cutting, Action drawing, Drawing flowers, Comic drawing, Drawing men, women and children, Drawing animals, Drawing from nature, Lettering, Pen and ink drawings, and Water colors.

Familiar Quotations.

ADVICE is seldom welcome, and those who want it the most always like it the least.—Chesterfield.

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.—Dryden.
Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness.—Carlyle.

Each man's belief is right in his own eyes.—Cowper.
Genius, which means the transcendent capacity of taking trouble, first of all.—Carlyle.

Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate!—Longfellow.
A little learning is a dangerous thing.—Pope.
Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom; and a great Empire and little minds go ill together.—Burke.

Men are but children of a larger growth.—Dryden.
A smattering of everything and a knowledge of nothing.—Dickens.

Five M's.

THE head of a great manufacturing establishment says:

"Five great M's go to make up the problem of every business man in this country to-day. They are, Money, Material, Machinery, Markets, and Men,—and the biggest figure in the problem is Men."

Really valuable men, high-priced men, are the hardest things to get of all the things we manufacturers need. Men in the mass are the cheapest things in the market."

While it may seem that in this rough and ready classification, men are rather lightly spoken of as "things," it is true that there is always a scarcity of dependable men—men who are trained in doing one thing well and, in addition, have a good general knowledge of every-day affairs.

It seems, too, on reflection, that another M might be added to the list—Morality.

Love of Work.

LOVE of work can be cultivated by the contemplation of its rewards. Ordinarily, successful men prefer to work hard in youth.

Most of the lovers of bodily ease are compelled to work hard after the energy of youth is spent; and the rider of the White Horse overtakes them while they are panting from unwilling exertion.

They are compelled in old age to do detail work in competition with young men of a new generation who are full of hope.

Even if a young man has no higher ambition than to escape work he should put forth every effort of body and mind between fifteen and thirty.

The human being who expects to live for sixty years without doing any useful work, either at one end of his life or the other, will have to work hard at both ends.

If a man spends the first thirty years of his life learning how to render the world a useful service, he is training himself in the way he should go, and "when he is old, he will not depart from it."

Misspent youth is followed by years of joyless labor—for enforced service is slavery, and the peon never sings at his toil.

The thing most characteristic of men who have attained great things is that the hardest work they did and the most severe trials they passed through were at the beginning.—H. E. Read

Made in Czecho-Slovakia.

A SHORT time ago, I bought for one of my children a fifteen-cent pencil box. It was strongly made and beautifully finished in varnish and colors. It was well worth the money but, unless a very special kind of wood is needed for pencil boxes, I could see no reason why it should not have been made in Canada. As a matter of fact, a little stamp on the back showed that it was made in Czecho-Slovakia.

In the economy of nations it is desirable and right that there should be free inter-change of merchandise, but one of the first industrial duties of a nation is to make out of its own resources the things that it requires.

It is said that Abraham Lincoln once stated, in effect, that when the United States made the goods that it required, it got both the goods and the money, but that when it sent abroad for its goods, the foreigner got the money. This has been interpreted as proving that Lincoln was in favor of protection, but I prefer to think that Lincoln believed first in making at home the goods that a community needed, and second in sending away for goods that could not be secured within.

There is a lot of timber in Canada and the pencil box does not look as though it were hard to make—and Czecho-Slovakia is several thousand miles away.

Too Far to Go.

I JUST heard of another young man who registered for a course of study and determined to spend his winter evenings to advantage. He attended the educational institution a few times and made fair progress. After a time, he failed to attend the classes and when the instructor made inquiries, the student reported that the school was too far from his home—in other words, he thought the education was not worth the walk.

The Spoils System

THE patronage system as we had it in the past was unfair to the Civil Service and bad in every other way. If active partisans can look for reward in the shape of public offices when their friends are in power there will be plenty of them who will seek to win the elections by hook or by crook. And there are enough excesses now at election time without any additional incentive. Members of Parliament who move for even a partial return of the old patronage evil will take upon themselves a very serious responsibility.—St. Thomas Times, Journal.

MUSIC IN THE HOME

The Blessed Piano

PRESENT day judgment of our instruments grants it high place in the immortal choir. The modern piano can reproduce anything ever written in music, and is capable of every shade of tone from booming fortissimo to the finest spun pianissimo. It can give living expression to all shades of feeling and emotions for which there are no words. While it is beloved in the home it is also adapted to the great concert hall, and famous artists make its mastery their life work.

It is so intimate, this blessed piano, that more people try to study it and gain enjoyment from it than those who undertake all other instruments put together. So many of these occupy themselves with the piano, yet few ever seem to master any part of its technic and mechanism. It seems a sad commentary on all the labor and means expended when so few results follow? The reason must be that too little thought is given to principles of piano playing. If these were better understood so much beauty which now eludes the player would be within his grasp.

Concert Audiences are so Different

A WELL-KNOWN American traveller and writer tells of his experience at a concert in an Italian centre of musical culture. A singer who had rather passed her prime was on the programme. At the close of her number there was a chorus of hisses and jeers, then prolonged applause until the singer reappeared. As she bowed her way off the stage the applause continued, till she finally responded with an encore. This again was followed by hissing and jeering, which changed to applause till she reappeared and was booed off the stage. Apparently the public was getting fun out of mocking at the shortcomings of the singer and were recalling her for the pleasure of humiliating her by showing their disapproval.

In Great Britain things are quite the reverse. The singer who has risen to the state of artistry in her profession and who has won the approval of the public can count on its loyalty to the end. Though the brilliancy of years may have faded from the outer compass of the voice, so long as the artist selects songs suited to his or her remaining tones and interprets the composition with insight into its art, the public remains true to its old friend.

Among the Great Artists

WHEN one sits under the spell of great artists one forgets for the moment that they are human beings, who feel, suffer and enjoy very much as do the rest of mankind. The violinist weaves his spell of enchantment, the pianist caresses the keys or thunders upon them with thrilling effect. At the moment of performance both artists and listeners are carried out of themselves into another world as it were, where the very atmosphere is rarefied in a high degree and every object is touched with magic.

The artist naturally does not live in this highly sensitized atmosphere, he soon comes back to earth and to intercourse with his fellow beings. Those who know him and can be near him when off duty, so to say, find him usually very simple, natural, unaffected and lovable. The greater the artist the more those fine qualities shine out in him.

The human side of the great artist so guarded and kept out of sight when before the public, would delight his or her admirers could they sometimes be privileged to peep behind the scenes.

Rural School Trustee Would Not Do Without Teaching of Music in Their Schools

MUSICAL instruction is wanted by the schools in rural communities just as much as by the city schools. To obtain and advantages in some cases the expense of organizing music classes is shared by the schools of a country or perhaps a section of a country. In this way a country music supervisor is maintained with only a nominal cost to each school board.

An idea of the work of such supervisor is gathered from the experiences of one who thus tells of her activities in country schools.

"One visit a month was made to each school," she says, "at which time personal

attention was given to every child. The recitation lasted one hour and a half. The work for the previous month was inspected and all new work assigned. New problems in time, tone, note reading, etc., were presented in the presence of the regular teacher that she might be able to successfully conduct a twenty-minute recitation every day, in the absence of the supervisor. At the close of the recitation I introduced the story hour, choosing for my subject different kinds of birds, followed by bird songs which the children were to learn for their next lesson. As an incentive in tone, I offered a bird book for a certain number of perfect scales. This book was to become part of the school library.

At the beginning of the second year seven other schools were added, making

ten in all. During this year the progress was slightly checked by a taxpayer who filed a case in the district court to restrain the school board from paying from the school fund the amount asked for my services. At the same time a permanent injunction was served against me. The school board notified me to continue the lessons and they would be responsible for the pay. They said: 'If the district court and the supreme court both decide against us, we will pay you by private subscription. We believe our children are just as capable and deserving of a few of the good things in education as the girls and boys of the city schools.' The decision of the district court was affirmed by the supreme court, which held that the school board had a right to use school funds to employ a music supervisor for the purpose of furthering the music work in the school, which is considered a part of school education.

The work done by the pupils during September of the fourth year revealed

such satisfactory results in tone and note reading that I decided to enlarge upon my work by purchasing a phonograph, which I took with me in my car when I made my regular visits. This proved to be very valuable, as it gave me an opportunity to teach music appreciation, and for the accompaniment of exercises in physical training.

It has been my desire to make of each school district an educational, social, and musical centre. Realizing this could not be done without proper equipment, I told the teachers and school boards if they wished to use the money earned by giving entertainments toward purchasing pianos and phonographs for their schools, I would assist them until such instruments were paid for. This year eight pianos have been purchased for the schools, making an average of one a month, which shows the keen interest my people are taking in music. As a result of this equipment a number of musicales have been given, which never fail to draw large crowds."



See How Easy It Is To Learn Music This New Way

YOU know how easy it is to put letters together and form words, once you have learned the alphabet. Playing a musical instrument is not very much different. Once you learn the notes, playing melodies on the mandolin, piano or violin is simply a matter of putting the notes together correctly. The first note shown above is F.

Whether you are singing from notes, playing the piano or banjo or any other musical instrument, that note in the first space is always F. The four notes indicated are F, A, C, E, easy to remember because they spell the word "face." Certain strings on the mandolin, certain keys on the piano, represent these same notes—and once you learn them, playing melodies on the instrument is largely a matter of following the notes.

Anyone—can now learn to play a musical instrument at home, without a teacher. A new simplified method of teaching reduces all music to its simplest possible form. You can now master singing, piano-playing, or any musical instrument you wish right at home, quickly, easily, without endless study and practice.

Practice is essential, of course—but it's fun the new way. You'll begin to play melodies almost from the start. The "print-and-picture" method of self-teaching is fascinating; it's simply a matter of following one interesting step after another. You learn that the note in the first space is F, and that a certain key on the piano is F. Thereafter you will always be able to read F and play it whenever you see it. Just as you are able to recognize the letters that make a word, you will be able to recognize and play the notes that make a melody. It's easy, interesting.

You don't have to know anything whatever about music to learn to play a musical instrument this new way. You don't have to pin yourself down to regular hours, to regular classes. You practice whenever you can, learn as quickly as you please. All the intricate "mysteries" of music have been reduced to a method of amazing simplicity—each step is made as clear as A B C. Thousands have already learned to play their favorite musical instruments this splendid new quick way.

You Can Play Your Favorite Instrument Three Months From Today

If you are dissatisfied with your present work, let music act as a stepping stone into a new career. If you long for a hobby, a means of self-expression, let music be the new interest in your life. If you wish to be a social favorite, if you wish to gain popularity—choose your favorite instrument and through the wonderful home-study method of the U. S. School of Music, play it three months from today.

You can do it. Youngsters of 10 to 12 years have done it, and men as old as 60 have found new interest and enjoyment in learning how to play a musical instrument.

You don't have to listen while others entertain any longer. YOU can be the center of attraction, the talented person who holds the audience fascinated.

Is it the piano you wish to play, the mandolin, the violin, the saxophone? Do you want to learn how to sing from notes? Are you eager to be able to

play "jazz" on the clarinet, the banjo?

Free Book Explains New Method

It costs you nothing and obligates you in no way whatever to send for our free book called "Music Lessons in Your Own Home." Everyone who is interested in music should send at once for this valuable book. It not only explains the wonderful new simplified method of learning music, but tells about a special short time offer now being made to music-lovers.

Mail this coupon at once for your copy. Remember, it obligates you in no way whatever—it's free. But act now before the supply is exhausted.

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ONE of the very nicest gifts the New Year brought me was a cardboard containing two volumes, "Modern British Poetry" and "Modern American Poetry," collected and edited by Louis Untermeyer. I am having great joy from these anthologies (published by Harcourt, Brace and Co.), for there is, I think, no greater pleasure than coming across poems already beloved, and at the same time, making new friends of equal attraction. In the volume of British Poetry, I found Chesterton's little poem, "The Donkey," which has made a tremendous impression upon me. Let me quote it for you:

"The tattered outlaw of the earth.
Of ancient crooked will:
Starve, scourge, deride me; I am dumb,
I keep my secret still.
Fools! for I also had my hour:
One far fierce hour and sweet:
There was a shout about my ears,
And palms before my feet."

I wonder if it is possible to analyse what there is about this short poem that makes such an impression. Doesn't it pull at the heart strings? And doesn't it arouse a magnificent and important picture. It is simplicity itself, and yet to me there is in those few ordinary words an almost concentrated fury. And then the last two lines—what a triumphant declaration! Curious, isn't it, that although we know quite well that a donkey cannot speak, and we have reason to believe that it does not think along the lines indicated by Chesterton, yet, nevertheless, the verses ring true. If they didn't, they would have no power to strike a responsive note in us. Thus we see that a poet can do as he pleases so long as he has something of spiritual worth to offer. After all, what lingers in the memory is not thoughts of the donkey, but of the donkey's hour of glory. That strikes home, doesn't it? The truth is that the most ordinary, despised type of individual may have deserved his hour of glory.

The Church

I HAVE read, within two weeks, three novels that are linked together in my mind because each deals to a very large extent with the influence and work of the Church. "The Altar Steps," by Compton Mackenzie (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart), is an extremely interesting and clever study of various types of churchmen in general, and of Mark Lidderdale in particular. We see Mark from the time he is a little, highly imaginative boy, until he is a mature man taking the vows of celibacy and becoming ordained as a priest. Compton Mackenzie introduces us to many types. To the pompous bishop who thinks more of the letter than the spirit of religion; to a saintly missionary devoting every ounce of energy to doing good; to the young men who have become members of a Brotherhood for no particular reason at all, and to others who are by nature and

temperament fitted for the spiritual life. I found this a very interesting novel and so entirely different from the ordinary love or mystery tale to which we are treated in such large doses.

The next book that I chanced to pick up for reading was called "The Cathedral," by Hugh Walpole (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart). This author also portrays several types of clergyman. There is a saintly bishop, an old man, at the portals of death. There is Canon Ronder, a clever, scheming person, who likes to play a chess game on the board of life with his fellow-men for pawns. There is the Precentor, a weak, shilly-shallying person, and towering above them all, there is Archdeacon Brandon, a magnificent type of man who comes to an awful end because his religion was entirely for the glorification of himself, not of God.

The third novel is called "Green Apple Harvest" and is by that brilliant writer Sheila Kaye-Smith (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart). This is a very sad but impressive story of Bob Fuller, whose harvest was like fruit picked from a tree that bears nought but unripe, sour apples. Love is sweet and religion is sweet, but for Bob Fuller both were hard and sour and caused him misery. This is a story of a great conversion and as such will take its place among the few novels of enduring fame. For its bitterness and sorrow, it reminds me of Thomas Hardy; but, in many ways, it makes me remember the fine passages of the finest novels of George Eliot. I thought of Maggie Tulliver, and Silas Marner, and Daniel Deronda many times when I was reading "Green Apple Harvest." Not for any one thing in common but for a general likeness in style and intensity. Against the turbulent, unhappy life of Bob Fuller, sinner and saint, there is a happy contrast in the sweet and happy union of Polly and Clem, hard-working farm-hands, who married when but girl and boy, who toiled side by side, never thought an evil thought, nor did a mean action, and whose quaint country tongue makes ever the most pleasant music in this very sad story.

Do you think that a woman of sixty can be fascinating to a man of thirty? Do you think that a woman of sixty can "fall in love" with the intensity of a young girl? Read "December Love" by Robert Hichens, and see what you think of the wealthy, cultured, once-handsome

Adela Sellingworth, who at sixty falls in love with a young man of thirty. This is a very romantic, thrilling, unusual story (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart), and not only portrays Adela Sellingworth, a woman of unique charm and character, but some other very interesting people—a marvellous artist, a villain of parts, a lovely, conceited American girl, and a most gallant and lovable old general.

THOSE who are great admirers of the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier, those who are students of Canadian history, and those who are interested in all books written by Canadians, will be glad to hear of a new publication by J. W. Dafoe, the able editor of "The Manitoba Free Press," "Laurier—A Study in Canadian Politics" (Toronto: Thomas Allen), is an extremely interesting and enlightening study of a personality that dominated the Dominion for a very long period, and made itself felt outside the Dominion on many counts. Mr. Dafoe has taken some of the most important incidents in the life of the great Canadian and turned upon these incidents the searchlight of his own particular knowledge and thus illumined for us the life and work of the mighty political leader. Particularly fine is Mr. Dafoe's concluding paragraph to his fascinating contribution to Canadian literature and Canadian history.

"The serenity of mind which had sustained him in all the changes of a long and varied life, did not desert him; and he looked forward with fortitude to the end now approaching. He had come a long way from the humble beginnings in St. Lin, seventy-seven years before. Childhood; happy, care-free boyhood; a youth of gallant comradeship with the young swordsmen of a fighting political army; the ardors of a career in the making, full of delights of battle with his peers; the call to the command; the conquest of the premiership; the long, crowded, brilliant years of office with their deep anxieties, crushing responsibilities, great satisfactions, substantial achievements; the bitterness of the unexpected; the gallant fight to win back to power, ending, by a stroke of fate, in disaster; the final disruption of his party and the loss of old friends who had followed him in victory or defeat; these recollections must have been much in his mind during the year of afterglow. The end was fitting in its swiftness and dig-

nity. No lingering, painful illness, but a swift stroke and happy release. 'Nothing is here for tears; nothing to wail.'

IT is interesting to learn who is the winner of the All-Canadian Novel Prize offered some months ago by two Canadian publishers and a Canadian magazine. He is Gordon Hill Grahame, a young Canadian whose work has for some time attracted the attention of discerning editors. He is a resident of Peterborough, Ontario, at present, although his chief locales are the historic French settlements of Canada. It is an interesting fact that Gordon Hill Grahame is cousin of the famous Kenneth Grahame whose "Golden Age" is one of the immortals.

One of the most versatile writers of poetry that Canada has recently produced is Virna Sheard, whose name is well known to Canadian readers. She has lately published a new volume of poetry entitled "The Ballad of the Quest" (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart). There are some beautiful lyrics in this slender volume; lyrics that have the real singing quality, and passion and vision. I would like to quote several, but space forbids. I think my favorite is the one entitled "Dreams":

"Keep thou my dreams; the tissue of all wings
Is woven first of them; from dreams
are made
The precious and imperishable things,
Whose loveliness lives on, and does not
fade."

"The Imprisoned Splendour"

"A timely utterance on the different aspects of the full-orbed Christian view of life. Such happy designations from the table of contents raise one's expectations to a high pitch, but these expectations are fully sustained by the freshness and virility of the treatment. And as one passes from address to address, charmed by the strength and beauty of the presentation, one involuntarily exclaims, 'That is preaching at its best!'"—Rich nuggets might be quoted, but space forbids. Happy should the congregation be that is privileged to sit under preaching like this, and one can only wish that in the printed form these sermons may be widely read."

A man who is satisfied to know nothing must be satisfied to drudge.

The frontiersman needs courage; what else than a frontiersman is he who goes fearlessly onward into the future?

Too many reformers think that the end not only justifies the means but qualifies the agent.

Enthusiasm sets the Embers glowing,
But only Work can keep the Fire
going.

First photograph of Scottish Curlers at present in Winnipeg. Taken specially for The Western Home Monthly, in Halifax on their landing



Lower row, sitting—M. Hunter Kennedy, Partick; R. Bramwell, Upper Nithsdale; W. K. Jackson, Symington; Colonel Robertson-Aikman, Hamilton (Captain); Major M. H. Marshall, Huddersfield (Secretary); John Weir, Shotts; J. Y. Keanie, Lochwinnoch; James M'Geoch, Manchester Caledonian.

Upper row, standing—John F. Ross, Lochsloy; James Walkden, Wigan and Haigh; J. Douglas Campbell, Dundee; David Moffatt, Blytheswood; C. H. Gilchrist, Lanark; Alex. Clarkson, Symington; Jams T. Ward, Partick; Angus Gilmour, Eaglesham; Douglas Willison, Breadalbane; David Macnair, Falkirk; W. Wilson, Whitburn; John Clark, Hamilton; Major D. G. Astley, Hamilton; W. H. Lang, Lochwinnoch; T. B. Murray, Biggar; J. Thomson, Upper Nithsdale; A. S. Lorimer, Viking; John Hewetson, Penninghame; C. Christison, Kirkinner.

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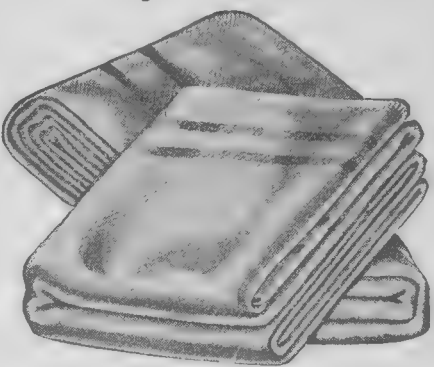
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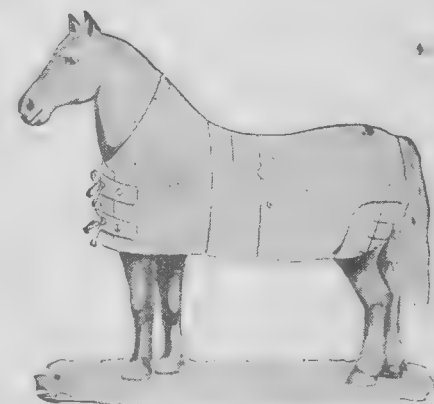
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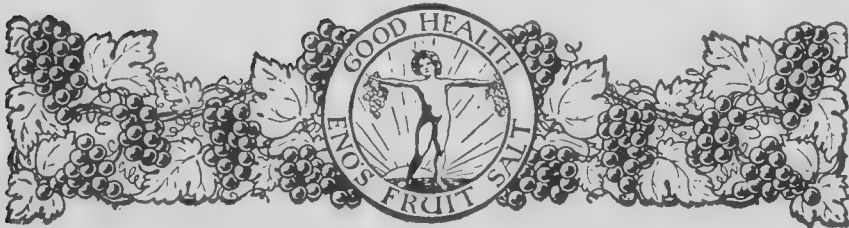
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SILVER ANNIVERSARY OF THE MOTHER WOMEN'S INSTITUTE—Continued from page 25

Health and Disease," "Child Culture," "Fresh Air," etc., these showing that even in those early days the institute was blazing a trail along the work of child welfare. The membership for the first year was 75. In the latter part of 1898 the institute exchanged visits with other branches, discussed affiliation with the National Council of Women, held successful concerts, and offered prizes at the township fairs for the best whole wheat bread.

To show how progressive these early members were, it is recorded in the minutes of January 12th, 1899, of sending two members to Welland to give papers at the Farmers' Institute meeting; also different members were appointed to write articles for the "Weekly Sun," of Toronto, the "Farmer's Advocate," of London, and the "Rural New Yorker," of New York City.

At an open meeting in 1899, with Mrs. Hoodless in the chair, an address was given on "Bread and Butter Making,"

by Miss Laura Rose, of the O. A. C., Guelph, now Mrs. Stephen, of Huntingdon. She was the first woman government speaker to address the institute, and at the present time is one of the best known and most popular speakers.

A review of the work down the years shows that in 1900 the W. I. was taking more interest in community work; in 1901, demonstration lessons in first aid; in 1902, a committee, with Mrs. Hoodless as convener, was chosen to select a motto, also a suitable pin. The motto, "For Home and Country," was chosen, this being the one submitted by Mrs. Laura Rose Stephen. It is an interesting fact to know that today the official paper of the British Institutes is called "Home and Country."

For several years the W. I. was carried on in much the same way. Gradually more and more help was received from the Department of Agriculture, and grants came annually. Speakers were sent regularly in June and midwinter

Continued on page 31



Winter Sport in Canada could not very well be better presented than by the accompanying illustration. Such scenes can be witnessed almost any evening on Mount Royal, Montreal, which is perhaps the most favored resort of snow-shoers and tobogganists in Canada. Thousands of visitors from many parts gather at Montreal to enjoy this exhilarating pastime.

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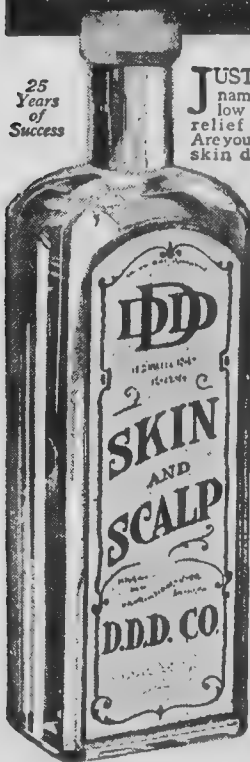
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SILVER ANNIVERSARY OF THE MOTHER WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

Continued from page 31

demonstration courses in dressmaking, home nursing, etc., were provided.

At this time the founder, who had always been the honorary president, Mrs. Hoodless, passed away, and all felt her loss keenly. In 1910, the Stoney Creek Institute expressed a wish to recognize in some official way the services of Mrs. Hoodless, and it was decided to place a life-sized photograph in McDonald Hall at Guelph. Mrs. Horning, then the district president, made the appeal at the annual convention, and in the fall of 1911 the wonderful portrait, painted by Mr. Foster of Toronto, was unveiled with fitting ceremony.

Meetings were continued much along the same lines until the outbreak of war. The membership remained about the same, and much useful work was accomplished by especially taking more interest in the schools. Many branch institutes had been formed on all sides.

The outbreak of war found a band of organized workers and in less than three weeks from the time the war broke out, and during the entire period, the members worked unceasingly. They adopted every conceivable and legitimate way of raising money, and contributed hundreds of dollars of cash to every cause in favor of the Allies.

Mr. Lee Present

AT the recent occasion the presence of Mr. Erland Lee was a matter of pleasure and interest. Mr. Lee, who was chairman for the afternoon ceremony, paid tributes to some of the pioneer Institute workers, saying:

"There was Mrs. Adelaide Hoodless, who put it into the minds of the men to have women's institutes, a woman who had heard criticism that she was neglecting her own home in order to bring service to other homes.

There was Mrs. R. D. Smith, the first president, who had never said a word in public in her life, but she united the first group of women into a harmonious organization.

There was Mrs. McNeilly, the first treasurer, who gave most valuable service, carrying the work from the old to the modern stages.

There were also the services of Mr. Hodgson, Dr. Creelman and, later, Geo. Putnam, in directing the institute service through the Department of Agriculture, and also the first woman speaker, Mrs. Laura Rose Stephen."

Mrs. W. Todd, president of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada, spoke briefly, stating that while much had been achieved there was still much to do to make the lot of the farm woman a happier one, especially in parts of Northern Ontario.

Mr. George Putnam, Superintendent of Ontario Women's Institutes, stated that home and community interest were always the better where there was a women's institute, especially in rural districts.

Other speakers were: W. A. Crockett, M.P.P. for Wentworth; Mrs. Adam Inch, Mount Hamilton; Mrs. Edwards, President of Provincial Federation; Mrs. Alexander, of Glanford, who read a paper on the life of Mrs. Hoodless; Mrs. J. B. Campbell, of Burlington, who presented a silver basket filled with roses, to which Mrs. Felker responded. On the motion of Mrs. C. E. Horning, a standing vote of reverence was accorded the memory of Mrs. Hoodless. Greetings were received from Miss Helen MacDougall, of Nova Scotia.

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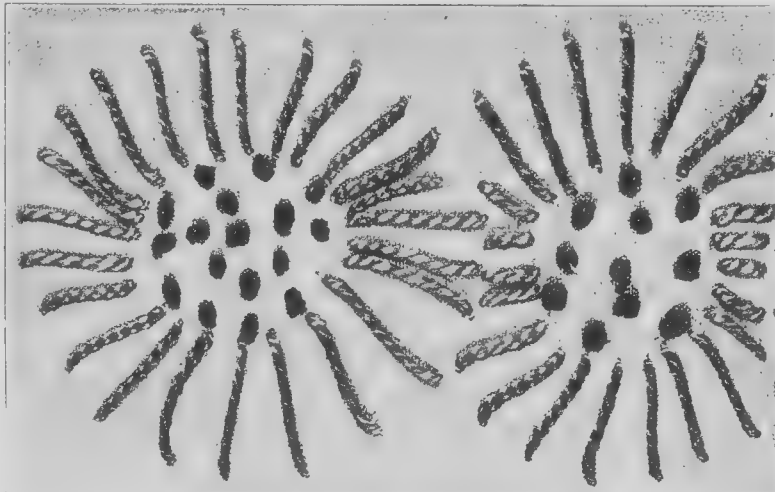
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BROIDERIE Rapide is the thing of the moment. It is used for all sorts and kinds of decorations, but especially for dress trimmings, which it suits to a nicety, as it is so dainty and so quickly done.

As its name denotes, it is a very quick business, the whole trimming of a child's frock or pinafore being workable in a

skill at all can put them together for herself, and make ever such pretty things out of them.

Take, for instance, the Crazy Daisy Border, which is so charmingly pretty. In order to make it, take two round things of different sizes—a cotton spool and a thimble; or a small coin and a large one. By means of them, draw a little circle inside a big one. Take



Daisy for children's clothing

couple of hours. But, in spite of that fact, a very great deal of real artistic skill and taste can be brought to bear on the choice and shading of the colors, which are so important to the success of the whole affair.

straight single stitches from one to the other. Fill up the little circle with dots or small stitches. There's your first Crazy Daisy.

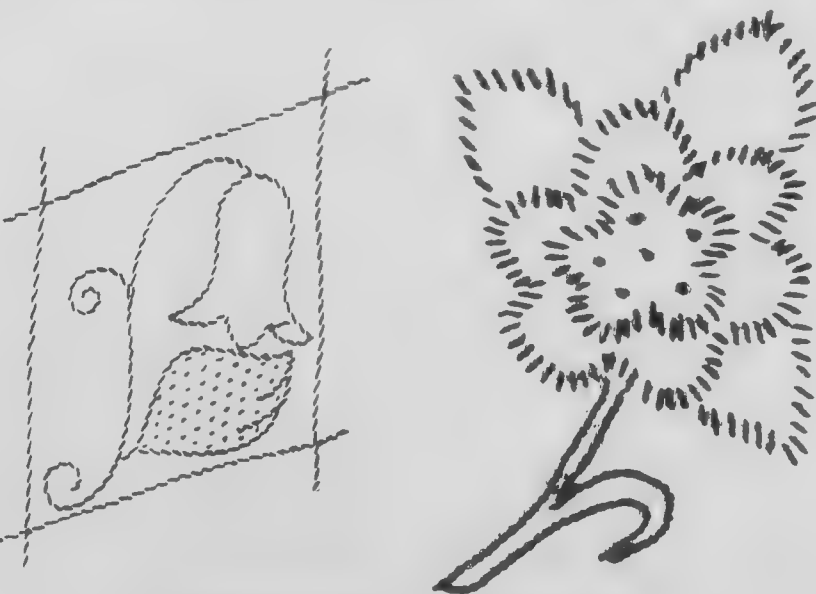
Now put another just where you think it is going to look best. It may go almost



Butterflies make pretty trimming for curtains, etc.

A point which will specially recommend it to those who live far from towns, and have no great shopping facilities, is that there are many patterns which call for no stamping design, or anything of that kind. Even a person with no artistic

anywhere except in a tidy and stiff straight line with the first. Just drop them down anywhere—one running into another—and they will work up ever so smart; but keep them tidy and evenly spaced, and they will look like nothing at all.



Pretty trimmings for wash silk or cotton frocks

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Tooth
Brush**

ADULTS',
youths', and
children's sizes;
hard, medium and
soft bristles.

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Collar
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VALUE
Beautifully
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ered**

**SALE
Heavy Serge
DRESS**

Designed from a leading Paris model, this dress has taken the country by storm, suitable for women of all ages, sizes and figures. It was a splendid value at \$12.00, now offered in our Great Winter Clearance Sale

\$4.79

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A style and value never before equalled. Charming one-piece effect with stole-shape Tuxedo collar of Nu-Satin, artistically embroidered with lustrous two-tone silk braid on panels and sleeve; panels extra wide, skirt fitting at waist, long slash of self-material, loose bell sleeves—a dress you are sure to love on sight.

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See for yourself this stylish, supreme value long wear dress. Just send name, when dress arrives deposit \$4.79 and few cents postage with order and we PAY POSTAGE. If not delighted we gladly return your deposit.

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MOTHER'S SECTION

THE SPIRIT OF SIMPLICITY (By Mrs. Nestor Noel)

EVERYTHING is so complicated now-a-days, that even our children have lost the spirit of simplicity. It does not seem to belong to the age. I think, however, that we should try to cultivate it.

How difficult it is to get a child to recite or play for us, when asked. First she begins by saying she does not know anything. Then, after long talk, we drag from her the fact that she knows several things, and, finally, after still more persuasion, she is induced to do some recitation. She does not even do this naturally. She is affected or self-conscious and so spoils her performance.

Whenever I have anything to do with children I try to teach them the spirit of simplicity. It really consists in forgetting one's self and trying to please others. This is the keynote of it all.

It is not hard to teach the lesson of simplicity. A child naturally loves to recite. It is only when the elder ones pretend they do not like it that the younger ones imitate them and pretend so too. To recite, to play, and to dance are quite natural to a child, therefore, why should she mind doing all this in public—just when she is asked? I do not believe in imploring a child to do things. I would rather say: "Well, if you want to be disagreeable, I'll ask someone else."

I have known many women promise a child ten cents for reciting. I need not say that children who needed ten cents as an incentive to doing what they were asked never did it either gracefully or naturally. Moreover, they were spoilt. No amount of persuasion would get them to recite again, unless the ten cents were forthcoming. Children who look for rewards every time we ask them to do something will never volunteer, of their own free will, to amuse their friends and neighbors at a party. What is worse, their bad example is contagious, and whereas most of the children were not only willing but longing to recite, not one would be the first to do so.

Teach a child that she is not going to be stupid when asked to recite. Teach her that by coming forward and doing what she is asked, when she is asked, she has proved herself superior to those who stand shyly on one side, looking stupid and affected.

Teach her that it is more ladylike to do what she is asked at once. Even in these days of sport and gymnastics, the real girl should aim at being ladylike and try her best to please, above

all, in her own home. Imagine how idiotic it would look if the hostess developed a fit of shyness.

By playing at parties, we can teach our children simplicity. We can say: "Now, who is going to be the first little girl to give pleasure to the others by reciting?" Teach them to be eager to be asked to recite, to play the piano or to dance according to their talents.

I knew one little girl who was quite upset because no one asked her to recite. She had the right spirit, at any rate.

"Be natural," should be a motto given to children, above all, when they are very young. The fact that it is so much easier for a young child to be natural is an inducement for us to teach this lesson early. It will be harder and harder to teach as the children grow older. I think many talents are lost to the world because the spirit of simplicity is not more cultivated.

Shyness is not really a product of this age. Most children speak too much and are too bold; yet I have known children even of this type grow self-conscious when asked to oblige us with a song or a piece of poetry.

There is something so attractive in a child who does gracefully just what she is asked. Simplicity should, above all, be a quality of girls. Because we want our girls to be loved wherever they go.

WORK for BUSY FINGERS

Continued from page 32

Those little brown butterflies—beasties, which make such a sweet trimming for a curtain or table cloth in a summer room, don't want any pattern either. Look up any kind of a butterfly or gadfly or any winged thing of that kind, in any picture book you chance to have. Draw his outline roughly on tracing paper. Fill it up in straight lines. Copy the *straights* on to your stuff, but not the outline at all.

Real, true Broderie Rapide has no outline. It is all an affair of perfectly straight stitches, which make a broken edge to the form—whatever it may be—and give a curiously fluffy or ragged effect, which you get very well in the flower design illustrated. The original was done on a wash silk frock, but would be just as good for cotton. Be careful, won't you, about the tightness of your straight stitches. They need to be pulled very accurately and carefully. If you let them hang too loose, the lines will go crooked, and the whole affair will be untidy; if you draw them up too tight, the stuff will be all out of shape. The safest thing to do is to hold the stuff doubled over your two fingers as you sew, and, in that position, pull as tight as you can. When you let go, the springing back of the stuff will furnish just what is wanted of looseness to the stitch.

But, now and then, it becomes impossible to keep all to straight lines, and the latest developments of Broderie Rapide are allowing the broken running stitch, which you see in the dainty flower motif. It is straight lines really, when you look into it, only the way that they are set gives them a rather different appearance.

In order to do the broken running stitch, just do ordinary running, but make your needle point *straight towards yourself* all the while. This change in position gives a tilt to the stitch. A very little practice will enable you to do it just as quickly as ordinary running, and you will find it most useful as a change in trimmings of all kinds.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

USED CLOTHING at half price, sent C.O.D. anywhere. Mrs. Gowdy, Ste. 2, 522 Main St., Winnipeg.—2-23

By all means show that you are alive: but do it not by kicking but by pulling.

Before you Camp make sure the Ground is good:

Before you start your Camp Fire gather Wood.



It is so Easy to Have a Lovely Complexion

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And it is the easiest thing in the world to use Boncilla. You simply apply it to your face and, when dry, remove it with a damp towel.

The secret of Boncilla's success is that its vacuum action reaches to the very depths of the pores, and the result is a radiant cleanliness and rejuvenation you would not have thought possible.

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5. Rebuild drooping facial tissues.
6. Make the skin soft and velvety.

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Contains enough Boncilla Beautifier, Cold and Vanishing creams and face powder for 3 or 4 complete treatments. Sold by all druggists and department stores.

If they cannot supply you, send us 50 cents and the coupon given below, and the Package-O-Beauty will be forwarded, postpaid.

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Clear Baby's Skin With Cuticura Soap and Talcum

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, 25c. each. Sold everywhere.
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Big Moments in the Lives of Great Women

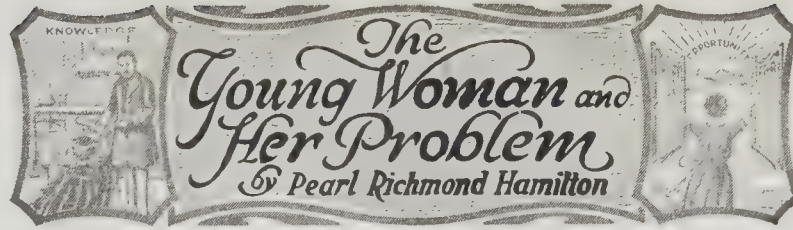
THE study of biography of women convinces one that the right decision at an important moment either makes or mars a life. Success in any life is victory over eternal struggle.

From slavery of one's selfishness to elevation of womanly strength we find constant trials to overcome which seems to be the inheritance of every girl and woman no matter what her position may be.

We must have faith in The Higher Power and ourselves to break through the bondage of fear—she is perpetually refreshed who drinks from the Divine

Fountain. When the women of the world realize this, then shall humanity be at peace.

Mental prayer fortifies a woman and gives her courage—womanly poise.



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Solid French Ivory Mirrors and Brushes

"Solid" means much to those familiar with French Ivory. "Solid" will mean more to you when we tell you that many inferior brushes and mirrors are filled with cement and other substances beneath a thin veneer.

"Keystone" French Ivory Brushes and mirror backs are cut from solid blocks of the finest French Ivory (British made). They are practically indestructible.

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"Keystone" Brushes have long been recognized as the most beautiful brushes in the world. They are filled with stiff, pure white, Russian bristles. By their gloss, you may judge their remarkable quality.

In Keystone Mirrors, the flawless French plate is secured into the frame without the usual beading. The glass cannot come loose or fall out, for the glass and frame are practically one.



STEVENS-HEPNER CO., LIMITED
PORT ELGIN, ONTARIO

A girl often finds herself drawn two ways in opposite directions. She makes good resolutions but fails to keep them.

I know a woman teacher who says she goes to no church—she is sufficient unto herself—"broadminded." Broad-minded? She speaks ill of everyone she knows, finds fault with every benefactor and everything about her. The house she visits is not furnished in good taste, the trimming on the dress of the hostess should be another shade, a tiny child puts her arm around her neck and she takes the little hand and pushes the little one away from her. The institution that makes it possible for her to live in comfort she ridicules.

She delights in failing the students—thinks it proves her intellectual power instead of reflecting weak instruction.

Sufficient unto herself!

Oh, the sacred influence of a great teacher on the minds of plastic youth!

The teacher that sees the Divine in the lessons of life!

Such were the teachers of our pioneers.

In the big moments of great women in history it was a Divine voice they heard directing their important decisions.

A girl can rally through anything if she recognizes Divine guidance. Embalmed in the heart of the world is the convincing record of great women whose lives radiate force of intellect and power because they developed attractions that were not perishable—they recognized that it is the soul of woman that elevates her and gives her the power to lead and influence men in savingly attractive paths. There is no beauty among women like the moral beauty coming from a beautiful mind.

Intellect without spirituality is repulsive—cold. It has no sympathy. It is sympathy that unlocks hearts. When we think of Michael Angelo who painted his grandest frescoes after reaching eighty years of age, and Gladstone making his best speeches when past the age of seventy, we realize that only people with clean strong physique and unwasted mental forces can go on from "conquering to conquer"—They who have reserved their strength and have lived temperate and active lives.

And now let us imagine the great women of history are with us for the hour.

Lytton Strachey in "Eminent Victorians," gives us a picture of Florence Nightingale at the big moment of her life. In her girlhood when "that secret voice in her ear," made her restless in her surroundings of luxury and social pleasures and called her to "do something," she determined to train for a nurse—even in the face of extreme opposition from her parents. This was a big moment in her life. As at that time the profession of nursing was considered low—only coarse, ignorant, dirty, immoral women were in the profession—Florence Nightingale's parents shuddered at the notion of their daughter devoting her life to such a disreputable occupation.

A weaker girl would have given up—would have decided another way out at the big moment of her life. Florence Nightingale decided the way she would go and thus began a woman's work that started the great Red Cross and distinguished her profession. She studied medical reports, visited hospitals, and homes and sick people. Then one day she entered the nursing institution at Kaiserworth. This was the critical event of her life, for the experience at Kaiserworth formed the foundation of her future action and fixed her career.

The Crimean war broke out. For years Miss Nightingale had been getting ready—at that precise moment the desperate need of a great nation came, and she was prepared to satisfy it because she had worked out and studied

with a definite ambition to help the sick.

If the war had come a few years earlier she would not have had the preparation necessary. She prepared for the Big Moment. The height to which the feminine mind is capable of rising may be a great factor in stimulating and advancing national thought. God never duplicates—especially great women. Great women possess the power of influential strength. They make men leaders of their times. They have written their lives in the history of the world through the hearts of the men they have influenced.

The big moment in the life of Elizabeth Barrett was when she arose from her sick bed to marry the man of her choice—Robert Browning. She wisely waited till she found a person of congenial tastes and kindred pursuits. Had she married earlier, the cares of life might have deprived the world of some of its best literature, for both had a grand purpose in life. There was an inspiration in every way to the man who wrote:

"Man's work is to labor and leaven—As best he may—earth here with Heaven."

The big moment in the life of Susanna Wesley was when in poverty she decided to begin her household school, as they could not afford to send their children away for education. For twenty years she continued her teaching and sent out into the world the noted John Wesley.

In Jenny Lind's life the big moment came when she decided to leave singing in public at the very height of her success because she wanted to sing for institutions and charities. She afterwards stated that she never regretted it, for without a beautiful goal, one cannot endure life," she added.

Harriet Martineau lived in an age of great women—yet she was the peer and her influence on the progress of the age was equal to that of all the others combined. She stood up in the face of opposition among her friends, remembering that "one with God makes a majority," and championed the poor, the prisoner, the slave, the factory worker—no matter who the sufferer, she would plead their cause. The great moment in her life came when a young girl of thirteen. She had begun to grow deaf. She made a "vow of patience," and determined to "smile in every moment of anguish from it." This vow she kept and at nineteen began the literary work that made her famous.

The big moment in the life of Mrs. Bramwell Booth came when, as a girl of sixteen, while speaking to a young girl in a cafe in the Latin Quarter of Paris, she exclaimed: "You make pleasure your god; make God your pleasure." From that time she attracted the attention of the army leader through her strength of sincerity.

On and on through the pages of history we find the big moments when women made decisions that wove strength into the lives of men. From the time of Joan of Arc, whose big moment came when she obeyed the voice to save France, to the present we find the roads of life contain materials of romance and heroism waiting only for the soul worthy of moulding them to right ends.

A study of the biography of a great woman like Mary Somerville and her scientific writings, Baroness Burdett-Coutts and her acts of beneficence, is like taking a light to illumine our path.

Your Community

WHO is the most interesting man or woman in your community, and why?

What is the greatest need in your community?

In what does your community excel? What do you think your community will be ten years from now?

What day in the year do you see the finest evidence of the community spirit?

Will our readers kindly answer these questions and we shall have an interesting page in the near future?

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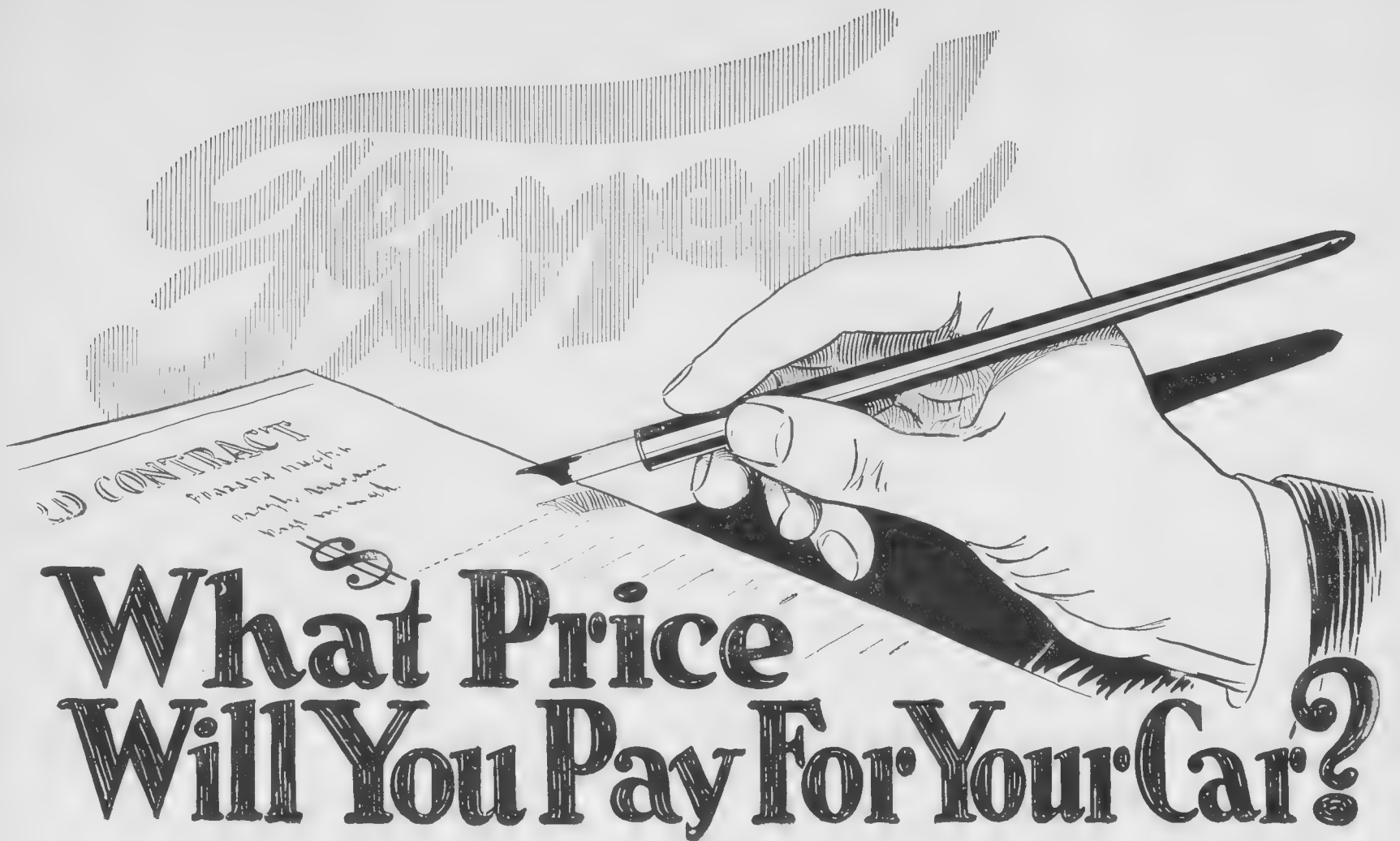
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Looking Forward.

ANCIENT THOUGHT, for the most part, believed in the legend of a vanished Golden Age, and spoke of time as an enemy, because it almost inevitably tended to introduce changes which, as ancient thinkers believed, though they might bring some improvement on the existing state of things could not bring back the ideal order which once existed. It was not denied that knowledge might grow from more to more; but instead of regarding increase of knowledge as bringing the certainty of genuine progress, there was always a backward glance upon the Golden Age, with its simplicity and clearness of vision and happiness, from which mankind had fallen away. But the increase of knowledge has now brought mankind to the point where we must face the necessity of recognizing that there is no wisdom in sighing for "the good old times," and must exert ourselves to make the present times better, and that we must realize that the secret of progress is not in environment but in character, though the one, of course, affects the other. Natural laws run on, unchanged and unchangeable, and causes will be followed by their effects in the time to come, as causes have been followed by their effects in the time that is past. We can do something every day to make life better. The welfare of humanity depends on the welfare of the units composing humanity. It is for each one of us to look within and to look forward.

A Census Absurdity.

THERE is not in the census-taking of any other country under the sun such an absurdity as the "national origin" feature of our census. A monumental example of it is furnished by Mrs. E. L. Jacobs, who sets forth in a Montreal publication that she is a native-born Canadian, of the fourth generation. Her husband is a native-born Canadian of the third generation. "But the census-taker refused to put us down as Canadians. 'We are not counting Canadian ancestors,' he said 'Go back to your earlier ancestors.' We laughed. For my part, I told him that I had a Scottish grandparent, who was a United Empire Loyalist, who came across the Atlantic to the American Colonies in 1760, that my Welsh grandmother came to Canada in 1810, that my Irish grandmother's father came to America in 1750, and that my English grandparent's date was unknown. So he put me down as of Welsh national origin, and my children as Scottish. There is not a drop of Scottish blood in their father. His people were English, and came across the Atlantic in 1780." The Dominion Parliament at its present session, which began a few days ago, should do something about this anomalous, not to say scandalous, failure of our census to place Canadians on record as Canadians, instead of describing them in many cases quite incorrectly. Now is the time to do it. If the matter is left until the approach of the next Dominion census, it will then be found too late to make a change in the system. Why should the Canadian census refuse to recognize the facts that there are Canadians? What justification is there for perpetuating this absurdity any longer?

The Ex-"All-Mightiest" Self-deceiver.

THE sensation created by the publication of the ex-Kaiser's book, entitled "My Memoirs, 1878-1918" has by this time evaporated. The world expected that the book might be a real addition to history; and the newspaper stories about the large sums of money which the ex-Kaiser was receiving for the product of his pen attracted world-wide attention. The book is a failure. It is dull, and it is of no importance, except as a further revelation of its author's character and temperament. Dullness might be forgiven in a book which made a serious contribution to history. This book makes no such contribution to history. Whatever value it has, and it is little, is in its disclosures of something which all the world knew already, namely, that the ex-Kaiser is a man not without cleverness, but fundamentally incompetent and especially lacking in the capacity to know himself, which is the mark of the wise man. And so it was that he was always humbugging himself about himself and about other people, and so it is that in this book he has written such preposterous stuff concerning his own and other people's and Germany's and other nations' sentiments and policies and actions. His character was fairly summed not long ago by a former German Ambassador in Paris, Freiherr von Schoen. "One of the Kaiser's weakest points," writes this former Ambassador of the Kaiser, "was his lack of insight into human character, a result of the narrowness of Court life. He was for the most part denied the gifts which could have been of most use to him as a ruler, such as a capacity for cool, careful and prudent reflection. A one-sided education, his having been called early to the throne, and the flattery and ever-increasing admiration which surrounded him did not conduce to fill the gaps in the lesson of life for him—a man of considerable shortcomings, a man without a well-balanced mind." As history, his book is a worthless sham and humbug, which nobody can read without yawning. He exposes his weakness of character, and at the same time he fails to make himself interesting. It is a book wholly lacking any element of greatness and in this it is like himself.

Ancient Splendor for Modern Eyes.

THE richest find that has yet been made by excavators into the buried remains of ancient Egypt was brought to light a few weeks ago by Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Howard Carter, who have been at work for years in the famous Theban Valley of

The Philosopher

Kings, but until this amazing discovery had found little to reward their perseverance. Gold, gems, alabaster, ivory, rich cloths, gold couches, vases, statues, chariots and the state throne of King Tutankhamen were found in the outer chambers of King Tutankhamen's tomb, which they opened—treasures which apart altogether from their priceless archaeological value for the flood of light they throw upon the history, art and religion of Egypt of 3,300 years ago, are worth at least \$15,000,000, according to the estimates of experts, given in the London Times.

The London illustrated papers have had pictures of these finds. At the present time the inner chamber of the tomb has not yet been opened. The doors leading to it from the chambers which have been opened will not be unsealed until all the objects already brought to light have been carefully removed—and removal means chemical treatment of fragile objects, elaborate packing and heavy guards. The chambers thus far opened were found to be so crowded with valuable objects that the British Museum experts think that they were used as hiding places for such objects from the tombs of the other Egyptian Kings when later rulers of Egypt found themselves unable to fight off the robber bands that swarmed down upon them. Until this latest wonderful find, which exceeds all that have been made before since the work of archaeological excavation was begun in Egypt, a state throne was never come upon. It was thought that the Theban Valley of Kings, where for many generations the Kings of Egypt were buried, had been so thoroughly ransacked that nothing remained to be found. Everything that is found belongs, of course, to the Egyptian Government. One of the interesting things about the inner chamber of the tomb of King Tutankhamen, which has yet to be opened, is that it bears the seals of King Rameses IX, who reigned in the eleventh century before Christ. The inscriptions accompanying the seals record that Rameses IX opened up the tomb, examined it—for what reason is not known—and closed it up again and sealed it. The uncertainty of such researches is illustrated by the statement of the Cairo correspondent of the London Times that excavation stopped two years ago within six feet of the secret opening of the staircase leading to the tomb of King Tutankhamen.

Navigation in the Ocean and the Straits.

THE greatest perils to which an ocean-going ship is exposed, paradoxical as it may appear, are perils which may be said to spring from the land, not from the sea. A modern ship, well built and "well found," with all the equipment and appliances which modern science has furnished for the improvement and the safety of navigation, can fight with every confidence all the forces of nature she may encounter, provided she has plenty of sea-room; it is when she is setting forth on her voyages, and when she is drawing in towards the shore that the utmost vigilance has to be exercised in handling her. The records of ocean navigation in these days of steam reveal the proud achievement of man in the construction and navigation of ships of all descriptions, from the immense liner to the ocean tramp, which perform their voyages, through fogs and storms and other perils of the deep, in a manner which would have filled our forefathers with wonder. When a passenger sets out in one of the big passenger steamships nowadays, he has the assurance, so far as there can be certainty in human affairs, afloat or ashore, that he will arrive at his destination in safety, provided the ship avoids the dangers which are associated with the land. The latest triumphs of science added immensely to the security of navigation. The marine turbine, oil fuel and the marvels of wireless telegraphy are so well known now to all the world as to be commonplace things. Out of the varied experiences of the War there has been created a practicable system for enabling ships crowded with passengers or laden with valuable cargoes to proceed in and out of land-locked harbors in perfect security, in fine or foggy weather, in smooth water or in storm. And who shall say what further triumphs of human ingenuity are yet to come for the further improvement and security of navigation? With wireless telegraphic communications established in Hudson Straits and in the Bay, to broadcast information of weather conditions and of ice movement, the navigation of those waters by ships scientifically constructed for the purpose, with all the necessary up-to-date equipments and appliances, will be carried on in a manner which will make people wonder in the time to come that there was ever any question of the practicability of the Hudson Bay route.

Canadian Place Names.

AMONG the books which have come recently to The Philosopher's table is "The Meaning of Canadian City Names," by R. Douglas, secretary of the Geographical Board of Canada. To all who are in any way endowed with the historic sense the study of place names is interesting. In Canada four dif-

ferent languages, at least, have contributed largely to place names. Ottawa, the name of the great river on which the Dominion's capital stands, a city which took its name from that river, commemorates an Indian tribe which lived on Manitoulin Island in Georgian Bay, the northern part of Lake Huron, in the early part of the seventeenth century. The members of that tribe were noted intertribal traders, and exercised control over the Ottawa river as their main highway. Their name was derived from the Indian word "adane," meaning trade, or more strictly, barter. Medicine Hat is from the Blackfoot name of the place, "Saamis," meaning "the head-dress of a medicine man." Why the place bore that Indian name is unknown. Calgary was named in 1876 by Colonel Macleod, of the Mounted Police; the name of the ancestral estate of his mother's family, the Mackenzies, on the Island of Mull in Scotland, is Calgary. Vancouver takes its name from Captain George Vancouver, of the British Navy, who in the eighteenth century visited and charted Burrard Inlet, on which that city stands; but the name was not given to the settlement—which was known as Grenville—until the arrival of the C.P.R. in 1886. When it comes to the name of Winnipeg, we turn from Mr. Douglas's book to the work of Dr. Charles N. Bell, F.R.G.S., who has so long been identified with Winnipeg, and who has done an immense amount of valuable historical work. He has collected all the different forms of the name that have appeared since the time of La Verendrye, who in 1734 wrote it Ouinipigon, down to Lord Selkirk's writing it Winipic in 1816, and thence down to Captain Black's writing it Winnipeg in 1833, since when there has been no change. The city takes its name from Lake Winnipeg, which took its name from two Cree words "win," meaning dirty, and "nepe," water. Lake Winnipeg was so named by the Indians because of a vegetable growth which in certain months abounds in parts of the Lake and gives the water a darker appearance.

Men and Women.

THE action of the French Senate in side-tracking a vote on the question of granting the electoral suffrage to women on an equality with men has only stimulated the women of France to renewed efforts in their agitation for the same rights as the women of other countries have. In all the countries in which men and women have the suffrage on an equality, the actual results of this practical recognition of the fact that women are one-half of humanity, or as Mrs. Nellie McClung once expressed it in a speech in Winnipeg, "women are people, too," have furnished convincing proof of the wisdom of equal suffrage. It has been so in Canada, and in the United States; and in the recent elections in Great Britain, though only two women were elected to the new House of Commons, the women voters played a great and important part. The women of a country are the chancellors of the exchequers of its homes. Their responsibilities and duties are no less important than those of men in carrying on of the life of the country as a whole, though they are different in many ways from the men's responsibilities and duties. In the sphere of citizenship there are problems with which women are better qualified to deal than men are, as there are problems with which men are better qualified to deal than women are. Each sex can make its own invaluable contributions to the general welfare; and the contributions of both sexes are essential. A character in one of George Eliot's books, Mrs. Poyser, a woman of solid common sense, in reply to a superficial remark by one of the other characters in the book says: "I don't deny that women are foolish—God Almighty made 'em to match the men." The women of Canada have given convincing proof that by their intelligence, zeal and prudence that they can contribute, and are contributing very materially, in service to Canada.

The Twofold Education Needed.

"KNOWLEDGE is power," is an ancient saying and a true one. But it is equally true that it is the ideal that determines the direction of life. Knowledge gives power and equipment, but the ideal, by determining the life-purpose decides how the power and equipment shall be used. This distinction is to be kept always in mind in considering the problems of education. Education is of two kinds. One supplies information and trains and develops the powers of mind and body; the other shapes admirations and nourishes ideals. The aim of intellectual education is clear, accurate and adequate ideas; the aim of moral and religious education is to implant such an appreciation of values that the best things are prized most, and other things are estimated at their relative worth. There is no more hopeful and encouraging sign in Canada today than the earnest attention that is being given to the problems of education. It is being more and more appreciated that the boys and girls who are to be the Canadian citizens of the years to come should be efficiently trained to use and develop their powers of mind and body, and also that they should have the love of truth and the spirit of progress. These conceptions should guide the educational work of thoughtful fathers and mothers, as well as of the educational institutions of our land. The possession of health, intelligence and wealth is not sufficient to insure happiness and success in life. Many young people who possessed these things have grown up to make shipwreck of their lives because they admired the wrong things, because they cherished false conceptions of life, and because they were without a noble purpose and a high ideal to guide them to the best success and the truest happiness.

Better Cookery

By MISS GERTRUDE DUTTON
Manitoba Extension Service

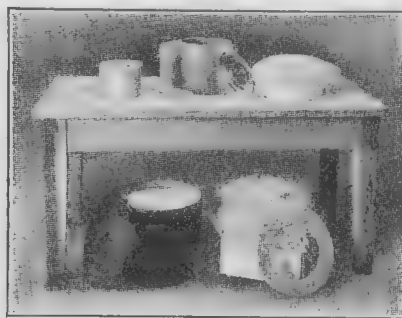
FIRELESS COOKERY

A fireless cooker is one of the real labor, time, fuel, food, and money savers, which any woman may have in her kitchen. The food is first heated on the stove till cooking has commenced, and is then placed in the cooker, which is so constructed that the heat will be retained long enough to complete the cooking. The same principle is employed in camp cooking where pots of beans, or potatoes are buried under hot stones and ashes and earth. The peasants in some parts of Europe start a meal cooking, then bury the closely covered container in a box of



Placing the packing material around the food compartment.

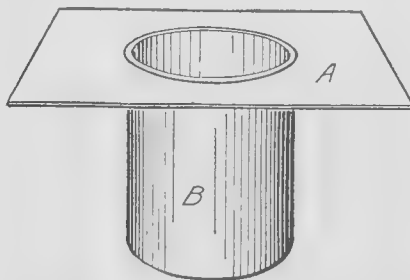
4. A cooking vessel—must be durable, and free from seams (which are hard to keep clean), and must have a tight fitting cover. Aluminum or enamelware are the only suitable materials to use, as they do not rust. Aluminum vessels for the purpose may be purchased.
5. A cushion—four inches thick to entirely fill the space between the food vessel and the top. It may be of denim, factory cotton, burlap, etc., filled with the packing material.
6. A collar—of tin, cardboard, oil-cloth, or asbestos to fit between the well and the outside container, to cover the packing.
7. An extra source of heat—is often desirable. This may be a soapstone disk or a stove lid.
8. A hook—for handling the soapstone—a button hook will do.



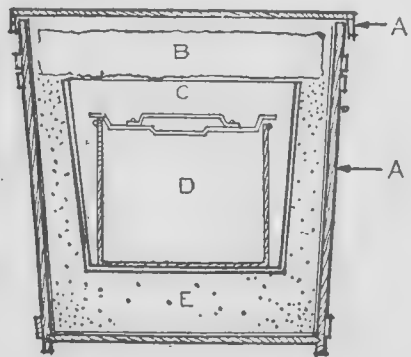
Material necessary for constructing a home-made fireless cooker.

To Make:

1. Line the outside container with heavy sheet-asbestos.
2. Pack in as closely as possible, a four inch layer of the packing material selected. The efficiency of the cooker will depend largely on the closeness with which the packing is done.
3. Put the cooking well in place. Pack carefully around the sides of it. The well should be very little larger than the cooking vessel, or heat will be wasted in the large air space. When the space has been well packed to the top of the well, adjust the collar to hold the packing in place.



Metal lining for nest of fireless cooker; A, Rim to cover packing material. B, Metal container for cooking kettle and hot stone.



Longitudinal section: A, outer bucket; B cushion; C, inner bucket; D, food container; E, insulator.

How to Make a Fireless Cooker.

The materials needed are:

1. An outside container—with a tight fitting cover, such as a box or bucket, candy pail, butter or lard tub, old trunk, a new galvanized iron ash or garbage can; if of wood, it is advisable to line the container with sheet asbestos, or heavy wrapping paper. It should be large enough to allow of at least four inches of packing material around the nest for the kettle. Hooks and staples or some similar method of fastening down the cover, should be employed.
2. Packing material—A very important part of the cooker. Any substance which is a non-conductor of heat, insures the heat being retained in the food. Asbestos and mineral wool are the best materials—next comes ground cork such as is used for packing malaga grapes. Hay, excelsior, wool and crumpled paper are satisfactory. It is packed very closely between the well and the outside container.
3. A well—in which to place the vessel containing the food. It may be of metal or oil-cloth, or sheet asbestos,—preferably metal. It must be deep enough to hold the food vessel, and an extra source of heat such as a hot soapstone.

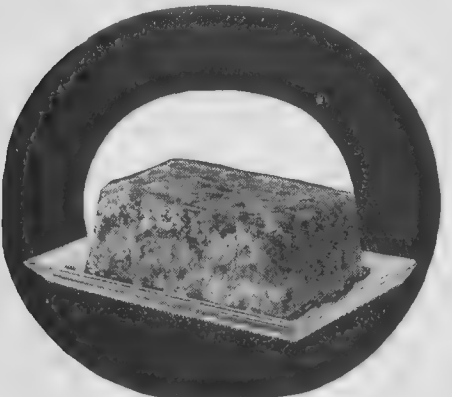


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BUTTER SCOTCH RICE PUDDING

Wash $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rice; cook in double boiler, with two cups scalded milk and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, until nearly tender. Meanwhile cook together in shallow pan one cup brown sugar and 2 tablespoons butter until it gets dark brown, but not burnt. Add this to the rice and milk, and finish cooking until rice is tender and the caramel melted. Soak 1 envelope Knox Gelatine in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water 10 minutes; dissolve in one cup hot milk. Strain this into cooked rice mixture and turn into cold wet mold.



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(5 to 7 persons)

1 envelope Cox's Gelatine
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup (4 ozs.) sugar
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups ($\frac{3}{4}$ pint) cold water
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups ($\frac{3}{4}$ pint) grape juice
2 eggs

Mix Gelatine with sugar and water. Stir over fire until dissolved, strain into bowl, add grape juice and cool. Beat up eggs, add grape juice mixture gradually, beating constantly until spongy. Turn into serving dish. Serve with or without sauce.

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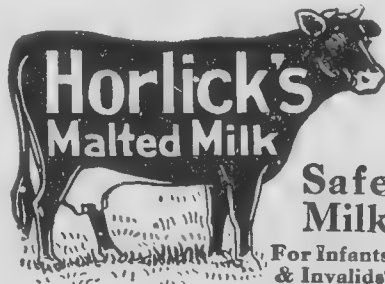
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BETTER COOKERY—Continued from page 38

Oat Meal

Boiling water—3 cups.
Salt—1 teaspoon.
Oatmeal—1 cup.

Cracked Wheat

Water—4 cups.
Salt—1 teaspoon.

Cracked Wheat—1 cup.

Soak the cracked wheat in two cups of cold water for two hours. Heat the remaining two cups of water to boiling point, add the salt, cracked wheat, and water in which it has been soaked. Cook over night in the fireless cooker.

Cream of Wheat.

Boiling water—2½ cups.

Salt—1 teaspoon.

Cream of Wheat—1 cup.

Corn Meal Mush

Boiling water—3½ cups.

Salt—1 teaspoon.

Cornmeal—1 cup.

Boiled Rice

Boiling Water—3 cups.

Salt—1½ teaspoons.

Rice—1 cup.

Pick over and wash the rice. Add to the boiling, salted water. Boil five minutes, place in cooker, and cook one hour. Drain in a colander,—it may be placed in a warm oven for a few minutes to dry out.

Stewed Apples

Pare and quarter tart apples and remove their cores. Boil them for three minutes in a thin syrup made in the proportion of four tablespoons of sugar to one cup of water. Place the apples in the fireless cooker on a heated radiator for 1½ hours.

Apples thus cooked keep their shape well, have a good flavor, and are somewhat pink in color from the long, slow cooking.

Rhubarb Sauce

Wash the rhubarb and cut in pieces about one inch long, without peeling. Place alternate layers of fruit and sugar in the kettle. Use no water. Place the kettle on the stove over low heat and bring the rhubarb slowly to the boiling point. Remove the kettle from the stove and place it in the fireless cooker for 2½ hours on a heated radiator.

Rhubarb cooked in this manner has a rich red color and an excellent flavor. The amount of sugar to be added depends on the desired richness of the sauce.

Soups.

Break up the soup bones, or cut the meat in small pieces. Place in a kettle, cover with cold water and bring slowly to the boiling point, and boil 15 minutes. Place in the cooker for several hours, or over night. In the morning remove meat and bones and fat from the soup and strain. Return soup and meat to the cooker kettle, add the seasonings desired, bring to the boiling point, return it to the cooker and leave it till noon. Any variety of vegetables, macaroni, etc., may be added to beef soup.

Bean Soup

1 Cup navy beans. 1 tablespoon salt
2 quarts water or ¼ teaspoon pep-
water in which per.
ham has been 2 tablespoons
boiled. butter.

2 stalks celery. 1 small onion.

Soak the beans over night, drain and add 2 quarts of cold water or ham stock. Add chopped celery and onion, also salt and pepper. Boil slowly for 15 minutes. Cook in fireless 4 hours, add butter and serve. Use one radiator.

Corn Soup

Cut 1 pint of green corn from the cob, or use 1 can. Add 1 quart of sweet milk and put in cooker vessel. Season with salt, pepper, a little onion, 1 teaspoonful sugar and 1 teaspoon of butter. Bring to the boiling point. Place in the fireless on one heated radiator and cook for one hour. Remove from cooker, bring to boiling point again and thicken with a little flour,—from 1 teaspoonful to 1 tablespoonful.

Rice Soup

To 1 quart of beef, mutton or chicken stock, brought to the boiling point in the cooker vessel, add ½ cup of washed rice, a small onion, a little celery, and a dash of red pepper. Cover utensil and place in the fireless on heated radiator. Cook for 1 hour, or longer if desired.

Tomato Soup

1 can tomatoes. 2 cups water.
2 cloves. Small bay leaf.
1 teaspoon salt. Sprinkle cayenne.
Small onion. 1 carrot
1 quart soup stock.

Add water to tomatoes. Dice carrot and slice onion; add these and the seasoning. Boil 5 minutes and place in the fireless for 2 hours. Serve. Use one radiator.

Beef Tea

1 lb. round steak. ½ teaspoon salt.
2 cups water.



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Baked Apple with Raisins

Stewed Prunes.

Wash the prunes and soak them overnight in three times their quantity of cold water. Boil them for five minutes, without the addition of sugar or other sweetening, in the water in which they were soaked. Place them in the fireless cooker for about four hours without a radiator, or for two hours with a radiator.

Dried fruits of all kinds may be cooked overnight in the fireless cooker.

Dried Apricot and Apple Sauce

1 cup Apricots. 4 tablespoons sugar
2 cups cut Apples. Water.

Soak the apricots overnight in enough water to cover them. Peel, core and cut in eighths a sufficient number of tart apples to make 2 cups after cutting. Add the cut apples to the apricots with sufficient water to half cover the fruit. Bring the fruit slowly to the boiling point on the stove. Place it in the fireless cooker on a hot radiator for three hours. This sauce has an excellent color and texture.

Remove the skin and fat, put meat through meat chopper and cover with cold water. Add salt and heat slowly to just below the boiling point. Cook in fireless cooker for one hour, strain and serve hot. Use one radiator.

Rice Soup with Tomatoes

Stew 6 tomatoes in very little water, with 1 sliced onion. Rub through a colander. Heat slightly 2 teaspoons butter, add tomatoes and ½ cup washed rice to this, stirring all the time. Then add 1½ quarts of hot stock. Put the covered utensil into the fireless 1 hour. Use one radiator.

Miscellaneous Recipes**Boiled Dinner**

1 pound beef, cut in 1 medium sized
small pieces. cabbage.
6 small carrots. 6 small onions.
6 small potatoes. Salt, paprika.
Cut the meat in small pieces, add enough water to cover; season, and boil the mixture for 5 minutes. Place it in the fireless cooker on a hot radiator for 2 hours.



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Cream Cheese

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BETTER COOKERY—Continued from page 39

Remove the meat from the cooker, add pepper to taste. Boil 15 minutes with the vegetables to it and more water if necessary. Boil the mixture for 5 minutes and place it on a reheated radiator in the fireless cooker for 2 hours.

Boiled Beef

3 pounds beef neck Pepper
Boiling water Flour
Salt Fat

Dredge the meat with salt, pepper and flour. Place it in the container with a small amount of drippings or other fat, and sear it on all sides. Add enough boiling water to partly cover it. Bring the meat to the boiling point and boil gently for 30 minutes. Place it on a hot radiator in the fireless cooker for 6 hours. Reheat it for 10 minutes before serving.

Flank Roll

3 pounds beef flank Pepper
1 cup boiling water Flour
Salt Fat

Roll the meat compactly and fasten with skewers or tie it with string. Dredge it with flour, sear it well in a small amount of fat, and season it. Bring the meat to the boiling point and boil it for 5 minutes. Place it in the fireless cooker on a heated radiator and allow it to remain for 4 hours. Reheat it and serve it with a gravy made from the drippings thickened with flour. Small carrots or onions may be added to the meat for flavor when it is put on to cook. The roll may be sliced and served cold.

Brown Stew

3 pounds beef shank 1 bay leaf
4 tablespoons fat 1 small celery
2 tablespoons flour stalk

Boiled Tongue

Place tongue in water 2 or 3 hours before cooking. Put in kettle, cover with cold water and bring to boiling point. Boil 10 minutes, then place in fireless with one radiator for eight hours. Remove skin and set aside to cool or serve hot.

Boston Baked Beans

Use 1 quart pea beans, cover with cold water and soak over night. In morning drain, cover with fresh cold water, heat slowly to boiling point, add teaspoon soda. Again drain beans, add $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. salt pork, leaving rind exposed. Mix 1 tablespoon salt, 1 tablespoon molasses, 3 tablespoons sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon mustard, 1 cup boiling water and pour over beans. Put in bean pot or casserole dish, using one radiator. Reheat and replace with beans in cooker. Bake until evening.

If you wish to serve the beans at noon-day meal start them the night before and use two radiators in morning.

Boiled Cabbage

Remove outside leaves, cut into quarters and remove tough center. Place in utensil, cover with boiling water, allow to stand 5 minutes. Drain, cover with boiling salted water. Cook in fireless 1 hour. Use one radiator.

Lima Beans (Dried)

Soak beans overnight, drain and cover with cold water. Bring to boil on stove, adding $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon soda. Drain and



Boiled tongue served cold is delicious.

1 small onion Salt
1 quart boiling wa- $\frac{1}{2}$ green pepper
ter Pepper

Cut the meat into one-inch pieces and sear it well in hot fat. Add the flour and mix it with the fat to a smooth paste. Add the remaining ingredients.

Stuffed Hearts

Wash heart, remove arteries and veins. Stuff with regular chicken dressing. Dredge heart with salt, pepper and flour and brown in bacon fat. Place heart in utensil and half cover with hot water. Remove to fireless, using one radiator. Cook 3 to 4 hours.

Swiss Steak

2 pounds round steak 2 inches thick dredge with flour and brown in 2 tablespoons butter, add salt and pepper. When nicely browned add 1 can tomatoes, 1 can peas from which the liquor has been previously drained, 1 green pepper, 1 onion. Cook in fireless 2 to 3 hours, using two radiators.

Irish Stew

Rub 2 pounds of mutton breast with salt and pepper. Cut up in small pieces. Brown in 1 tablespoon of butter, add 2 sliced onions and allow to cook until onions are yellow. Add 2 cups green peas, 3 cups of boiling water; season and cook for 10 minutes over the fire. Remove to fireless and cook for 2 to 3 hours. Use one radiator.

Pot Roast

Any cheap piece of meat, even a rolled flank, makes a delicious pot roast. Put suet in cooker utensil and brown over fire. Remove when thoroughly browned and put in meat. Flour the meat, turning continually until browned. Then put into fireless, leaving on cover, for 4 hours, using one radiator.

Boiled Beef

Wipe meat, place in cooking vessel, and half cover with boiling water. Salt and

rinse thoroughly. Add enough boiling water to cover and transfer to fireless 2 hours, using one radiator.

Boiled Carrots

Wash and scrape carrots, cut into slices or cubes, place in utensil, add salt and cover with boiling water, let stand 5 minutes. Drain and add 4 tablespoons water. Cook in fireless 2 hours. Use one radiator.

Baked Corn and Tomatoes

For a good lunch dish, fill a baking dish with alternate layers of canned corn, tomatoes from which liquor is drained, and toasted or fried bread crumbs, adding plenty of salt and pepper, a suspicion of sugar and generous piece of butter. Have the top layer crumbs. Bake in the fireless for 1 hour. Use two radiators.

Beets

Wash and scrub, but do not cut beets. Lay them in boiling water. Boil ten minutes. Place in the fireless 2 hours or more. Use one radiator. When taken out, put in cold water for a minute and slip the skins off. Cut in slices and pour over a sauce made with 2 tablespoons of butter, 4 tablespoons of lemon juice or vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt and a little pepper. Bring to a boil and pour on the beets just before serving.

Parsnips

Wash and scrape parsnips, cut in slices about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick, add 4 tablespoons boiling water. Cook in fireless 1 hour or more. Use one radiator.

Peas

Shell peas and throw into boiling water just enough to cover peas. Add salt and butter. Cook in fireless for 1 hour or more. Use one radiator.

Turnips (White or Yellow)

Wash and pare turnips, cut into slices, add 4 tablespoons boiling water. Cook in fireless for 4 hours. Drain and mash. Season with salt, pepper and butter and serve hot. Use one radiator.



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Get The Smiling Habit

By Winnifred N. Whitlock

ONCE a jaded society lady went to consult a celebrated specialist. Languidly she told him her symptoms; she had lost her appetite, her zest for society, nothing interested her and she was a martyr to nerves. What would the doctor recommend, a sea voyage or a winter in California? Money was no object.

The great doctor listened to the recital and at its conclusion said: "Turn the corners of your mouth up."

That is the secret of health and happiness—the habit of smiling.

We all know how easy it is to drift into a bad habit. It is really just as easy to get into a good one if we make up our mind to do so. Soon the good habit will become part of our disposition just as the bad habit does.

Do you know Mrs. Jones, who never smiles? Baby has a cold. The doctor says it is getting on all right, but Mrs. Jones doesn't think he knows. She thinks the cold may turn to pneumonia; baby always had a delicate chest; her husband isn't sympathetic; she is a dreadfully hard-used woman, etc., etc. You leave the blue atmosphere feeling blue yourself.

But when Mrs. Smith's baby gets a cold Mrs. Smith smiles. She has such a good doctor; and baby has a good constitution; and children throw off things so quickly.

She is sure baby will soon be better, and baby responds to the atmosphere of hope and cheerfulness and smiles at his mother.

fun"; or, "I like going to see Mrs. Jones. She is always so bright and cheerful."

Next time your husband comes home bad-tempered or the children are cranky and things don't go right, don't try the old way of answering irritably or sulking. Start the smiling habit right away and—just smile. It will require a great effort of will power the first time, but the second time it will come easier, and soon it will come quite natural to smile when things don't go just right. You will have got the smiling habit.

And then you will be surprised how things will change. What man could be very bad-tempered with a smiling wife; or what baby could be cranky with a smiling mother? You will become popular; invitations will come to you, once friends know you have the smiling habit.

AND if you are in business, smiles mean dollars. "I like Miss Black," we hear a manager say. "She is always so bright, and the staff like her." So Miss Black is promoted and frowning Miss Green remains the junior typist. "Very unfair," she mutters, scowling at her inoffensive typewriter. But, is it?

We hear a great deal now about a universal language; what a blessing it would be; what a convenience to travelers. But there is, and always has been, a universal language—the language of smiles.

You are in a strange city; you want to find the way to some place; you look around for a smiling face and ask that person, confident that you will be direct-



On Snow Shoe Tramp—Banff

Mrs. Jones breaks a cup. It is always the cup Mrs. Jones treasured most. Just the very one she wouldn't have had broken for worlds; she will never be able to match it, now the saucer is useless, etc., etc. Isn't she an ill-used woman? Her husband is so careless.

MRS. Smith breaks a vase. Mrs. Smith just smiles. She never did like that vase anyway, but Aunt Mary gave it her and what could she do but put it on the mantleshelf? Now it is gone, and without hurting Aunt Mary's feelings.

So they go through life, the frowners and the smilers. One spreads clouds and the other sunshine. Which do you carry around?

It's all very well to talk, says someone, I could be a smiler if I had good health, but I suffer so. How can I smile? Why not? Smiling isn't the prerogative of the healthy. Doctors say smiling is the best tonic there is, and if you have poor health surely it is all the more important you should have the smiling tonic. It is much cheaper than patent medicines.

And you must have some blessings. Fate doesn't give all her good things to others. She must have handed you out some. Why not think of those and smile?

But I'm lonely, says someone else. I haven't a friend in the world. Get the smiling habit and friends will come. Who is the most popular girl at a party? Not the prettiest girl; not the best dressed girl, but the girl who is always smiling. Time and again we hear it said: "Let's ask Mabel, she's always such good

ed to the place you seek. And your confidence is not misplaced. You are told where to go and how to get there, and you are given a smile to help you on your way. Isn't that cheering?

And when immigrants come from the Old Land, they look eagerly for smiling faces—future friends in a strange land. Then the smilers get their opportunity. Their smiles are wanted, longed for, appreciated. You can give them nothing better. You can give your country no better reference. If people are smiling and happy it must be a country worth living in. And Canada is worth living in. Let the newcomer know that it is, by the universal language of smiles. First impressions are everything. Give the immigrant a good impression of your country. He will carry it with him to the grave.

"Oh!" someone objects; "Optimists are born, not made." Don't delude yourself. Babies are not born smiling, or frowning. Heredity may be a strong determining factor, but the force of heredity can be overcome by will power. Certainly the son or daughter of frowning parents is handicapped, but the victory is all the greater triumph.

Make up your mind to be a smiler in 1923. Take as your motto: "Three smiles a day"—morning, afternoon and evening—and then increase the dose. You will soon be a smiler, and life will look different to you. It will be different. You will be seeing the silver lining instead of the cloud; and when you have been a smiler for a little time you will be showing other people how to be smilers. One smiler makes many. Try it and see.

GILLETT'S PERFUMED LYE

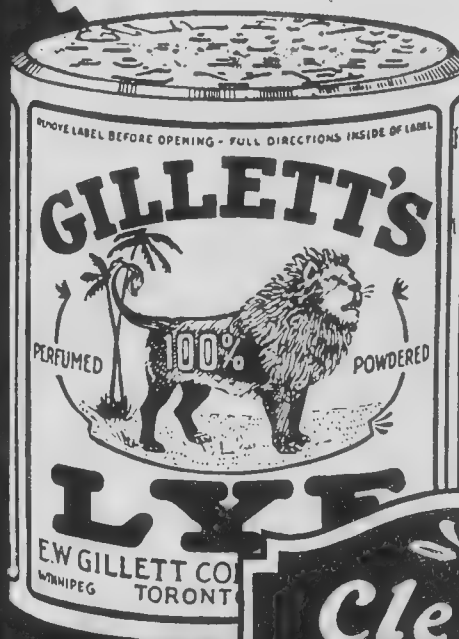
It is a true saying that "Gillett's Lye Eats Dirt." It actually consumes it and at the same time thoroughly disinfects, leaving everything it comes in contact with absolutely clean. It is not like costly disinfectants. It is inexpensive and effective. It does not hide the foul places by creating a stronger odor. Gillett's Lye is colorless, odorless and leaves no stain.

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"ASK YOUR STATIONER FOR IT"

LAND'S END—Continued from page 15

plies, but that she should invite such privation and hardship, more, even the hindrance of her own desire, by destroying the cache, was beyond his understanding. Added to this was his own shame at having roughly handled her. And through all his misery and bewilderment, ran the problem of what way he could find out of it all. From the girl would come no help. She was a liability, a burden, which would drag on him, taunt his efforts, accept ungratefully his labour.

He rose at daybreak and kindled a fire. Anita did not come out of her hut. When the fire was lit and the kettle boiling, there was nothing to prepare for breakfast. He picked up a fishline which had fortunately been left drying on the roof of his hut, and went down to the beach. When he returned with the fish, the fire was out. There was no fat for frying, so he broiled the food over the smoky embers. But it was uneatable without salt. He threw the remnants to Rip, drank some water and sat down to smoke. He reflected grimly that Anita would have no hot coffee brought to her door that morning.

Tired out with the night's vigil, he dropped asleep, and when he woke, the sun was high, and Anita was coming out of her hut. She carried her light rifle and a cartridge belt. He sat up, refilled his pipe, and awaited developments. He had often found that a good plan when the direction of events slipped from his grasp.

"I have had no breakfast this morning," was the girl's first remark. She had found that sullen silence was unavailing.

Adam smiled.

"You weren't looking for any, were you?"

"Of course. Do you intend to starve as well as beat me?"

"For heaven's sake, girl, are you in earnest? Where shall I get you food? Our stores are destroyed. You burned them. I haven't had any breakfast myself, and I am sitting here considering what I could find for dinner, when you interrupted me with your demands for food."

"But isn't there anything?"

"Yes, there is. There is fish in the sea, game in the forest, and raspberries, too, at this season. I caught a fish this morning, but I couldn't eat it without salt. There is no flour, sugar, coffee, condensed milk, pancake flour, salt, or any of that small jar of jam which my dear mother surreptitiously put in with my flannel shirt, and which you have been enjoying. It is God's mercy that our guns and cartridges were not in the cache, or we would be up against it for sure. I have hidden the matches against further misadventure."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"I? Say, rather, what are we going to do about it. I have been considering your case Anita."

"Miss Westgate," interrupted the girl, haughtily,

"Anita," continued Adam, emphatically, "and I find that I have been merely continuing in your esteemed parents footsteps, while condemning them for the road they followed. You remind me of a little sister of mine, who deliberately broke a treasured bit of china belonging to her mother, in retaliation for a well-merited punishment. She received a sound spanking for her bravado. You my dear girl, are also going to receive the punishment you merit. There is no use reasoning with you. You can't understand anything but your own wants. I tell you frankly we are up against an emergency, and you have got to act up to it."

Adam paused to relight his pipe, and to let his words sink in.

"First of all, we must find food. I am going to get the rifle out of your hut, and go out for game, and when I return, I want to find a large pile of dry wood ready for cooking. You may also hang those blankets in your hut out to air. I haven't been able to go into your hut to do it for you, and they will be musty. Do you under-

stand? That will be your share of the work at present."

Adam looked up from his puffing pipe into the barrel of the girl's rifle.

He sat immovable. Gray eyes and brown held level hard for a moment along the polished barrel. Then he laughed, threw away his match, and bending down her rifle, took the girl in his arms, and kissed her soundly on her red mouth. He walked away whistling.

He did not look back until he had reached the hut. She was sitting in the same position, her head bent, and idly tracing with the end of her rifle in the sand. He took the gun out of her hut and went into the woods to look for game.

Following along the leafy path which he had made from the edge of the forest to the spring, he began to think more calmly about Anita. The quiet of the woods fell about him. Overhead the dusky arches of the trees met, and the bracken clung about his knees. He sat down on a fallen log, and called the dog to lie beside him.

Anger was dying out in him, and pity, the near kin of love, took possession in its stead. There was a hard lesson for her to learn, but how was he to teach her? He must help her, not drive; help her along the road, not load her down with burdens.

For in spite of his anger, he loved her, —loved her as he had never dreamed of loving. He wanted to have her for his own forever, to cherish, to protect, to enrich, not himself alone, but the soul of this girl, undisciplined, passionate, faulty, but whose courage and strength might redeem her from the sordidness of selfishness. It was a task demanding patience, wisdom, and above all else, the love that understands and forgives. He went back to the beach with his assumption of superior virtue swallowed up in the realization of his own shortcomings.

There was a large pile of driftwood beside the fire. The kettle, filled to overflowing, was awkwardly hung over a smoky flame. Blankets were spread upon the sand, and pinned down with stones. He saw that she had done her best. Looking in at the door of the hut, he discovered her lying asleep on the bare sand inside. She had exhausted herself with her unaccustomed exertions.

Adam rebuilt the fire, skinned and cut up the grouse, and put on a large flat pan of seawater to evaporate. When the water had boiled away, it left a thin scraping of salt on the edge of the pan. When the meal was ready, he awoke Anita. She greeted him as if nothing out of the usual had occurred. But Adam was not deceived. There was a sullen fire in her eyes when she deigned to glance at him that troubled him. However, for the present, she seemed resolved to attempt no further hostilities. She ate heartily, but he saw that the unaccustomed labor had stiffened her muscles.

"Won't a meat diet make us ill?" she asked him, presently.

"Not if you take plenty of exercise, and drink lots of water. Eat all the wild fruit you can find, too. Nearly all hunters and trappers live entirely on meat."

She finished her meal in silence, and then asked him, as he seemed to have no intention of taking the initiative:

"Was my work all right?"

"It was bravely done, but I am afraid you don't know just how to do it. Always hang your blankets high, so that the sun and wind can get at both sides of them. And I'll show you how to build fires to-morrow. It's just as well that you should know how to take care of yourself. Anything might happen to me."

Anything which he thought she might need to maintain her existence, he taught her in the days that followed. She learned willingly and showed aptitude. But he could not make up his mind whether she had reconciled herself to his decision, or was merely biding her time.

(Continued in March Issue)

PUBLICITY is the power that will keep your business humming. An advertisement in *The Western Home Monthly* will prove this to your satisfaction.

MAN—THE HOME MAKER

By Rose Paynter

DO you think that title sounds queer? I agree it does. But—and this is the object of my talk—why should it? Why, in all conscience, should not a man take his share of the task of home making? It always seems to me, in books and in life, that a man frets and worries and schemes to possess a wife, and then he flings a house somewhere into the beautiful picture and says grandly: "Now, you make a glorious home for me out of that and I will be kind enough to share it, but (and here our clever hero always throws out his first indications of temper) if you do not make my home delightful and entrancing I will reserve to myself the choice of my club," etc.

Cinderella, in most of life, henceforth starts feverishly to work on this awful business of holding her husband. Always, before the wedding, he had a kind of secret terror that she might change her mind and escape him, now he can comfortably turn the tables for the rest of his life. Do you think that is drastic? I think it is a fairly true picture of the married state. Young things always seem to have a hard start. Babies have teeth, etc., to spoil

not talk these matters out quietly, why not write them out and exchange letters. One can often say on paper what one dares not speak. Write your grievances to each other and post them, one to the office, the other to the home. If each has the day apart, why, when you meet at evening, you'll have had time to think a little and you will not be blinded by your feelings.

Money is the rock so many homes are wrecked on. Money, it seems to me, is the one thing that most people look on from an absurdly unreasonable standpoint. Men will often say women cannot understand the value of money. Now, tell me why. Women, as a whole, have a truer sense of value than men have. Women reckon life and happiness and the health and joy of their families above the rotten stuff called money. A true sense of proportion is much likelier to come from a mother whose problem is the study of individuals than from a father whose horizon is cramped by business. Men so often think their women extravagant because they have never explained their incomes to their wives. If a woman is good enough for



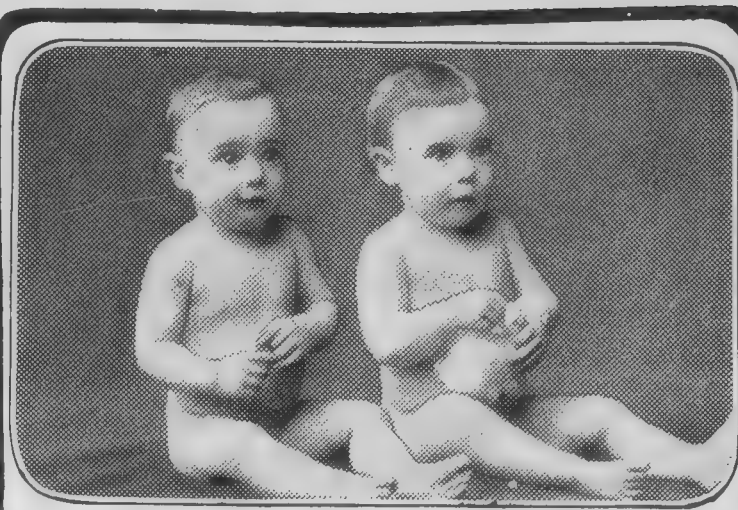
Banff Avenue—Winter.—Courtesy Canadian Pacific Railway

their first few years of life, and marriage surely has teeth also, which grow painfully. Taken in the right spirit it is surely the best life. But, of course, you must have average commonsense people who will both try to look at things in an equal light of equality. If a man wants his home perfect, let him help to make it so. Let him remember when he comes in tired from his work, his wife (if she has done her share) will be equally tired and weary of her work. A woman is usually, I know, such a naturally unselfish sort of a fool that she pretends to be just what she thinks her husband wants her to be, that is, if she really loves him. She will take the trouble to brush and smarten herself up for the time he is due home, although half an hour before she probably looked tired out. Then hubby comes home and says: "Well dear, had a nice easy day? You look as fresh as a daisy. Gee, I wish I could feel like that." So do I. "You could, Mr. Man, if you had half the courage of your wife." I know lots of men who positively look injured if baby is cross when they happen to be home. Goodness! A wife gets blamed for all the kiddies' shortcomings. All Johnny's virtues are his father's. Why, yes, but Lizzie gets that untidy hair of her's from her mother's side, you know! A mother learns to take all that sort of thing and say nothing; but I say—"Why should she?" I wonder if any man really sits down and thinks the matrimonial problems out on a fifty-fifty basis. Let him if he really loves his wife, go to her and talk these questions fairly and squarely out. If, as is often the case, when people really care a lot, they can-

a man's wife, she should be good enough to trust in every way. You trust her with your honor, your name, why not with your money? Is it not to her advantage as well as yours to spend it wisely? So many men think they are safeguarding things by letting their wives guess their incomes. I think they are playing a dangerous low-down game. No ordinary woman grudges a man what he spends. How would you feel, Mr. Man, if, on coming home from the city, your wife said—"Well, how much money did you spend today, and what have you got to show for it?" Yet this sort of question is often flung at a woman if she goes into the city.

It is not so much the actual things that are said, but it's the sense of superiority that even today a man often unconsciously exercises over his wife. Wives are still far too meek. Often and often they put up with all sorts of petty tyrannies for the sake of peace, when if they only knew it they are ruining their future chances of happiness by allowing man to assume such an ignorant, arrogant attitude. No woman likes to see a man henpecked. Every woman, I believe, naturally has a horror of such a thing, and it's sometimes this very sensitiveness which makes them submit to the bullying of their men.

Equal rights are what a woman ought to claim, and insist upon. Equal labor, equal recreation, equal claims to everything in the home, and in their relation to each other. It takes man and woman together to really make the home—and babies too.



The fact that so many Mothers with Twins have been able to nourish them for months on end, shows how Virol supplies the strength which both Mother and child need.

VIROL is for the Mother too

Virol is the great building-up Food for nursing Mothers. It contains some of the most precious food elements. Doctors urge Mothers to take Virol because it enriches the blood, and combats Anæmia, from which so many nursing Mothers suffer.

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THE new book "Seasoning Suggestions" tells how canned foods acquire a new zest, an additional piquancy, a rare savor when improved with Lea & Perrins Sauce,—a spoonful or so of which gives canned meats, soup, fish and vegetables the real "chef" touch.

"Seasoning Suggestions" gives the secret of adding Lea & Perrins' Sauce in the cooking, as well as on the table. Try Lea & Perrins with creamed meat dishes, fish dressings, patties and croquettes, and you will marvel at the delightful result.

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Send for free booklet of latest Bias Models

OUR HOME MONTHLY FASHIONS-PATTERNS

There is much beauty and great profusion about the style for Spring.

The season may be late or early, as regards the weather, but the fashions are already established.

The three piece costume has a strong vote in its favor.

This attractive model is shown in silk and cloth.

The jackets are bloused with no tailoring. A few cloth models in simple severe lines show practical features, but are not at all dressy.

Printed materials are the most prominent in the new materials. Flat crepe is used for street and evening models, matelasses are made up in three piece costumes, while for the straight line models, we have the sport silk as a favorite.

Taffeta will be popular for day dresses and street suits.

For sport wear, dresses follow the straight lines; semi-sport types show the plaited skirt, and over blouse costume, for which many smart color combinations are available.

The circular skirt is much in evidence, for "youthful" dresses and with apron and panel effects.

Coat styles are shown with smart embroidery in bright colors.

Contrasting bodice and skirt effects are used for evening dresses.

The tiered skirt is shown on some of the newest Spring models, with straight or shaped outline.

The short jacket will be popular and is used on youthful suits and costumes.

Sleeves will be most interesting, they may be wide, or close fitting, with flared cuffs coming well over the hands.

Sleeves with one, two or three puffs, above or below the elbow are pretty and much admired.

The sleeve in leg o'mutton style with deep armhole or, set in colse, with the width at the wrist is among the outstanding features of the Spring.

In cotton materials there will be effective prints in flowered designs, and embroidered stripes and blocks. Cotton frocks in straight line effects, with little elaboration, will be among the best types of the season.

So very adaptive are the styles chosen for the Spring fashions, presenting three principal silhouettes, each permitting such changes that will make them becoming to all figures.

One of these is the "little dress" very long, very straight and close, sometimes with a high collar, narrow cuffs and the hem 4 inches from the ground.

Its versions and variations are many, in tucks, plaits, frills, panels or apron effects, but it is still the simple frock usually of a fine woollen material embroidered in soutache or adorned with self applied motifs.

Such a frock becomes a three piece suit when to it is added a short straight little coat or a blouse jacket, and then it may have a decoration of ribbon, or heavy stitching.

Another of the three silhouettes to which we refer is the afternoon costume, on which appear gores or supple draperies.

For velvets and satins the gore, or godet, is especially important. It is usually set in at one side of the front.

If drapery is the theme, it may be caught up at one side, on the hip or fall in soft folds over the sides or front.

The third example is that used especially for evening wear, and it is marked by lovely subtle draperies.

Most all draped dresses show the slender outline. Important "draping" material are velvets plain or crushed, metal cloths embroidered and spangled nets and crepes.

Waists and "bodices" now display a variety of decorations in the way of capes, peplums lace berthas and angel sleeves.

Tight sleeves show ruffles, bias flounces, puffs, and gauntlets of lace.

A pretty house or porch frock, 4258— Figured percale and pique are here combined. Gingham, linen, lawn and crepe are also attractive for this style.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 5 yards of 32 inch material. The width at the foot is 2 1/4 yards. To trim as illustrated requires 1 yard 36 inches wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A one piece frock with draped panels, 4264— Figured silk combined with crepe is here portrayed. This is a good style for velvet and satin, or net and chiffon.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18, and 20 years. An 18 year size requires 7 yards of one material 40 inches wide. To make as illustrated will require 4 yards of 40 inch material for the dress of plain material, and 3 1/4 yards for the panels of figured material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



4251 4251



Blouse 3979



3979 4265



SKIRT 4265



3441 3441 3441



3441 3441 3441



4258



4258 4264 4256

4249

4256

4263

4263

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A pretty frock for mother's girl, 4249—Creme de chine with bands of filet lace was used in this instance. The model is good for wash fabrics as well as for tricotine, gabardine and soft silks.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 4 year size requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32 inch material. Chambray with bias binding in plaid or a contrasting color, would be a pleasing development for this style.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A new and stylish frock, 4256—With the waistline gracefully normal, and with simple pleasing lines, this style features a very attractive frock. It may be of wool crepe, or of crepe de chine. In linen, and other wash fabrics it is also desirable. The sleeve is a new close fitting model, that may be finished in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is about $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A popular seasonable style, 4267—This is good for flannel, flannelette, beacon cloth and also for cambric, crepe and silk.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 6 year size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A pretty frock for mother's girl, 4254—Serge and velvet were here combined. One could use plaid woollens and plain serge or jersey, or make the trimmings of embroidery or soutach braid. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10 year size requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54 inch material. To trim as illustrated, will require $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of contrasting material 40 inches wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A dainty frock for the little miss, 4241—Not only for grown ups are the bertha styles in vogue. They are specially becoming to little girls. The style here shown has other good features. It may be developed in gingham, crepe, silk or voile.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 2 year size requires 2 yards of 32 inch material. Without the bertha $\frac{1}{2}$ yard less will be required of 40 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A smart winter wrap, 4252—Here is a very stylish model for the growing girl. It is comfortable and roomy quite like a "grown-up" wrap. Velours, bolivia cloth, or broad-cloth would be attractive for this style. It is also good for velvet and other pile fabrics.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10 year size requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A neat and practical "Apron Frock", 4003—It will take but a few moments to adjust this trim and comfortable garment. One could make it of figured percale with a finish of rick rack—or feather edge—braid. The closing is at the side under the facing. In black sateen with cretonne for trimming, or in crepe in a pretty shade of yellow with bands of white, it makes a smart "tea" frock.



The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36, Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44, Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36 inch material. The width at the foot is about $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A stylish model, 4266—This design is suitable for slender and mature figures. The plait lines, the side closing and becoming sleeves are very attractive, and new. Figured crepe is here portrayed finished with a stitching in floss. The style is also good for satin, broad cloth and serge.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material. The width at the foot is $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A simple pretty frock, 4251—Jersey cloth in a pretty shade of brown was selected for this design. The stitchery is in black yarn. This style is also good for combinations of material. A very dressy dress could be evolved from Paisley silk and velvet.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. A 10 year size requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A jaunty top garment for "The Boy", 4248—Here is just the coat to make a boy comfortable, and to keep him warm. The fronts are double breasted. The sleeve is in raglan style, with roomy armseye. Serge, cheriot, tweed and other coat materials may be used for this design.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. A 6 year size requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A pretty frock, 3979-4265—The new figured crepes and silks are especially attractive for this model. The panels give length. The uneven hem line is here in new ripple effect.

The Blouse Pattern 3979 is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. The Skirt Pattern 4265 in 7 Sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37 inches waist measure. The width of the skirt at the foot is 3 yards. To make this dress for a medium size will require $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material.

TWO separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

A model easy to develop and economical of material, 4263—Figured percale was chosen for this practical apron with rick rack braid for trimming. One could have gingham or cambric, or sateen. The style is also good for rubber-finished fabrics and for crepe.

The Pattern is cut in one size—Medium. It requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 32 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A practical set of "Short Clothes", Pattern 3441 is here portrayed. It is cut in 5 Sizes: 6 mos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 years. A 2 year size will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27 inch material for the dress, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard for the Slip, and 1 yard for the Drawers.

Muslin, cambric or nainsook, would be good for slip and drawers. The dress may be of silk, voile, lawn, batiste, dimity, chambray or gingham.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

Asking too much of him

The lawyer was cross-examining a witness to a robbery. "When did the robbery take place?" he asked.

"I think—" began the witness.

"We don't care what you think, sir. We want to know what you know."

"Then if you don't want to know what I think, I may as well leave the stand. I can't talk without thinking. I'm not a lawyer."

The Pity Of It

We learn from an exchange that an Englishman and a Scotsman who traveled to Egypt together paid a visit to the Pyramids.

The Englishman was lost in admiration, and asked his companion for his opinion. The Scotsman shook his head sorrowfully.

"Ach, mon," he said with a sigh, "what a lot of masonwork no to be bringin' in only rent!"

"I will never consent to Gray Hair"

GRAY HAIR is appropriate only to age. Grandmother's silver locks becomingly frame a face lined and mellowed by time. But why should a young woman permit premature gray hair to place the seal of age upon her brow! Modern thought justifies the tinting of gray, faded or bleached hair to its original shade and splendor with

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7 miles from King George Center lives Mary. Mary was lonesome. At the village parties, although she danced well, she was a wall flower. The boys merely said, "Where does she get her dresses?"

The HARVEST FESTIVAL was in full swing, when there appeared at the door a delightful vision in a gown of Pink Crepe Georgette with Silver Tissue trimmings. It was Mary. Her gown was just the right tint to harmonize beautifully with her eyes, her hair and her complexion.

Rest assured, Mary was a wall flower no longer. Her Program was rapidly filled and a number of the boys marked the extras.

After that, Mary was lonesome no more. She always seemed to have a different dress for every occasion and her company was much sought.

One day, the secret came out. "Why," said she,

"It was simple. I learned that although I lived on a farm, it was not necessary to be dressed out of date. I took up the wonderful Franklin Institute system of Dress Designing, Dress Making and Coat Making, learning the lessons, which are fascinating, during my spare moments. Those three delightful dresses cost less than one formerly cost."

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Send me free sample lessons and full information regarding your Dress Designing, Dressmaking Course.

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And no such pearl in any gulf—the sea
As any babe on any mother's knee."
—SWINBURNE.

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
STOVEL BUILDING WINNIPEG, MAN.

THE IMMIGRANT—Continued from page 11

only nineteen and my mother too—just two kids. I don't know much about them. Anyhow they were happy till—till he went to prison."

"What for?" Jim asked harshly, still staring at the fire.

"I don't really know!" The boy's voice suddenly changed and became defiant—"anyhow, he wasn't guilty, whatever it was. Forgery or something, but he told my mother he wasn't guilty and I believe him!"

"Then?" Barrett's voice was calm again.

"Oh! Quite like a book, the rest of it. The usual thing. I was born eight months after my father was shut up. He never even knew I was coming and my mother died when I was born—broken heart, they said."

"But why—your father—why didn't they tell him about you—the baby?" Jim was staring now at the boy. His face was ghastly white.

"Silly, wasn't it?" the boy assented. "I always wished they had told him but they said my mother feared it would only worry him more if he knew she was going through that alone. Then after she died Granny was expecting my father home any day, so she didn't write. And the worst of it was, he never did come home. He knew my mother was dead, and when he came out, he just couldn't face it all. He slipped away off to America and never went near. That was the end. Someone wrote and said he had died out here."

There was a long silence after he finished.

"I suppose you've had tough luck then?" Jim said finally.

"Tough luck!" the boy echoed grimly. "Yes, I suppose most folks would call it that; though it wasn't so bad till Gran died!"

"And after that?"

"Well, I was ten then. I lived on the streets—selling papers, sweeping walks, sleeping in gutters—starving—a regular tramp—" he laughed, "till someone rescued me and put me in a home."

"A home," Jim repeated, dully, then added quickly, "Were they good to you?"

"Good? oh yes! As good as they have time to be in those places. But—well, they aren't the happiest places for kids. But they educated me. I used to liken myself to my poor dad in prison. I was glad when they sent me out on a farm."

"What made you come out here?" Barrett still stared fixedly at the boy.

"I don't know!" the boy smiled "I felt cramped in England. I had to get out of it. Get free. Get on and be like other men, without that everlasting sting of the prison and the home hanging over me. I know my dad died somewhere around these parts. So I made for here. I tried the East but I knew there was something better. I just had to keep on going till now—well I know now, why I came!"

He rose excitedly. His eyes were shining.

"It was because someone was waiting for me—I've never had a home or anyone who cared; but now—I used to think I'd have liked to have hunted out my dad and kind of make up to him for all he'd lost—if he hadn't died out here. But now—You see!" he went on more soberly, "I've always had to fight for everything I've wanted, but—well, I always get it in the end!"

Jim started. Then, for the first time, he smiled. Those were his own words. He looked over again at the boy.

No! There was no doubt. The boy's story was true. How had he missed it. That gold curly hair, those grey eyes, the curve to the upper lip—it was unmistakable. Strange—very strange, too; but now, for the first time in months, the vision of gay, little dark-eyed Luce faded away and in its place came one of a tall, fair, grey-eyed English girl. Strange how he had forgotten it all those years, ever since he had forced himself to crush all the tender memories of the past,

Something new—a new life—a new love—suddenly sprang up fiercely in his breast. This was his boy—his very life—and hers!—the love of his youth!

He stepped forward and held out his hand.

"Good luck to you, my boy!" he said, unsteadily, "and to little Luce, too!"

"And about the job, sir?" the boy said eagerly.

"Yes!" Jim said quickly; but I've changed my mind. I'm going up to take that place myself. You and Luce can have this one."

"Oh, sir—"

"Never mind!" Jim said quickly, "Some day, I'll explain—but see! the kettle has boiled dry and you haven't had your coffee."

**FISHING ON SKATES IS UNIQUE
SPORT ON BRITISH COLUMBIAN
INLAND LAKES**

By Francis Dickie

THE unbelievable truth in many cases proves to be actually true. On certain lakes in the Cariboo district in the interior of the Canadian Province of British Columbia, a certain kind of fish, a very large species of char, is captured by running the fish down on skates. This is done in the early part of the winter while the ice is still fairly thin and uncovered by snow. The man on skates locates a big fish through the clear ice and starts after it, moving in such a way as to keep the fish always between himself and the bank in fairly shallow water. It is a sport that calls for plenty of speed and control on skates as the fish darts, twists and turns rapidly. However, it tires in a remarkably short time, and finally quits. The man instantly chops a hole in the thin ice and hauls the big fellow out. The char of the lakes of North America (salmonidea namaycush) is one of the largest of the salmonidea, and in some cases has been known to weigh one hundred pounds.

On one of the inland lakes in the Cariboo country during a recent winter season, a new and unique sport was put into practice. A visiting hockey team from further inland came to the lake to play a game with a picked team of men residing about the lake. The visiting team won easily. When the game was over, it still being early in the afternoon, the home team players remarked: "You may beat us at hockey, but we have a game you can't beat us at." They then explained how the fish were run down on skates. The visiting team promptly accepted the challenge. Sections of the lake were allotted to the two teams and the game began. In the period allowed, the home team took nearly twice as many fish as the visitors, proving that experience is more than half the battle. It is probably the first and last time in the history of the world that such a game was played.

Wives of Our Village—Mis' Jorkins

Mis' Jorkins is a careful soul. She minds the cents and dollars; and every nickel that she gets, she squeezes till it hollers. She feeds her kids on shredded hay—she says it makes them tougher. She never gives a bite away for fear her heart might suffer. A dog and cat she once possessed, but they have long been banished. The neighbors have a hunch, they say, that into air they vanished. Her favorite dish is carrot stew: a treat she saves for Sunday, and if she has a little left she makes it do for Monday. Us folks feel sorry for poor Jork: we ask him out to dinner. We wonder how he'd stay on earth if he were any thinner. And when an honest meal he views, oh! how his eyes do glisten! The way he laps this vittles up 'twould do you good to listen. Some day poor Jork will vanish, too, unless he gets some fatter. But she will have her stack of dimes, and nothing else will matter.

—Katherine Beaton Greene.

Flimsy Material

Inspector. "What is a fishing-net made of?"

Smart Boy: "A lot of little holes tied together with bits of string."

HAVE YOU GOT A DESPAIR CHEST?

By Winnifred N. Whitelock

"A DESPAIR CHEST" says someone. "No, never heard of such a thing. Whatever it is."

Well, of course, you have heard of a Hope Chest, that chest or trunk in which the engaged girl stores her handiwork, dainty lingerie and beautifully embroidered house linens for the home to be. What romantic dreams are woven into the embroidery; what hopes of future happiness are stitched into the table and bed linen, whose snowy piles gradually grew in the Hope Chest.

But what of the unengaged girl? Why shouldn't she have the pleasure of storing up pretty things? Whether she remains a bachelor girl (there are no old maids now) or marries, she must make a home for herself somewhere when she is old, and women never outgrow their love of pretty things. Wherever the evening of her life is spent, the average woman will be happier for dainty undergarments and fine linen.

I knew at my age my friends would laugh at me if I started a Hope Chest. So I started a Despair Chest. What's in a name?

"But I shouldn't know what to put in a 'Despair Chest,' objects someone. 'You do know what you will need in a home, but how can you store up things for the future when you don't know where you are going to live?'"

First of all I have linen. Like most women I am fond of bargain hunting, and when I see a real bargain and I have the cash I like to buy the really cheap article, and after Christmas one can get some real bargains at the linen counters. Then I am very fond of sewing and in the winter evenings my favorite occupation is crocheting or embroidering with sewing for a change.

Sometimes at Christmas I am short of cash, yet I must give my mother or best friend a piece of my own work. Then it is that my Despair Chest proves a friend in need. I go to its depths and take out a pair of towels or pillow slips and send them off.

Have you ever had the news of a wedding sprung on you too suddenly to make anything? There were many hurriedly arranged weddings during war years. One of my friends wrote and told me she was being married the following week. Thanks to my Despair Chest I was able to send her a luncheon cloth with crochet which she was particularly pleased with as she got very few presents.

Then I have underwear in my Despair Chest. Occasionally a friend shows me an exceptionally pretty pattern and offers to cut me one like it. I gratefully accept the offer and copy the dainty garment, or something pretty catches my eye while shopping and if I am lucky enough to "have the price" I buy it.

Extra nighties are most useful stand-bys. Have you ever been ordered to the hospital with that childish complaint of measles, that you certainly never thought you would have again, or been rushed off to be operated upon for appendicitis. Added to the worry and pain there flashes across your mind the thought (for with women the ruling passion dies hard) "Good Heavens, and I haven't a presentable nightie." You will never have that extra worry if you have a despair chest.

But perhaps you are one of those lucky individuals who are never ill. But wouldn't it be nice to help a friend who is not so fortunate. Wouldn't it be nice when she is worrying over what to take to the hospital to be able to give her something pretty?

I keep two or three waist lengths of silk or voile which have been picked up cheap as remnants and a dress length of silk or voile or muslin, bought at the end of the season when summer or

winter things, as the case may be, are reduced. Also odd lengths of nainsook, pink or white mull for underwear.

Have you ever had the experience of having an unexpected invitation for a week-end to the country or city and had to go without anything fit to wear, or even refuse the invitation, because there was no time to make anything? I have. But if you have a Despair Chest, any woman who is handy with her needle can make a simple waist, envelope

chemise or nightie in a few hours.

But all my Despair Chest treasures are not ones I have achieved. Some have been thrust upon me.

Who has not at some time or other been the recipient of a camisole, the circumference of which is about half that of your bust. Dear Aunt Mary remembers you as a slim girl of twenty, and cannot realize that you take a size 44. Of course, you wouldn't hurt the dear old soul's feelings, so you put the bit of ribbon and lace away in your Despair Chest until a day of hope dawns.

And it soon comes. When you are sick Mrs. Brown's little girl is so good bringing you things from her mother and you do so want to make her a little present. The little camisole would be just what she would love and you know Aunt Mary wouldn't mind, for

after all she meant her gift to give pleasure to someone, didn't she?

"But," objects the busy mother of six, "I couldn't find time for a Despair Chest. The family sewing is as much as I can do."

Quite so, but you once had a hope chest, filled it and emptied it, but what of the woman whose life has been given over to her career, perhaps providing a home for parents or younger brothers and sisters? Or the woman who has lost her Hope Chest partner early in life? Why shouldn't they have a Despair Chest?

And you never know when a Despair Chest may turn into a Hope Chest. Stranger things have happened. Anyway I get a lot of pleasure out of mine, whether it is putting things in or taking them out.

Make no mistake about ROMAN MEAL With war conditions past IT IS DELICIOUS

THE only cereal which is a combination of whole grains. It compensates the deficiencies of flour, refined cereals meats and sweets.

Because it contains more bone making matter than even milk it is the ideal growth food for your growing child, or the nursing and expectant mother.

Because it is balanced it nourishes better than meat, aids digestion, positively relieves constipation. Being alkaline it clears the pimply rough or muddy skin.

Because of its Flaxin, Roman Meal contains more bone making salts and protein than even milk, thus it is the best possible food for your child, and for the nursing and expectant mother.

Buy Roman Meal at Grocers and try this Delightful Recipe to-day

GEMS

Mix 1 cup Roman Meal, 1 cup flour, 1 level teaspoon salt, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar, 2 rounded teaspoons baking powder. Mix 1 cup sweet milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup shortening and 1 well beaten egg together and stir into dry ingredients. Beat well and bake in gem tins. Moderate oven, 20 minutes.

For fruit gems add 1 cup chopped fruit.

Add ROMAN MEAL to Your Daily Diet.



ROMAN MEAL is the only balanced combination of whole grains—wheat, rye, Flaxin, and comminuted bran. It is a delicious family food, to be used as porridge, or baked into anything half and half with flour. By using Roman Meal in some way every day, with plenty of milk and some leafy vegetables (preferably uncooked) you provide your body—and the bodies of your children—with every element necessary to sturdy health and long life, and correct the "deficiencies" of modern "excess acid" and "deficiency" foods. Roman Meal aids digestion, positively relieves constipation.

With one exception the *most* economical cereal sold.

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Mrs. A. Moffatt, Roxton Falls, Que., writes:



"I suffered from a run-down system and nervous debility. I could not sleep or rest at night, and felt so weak I could not walk any distance. I took several tonics, but they only helped me while I was taking them. Mother advised me to take Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and I felt great benefit from the first box, and continued taking several boxes. Today I feel like a new woman, and am able to do my work without that dreadful tired feeling."

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

50 Cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto

The West's - - Favorite Offer

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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A STAMPED SIX-PIECE
LUNCHEON SET - - - for \$1.25

The Western Home Monthly and Free Press Prairie Farmer clubbing offer is easily the most popular in the West, and we anticipate that the number of readers who take advantage of the big bargain this year will exceed all former figures.

USE THIS COUPON

Date.....

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Winnipeg.

I enclose \$1.25, for which please send me The Free Press Prairie Farmer for one year, The Western Home Monthly for one year, and Stamped Luncheon Set.

Name.....

Address.....

CORRESPONDENCE

Alone but not Lonely

Dear Editor and Readers,—

I hope you will find a little nook in your paper to put this in. I have been an interested reader of The Western Home Monthly for a number of years. I have long had a desire to write to the correspondence page, but I have never picked up enough courage till now. I am one of those Western bachelors living all alone and doing my own cooking, but I am seldom lonesome, as I am a great reader. If one has lots of good books and papers to read they need not be lonesome. The Western Home Monthly is one of my favorite papers, I am a Scotchman, but, unlike most of my countrymen, I do not believe in dancing. I do enjoy going to a social or picture show or anything of that kind.

I do not agree with Jazz Baby about the country being dull. The city is dull unless you have lots of money to spend. I lived in the city for a number of years, so I know from experience.

I am interested in the doings of our Farmer M.P.'s, especially in their efforts to secure a wheat board. I think a good wheat board would do a lot of good to help the farmer over the rough road he is now travelling. There is too much money made off wheat by speculators. That money might just as well go into the pocket of the producer. However, I think we will have better times after a bit, and the farmer will be able to square off his debts and start on a clean sheet.

I would be pleased to hear from members of the opposite sex between twenty-five and thirty.

Scotty.

Pity for Bachelors

Dear Editor and Readers,—

I have been an interested but silent reader of The Western Home Monthly and its wonderful page for some time. I love the stories in it very much. I think it is the best magazine that I have ever read.

I live in the country with my brother. We have some lovely scenes out here, being surrounded by big hills and ravines.

I have been attending high school until this last year, when I stopped to be housekeeper for my brother. Had I continued school this would have left him a bachelor, and as I have great pity on bachelors, I could not be mean enough to leave him alone. I liked school life, but, now that I am used to the farm, I prefer to stay around it, and meet with different adventures in life.

I hope my letter appears on the page. It is not very interesting I know, but I will try to write a more adventuresome one next time. I would like to correspond with any member between seventeen and twenty-two years of age.

If any member has the words of "My Wild Irish Rose," I would be obliged if they would send them to me, and thanking them beforehand, I will sign myself,

Tulip.

[Will "Mabel" and "Jazz Baby" kindly send their name and address to the editor of this page so that correspondence may be forwarded to them.]

A New Sport

Dear Editor and Readers,—

Here I come begging for letters like the rest to pass away the long winter evenings. We live in an awful lonely place with nothing to see but hills and bush and not even a neighbor's light at night. The valley is very pretty in the summer time, but in winter it is very dreary. We don't have many neighbors, and the visitors are mostly those who come shooting, but forget you as soon as they get back to town.

Have any of you members ever tried chasing coyotes with a car, on the ice. That is the latest craze around here. One thing we do a lot of is skating. It is about our one and only pastime except reading.

Will some of you lonely bachelors write to

Chuckie.

Inky is Poetic

Dear Editor and Readers,—

My parents have taken the W. H. M. for several years and I like it, especially the correspondence page, which I always read first. I live in Western Canada, and it is very pretty here in the summer time. We have a large lake in front of our house, and at the back of the house it is surrounded with tall trees. I can't think on much to say, but I will send you a little poem.

Before the busy merchant,
Stood pretty little Bess,
"I want some cloff for dolly,
Enough to make a dress."

"What color, little lady,"
The pleasant dealer said,
"Why, don't you know," she answered,
"I want it awful red."

He smiled and cut the fabric.
For the delighted miss,
"What does it cost," she questioned,
He answered, "Just one Kiss."

And then the clerks who heard her,
Went roaring up and down,
"My dran'ma said she'd pay you,
Next time she comes to town."
If anyone cares to write me, my address is with the editor.

Inky.

A Lover of Scenery

Dear Editor and Readers,—

There has been a great deal to say regarding city and country life lately and I thought I would like to put in a word. I have always lived in the city, but this summer it was my fortune to spend a great deal of my time in a small country town. The small town I visited was in a very pretty valley with trees and water all around and as the days in the city are usually spent looking at tall buildings and rows of houses, I was charmed more than I can tell you with the country. The air is so pure too. Of course I must say I missed the places of amusement, but I could sit by the hour on the hillside and dream and rave over the scene before my eyes. It did not take me long to come to the conclusion that I could live in the country or small town and I am sure it all depends on one's temperament and disposition whether they like city life or country life the better. I could say a great deal on how much I liked the country and country life, but it would be almost one of the things that don't get you anywhere and I may as well stop now, but what I wish to say is that it all depends on one's self and temperament whether they prefer city or country life. For myself I am sure I prefer the country though, of course, one cannot say too much, having spent only the summer there. However, I think the beauties of the summer time cannot be erased from one's memory by any cold dreary winter, for as soon as the first spring days appear don't we forget that it ever was forty below. Now I must close. I think I have said enough for my first letter to your page, but if any of your readers who live in a pretty spot in the country would care to write to a City Girl, I will be very pleased.

Another City Girl.

Sympathy for Flapper

Dear Editor and Readers,—

I would like to reply to "A Flapper," whose letter appears in your December issue. The gist of Flapper's letter suggests to me that the "schoolmarm" doubtfully anticipates if any interesting correspondence or valued acquaintance can mature as a result of a letter in the columns of your magazine.

My personal opinion is that "A Flapper" is of a more refined disposition than the non-de-plume she chooses would suggest.

I used to have a valued acquaintance with a "schoolmarm" and understand a great deal about the perplexing problems that cross their paths from time to time

Continued on page 51

THE FACT THAT AN ARTICLE IS ADVERTISED IN THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY MEANS THAT IT IS EXACTLY WHAT IT IS REPRESENTED TO BE.



Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

"In Reading There Is Knowledge"

Mixed Feet

A tree toad loved a she toad
That lived in a tree
She was a 3-toed tree toad
But a 2-toed tree toad was he,
The 2-toed tree toad tried to win
The she toad's friendly nod;
For the 2-toed tree toad loved the ground
That the 3-toed tree toad trod;
But vainly the 2-toed tree toad tried—
He couldn't please her whim;
In her tree toad bower, with her V-toed
power,
The she toad vetoed him.
The Van Raalte Vanguard.

SOMETHING YOU WANT TO KNOW Backward Methods in Japan

The people of Japan, it seems, like to do things backward. In Mysterious Japan, Mr Julian Street gives an interesting summary of some of the things that the people do exactly contrary to American custom.

To us the Japanese method of beckoning would signify 'go away. Boats are beached sternforemost; horses are backed into their stalls; sawing and planing are done with a pulling motion; keys are turned in their locks in a reverse direction from that which is customary with us. In the game of go, which is played on a kind of a checkerboard, the pieces are placed not within the squares but over the points at which the lines intersect. During the day Japanese houses with their sliding walls of wood and paper are wide open, but at night they are enclosed with solid board shutters, and people sleep virtually without ventilation. At the door of a theatre or a restaurant the Japanese check their shoes instead of their hats; their sweets, if they come at all, are served early in the meal instead of toward the end; acting in the theatre is modeled not on life but on the movements of dolls in marionette shows, and in the classic "no" drama the possibility of

Dear Editor.—

I have read the C. C. C. for nearly three years. I hope you can spare a corner of the page for me. I would like a C.C.C. button, but I know that I must earn it, so I am sending in a piece of poetry that I have composed and perhaps it will help to get a button. I close now wishing luck to all.

Christmas is here at last,
The merriest time of the year,
It brings us thoughts of our Saviour,
Also good will, and cheer.
Our young ones know the story,
And thoroughly believe;
That it is far more blessed,
To give than to receive.
Hearts of loving kindness,
Wind their merry way,
Taking with them gifts of holly,
This joyful Christmas Day.

Age (10)

Norma Pattinson
2028 Haultain St.,
Victoria, B. C.

SOMETHING THAT WINS A PRIZE

A very good story by Eugene Cameron of Vancouver B.C. Eugene already has a gold button and if he will return it to us we will have a star placed on it for him. Remember next time Eugene to write on one side of the paper only.

And a story by Ruth Harrison of R.R.I. Wadena Sask. which also wins a gold button.

A Fairy Story

By Eugene Cameron

Little Tommy Tupper was only five years old, so when he fell asleep on the sofa after a very large Christmas dinner for such a small boy, his mother told his sister not to waken him. Indeed his sister who was seven, did not feel inclined



Ellis Lewis and four friends in the Garden at New Westminster, B. C.



Sons of Temperance Picnic Port Clyde, N. S. Sent in by Jennie Murphy, Forbes Point, Shelburne Co., N. S.

showing emotion by facial expression is eliminated by the use of carved wooden masks. And where the people have not been "civilized" out of their natural courtesy one chauffeur dislikes to overtake and pass another!

The list of things that the Japanese do backward might be continued indefinitely but is conveniently ended with the singular way in which they reckon the age of their children. In America a child that is born on the 31st of December is one day old the next morning. In Japan it would be two years old! For there they reckon that a child is one year old on the day it is born, and two years old on the following New Year's day.

SOMETHING SENT IN

Dear Bobby Burke.—

You asked for some pictures for the corner to be sent before Oct. 1st, but as I did not get my Western Home Monthly until too late for that, I will send now, for perhaps you will like to have them.

Jennie I. Murphy,
Forbes Point,
Shelburne Co.,
N. S.

Dear Editor.—

I received the gold button you sent me. I thank you very much for it, I think it is splendid and am very pleased to have it.

Yours sincerely
Ellis A. Lewis.
4337 Kinzie St.
New Westminster.

"I don't think he would," said daddy, very amused at the dream, "but go on."

"Well I kept right on and passed a shop where they made nothing but plum puddings, and a little further on, at the end of the road, was the place

Continued on page 50

Free Trial Bottle

Restore your Gray Hair

to natural color
and keep young



I ask every gray haired person to accept my free trial offer and learn how to bring back easily and safely the original color. I want them to learn without expense how a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water, restores the beauty of youth.

I perfected this Restorer for my own use—to restore the color to my own hair, which was prematurely gray. And though I am no longer young my abundant hair is still admired. So I know from experience that it is folly for any young person to let gray hair brand them as "getting old." It is equally unnecessary for those who are older to let gray streaks and silver threads increase the look of age.

No—restore your gray hair this safe, simple, scientific way which millions have found satisfactory. For my Restorer is the biggest seller and most popular preparation of its kind in the world.

Mail the coupon today for free trial bottle and make my

Mary T Goldman's

Hair Color Restorer
Over 10,000,000 Bottles Sold

famous convincing "single lock test." Note how easily it is applied, how dainty it is and how nice it leaves the hair. No greasy sediment, nothing to wash or rub off, nothing to make your hair sticky. Shampoo as usual—the restored color is permanent. Just forget you ever had gray hair. Hair discolored by bleaching or poor dyes can be restored just as surely and safely as hair that is naturally gray. This restoration is done by yourself, in private. No one need know your secret.

Fill out coupon carefully. Use X to tell color of hair. If possible enclose a lock of hair in your letter. Then when you know that your gray hair can be restored safely, easily and surely, get a full sized bottle from your druggist or order direct from us.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

—Print Name Plainly—

MARY T. GOLDMAN,
79B Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit, as offered 'n your advt. X shows color of hair. (Print name plainly)

Black..... dark brown..... medium brown.....
auburn (dark red)..... light brown.....
light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

Name.....

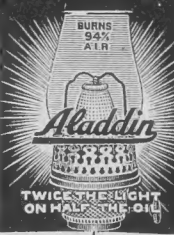
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Make your home bright and cheerful and SAVE ONE-HALF on oil. Tests by Government and leading Universities prove this wonderful new Aladdin is nearly five times as efficient as the best round wick flame lamps. BURNS 70 HOURS ON ONE GALLON (coal-oil) kerosene. No odor, smoke or noise; no pumping up; easy to operate; won't explode. Won GOLD MEDAL. Guaranteed.



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We want one user in each locality to whom we can refer customers—in that way you may get your own without cost. Be the first to write quick for 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER and learn how to get one FREE.

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No previous experience necessary. Many spare time workers earning \$50 per month, full time workers from \$200 to \$500. Our trial delivery plan makes it easy. NO MONEY NECESSARY. We start you. Samples sent for ten days' trial and GIVEN FREE when you become a distributor.

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Send them to us and we will make them up in a switch for you for \$3.00.

We carry a full line of hair goods.

Write for Prices.

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We are offering a wonderful trial assortment arranged in remnant lengths suitable for useful and necessary purposes, such as ladies' and misses' suit lengths, waist, skirt and dress lengths also men's shirt lengths; also odd lengths and pieces of all kinds. Latest styles, colorings and materials. Money cheerfully refunded if not entirely satisfied. Price \$1.00 postpaid.

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brew a cup of Celery King—natural herbs and roots—a gentle laxative and purifier. Tones up the liver and stimulates digestion. Makes you feel bright and vigorous. 30c and 60c, at druggists.

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It distresses you and your friends—it is dangerous. A few drops of Shiloh, the 50-year old remedy, brings immediate relief. Shiloh stops that irritating tickling in the throat, loosens the phlegm and heals the tissues. Get Shiloh, at your druggists, 30c, 60c and \$1.20.

SHILOH FOR COUGHS

aches and pains

Pain is Nature's signal that something is wrong, and unless it is quickly righted it may easily become serious.

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Swellings which so commonly accompany pain are quickly reduced by a brisk Absorbine, Jr. rub.

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509 Lyman Bldg., Montreal

Absorbine, Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER—Continued from page 49

where mince pies are made. I went in a big building where nobody saw me, and a man who looked like the boss was giving orders to a lot of other men. He showed them a pile of scraps and told them to mix that for the next mince meat. Then he went and got some other men to shovel dough with rusty spades, and then they put the dough and mince meat in rusty tins to be baked. They weren't a bit clean, and I was sick and wanted to come home, but I had no one to bring me. It didn't matter though, cause just then Kitty knocked down a pile of blocks and I woke up."

At supper that night daddy teased Tommy, and said he didn't suppose that he would want any mince pies after that dream.

"You bet I do," replied Tommy, "Cause it's mothers mince pies, and it isn't a bit like the kind in my dream. Anyway I'm going to eat a big piece, just to spite the naughty elf that gave me that dream."

That night when Tommy was asleep the little elf didn't bother him with any dreams, because he knew that he had not fooled him in the afternoon and thought he wouldn't try it again.

Then the little 'dream elf' met a little 'sleep elf,' Who said, "You should be ashamed of yourself To give little boys such bad dreams. You do nothing but spoil peoples sleep, it seems."

"Ho! There you are wrong," cried the elfin lad, "For I give good dreams as well as bad."

A Visit to Santa Claus

Amy was sitting by the fire—Christmas day was over, or would be at twelve o'clock that night when she was in bed. Amy was only eight years old. Sister Dora and daddy and mummy were sitting by the fire, too. They were telling stories.

She sat still for some time, and suddenly she heard a voice calling, "Amy, Amy, Amy!" it said, "come out to me."

Amy got up and went out, strange to say nobody noticed it, perhaps they were too busy with their stories.

When Amy got out what should she see but a tiny brownie sitting in a sleigh, with a dog (the tiniest little dog) to pull his sleigh. Then he said, "Come with me and I will take you to the home of Santa Claus." Amy jumped at the offer. She stepped into the sleigh and away they went over the ice fields, and snow fields and away and away, until they came to Jack Frost's palace. It was made of ice and it looked very pretty as it glittered in the moonlight. "Just one more mile to Santa Claus' palace," said the brownie, "he lives exactly opposite the North pole."

"Oh, are we as far north as that," said Amy, "we came so quickly."

The brownie laughed loudly. "Here we are," said the brownie. He ran up and rang a bell. Then came another brownie. "Call the Master," he said. Brownie number two ran off and soon came back followed by his master.

"And so this is the little girl, eh?" he said laughing.

"Yes, said Amy, I am her."

"Come in then," he said, "and see Mrs. Santa Claus. Mrs. Santa Claus proved to be as jolly as her husband. Amy had a very enjoyable evening. After going all around the palace she had some cake and tea. Then Santa Claus

told stories of all the times he had visited her land. Then the brownie took her home.

At home they were still telling stories, and they never knew Amy had been away, By Ruth Harrison, aged ten.

The stories which we print below are not in the prize winning class but they are nice little stories and you will be interested in reading them. Try again girls, next time may bring the gold button.

Dryden, Ont.,
Dec. 11th, 1922

Dear Editor and Readers,—

I am rather interested in your contest and letters, and I thought I would like to try. If I don't win, will try again.

The True Christmas Spirit

Miss Brown was sitting by her fireplace thinking of Christmas, and she was thinking of the time when she was young, and how the time had passed year after year, until she had grown out of childhood into womanhood and how she enjoyed Christmas when she was a girl and had presents piled upon her bed, and she thought of her neighbor next door whose children never had Christmas presents and their mother was too poor to buy any for them, as she had to work out to find food and clothing for them. Her husband was dead many years.

So Miss Brown got up, and putting on a coat, she went out into the street and went down town to the toy shop, and there she bought toys and candies, holly, and tinsel, and she once more started for her home. Then packing the toys in a parcel, she went to the post office and mailed them to her neighbor, and she also dropped an invitation card in the post office, for her neighbor to come over for Christmas dinner.

As my letter is rather long, I will close with best regards to the Cosy Corner.

Alice Jones
Box 45. Dryden,
Ont.

Carmangay P. O.
Alberta, Canada.
Dec. 17th 1922.

Dear Editor and Readers.—

We have taken your magazine for about two years and we like it very much. I am very interested in the Cosy Corner letters and contests, so I have at last got enough courage to write.

I would like to join your contest for writing stories, and I am sending a story called "A Homeless Boy's Christmas."

Once upon a time there lived a little boy who had no home. His name was James Hope.

He earned a little money selling newspapers and magazines on the streets. He was often hungry and in the winter time he was very cold as he had only a very little tumbledown room to live in.

James' parents died when he was four years old, and an old lady took him to live with her, and in a short time she also died, and he did not know what to do then at all. Often he went hungry and without proper clothes and he was very sad.

It was just a week until Christmas now, and as he passed on the streets he could see the shops ablaze with toys of all kinds, candies and every good thing.

How he longed for them yet could not have them, as he had hardly enough

Continued on page 51



Prevents Chapped Skin

"VASELINE" CAMPHOR ICE will take the bite from winter winds.

Apply a little to your lips before going outdoors, and liberally to your hands and face when you return. This will prevent the skin from becoming chapped or roughened.

If the damage has already been done, "Vaseline" Camphor Ice will soothe and heal.

It comes in metal boxes and tubes. At your druggist's or department stores.

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Every Vaseline Product is recommended everywhere because of its absolute purity and effectiveness.

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Sold in boxes—25 cents.
Sample on receipt of 5 cents, in stamps
From F. L. BENEDICT & CO.
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COMBINGS!

Lovely switches made from your combings.
New hair added if desired.
\$3.00 for making. With new hair, add from \$2.00 upwards.

Elite Hair Store
283 Smith Street,
Winnipeg, Man.

THE DOIN'S OF PUG

By J. A. Cormack, Winnipeg



CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER—Continued from page 50



She Found A Pleasant Way To Reduce Her Fat

She did not have to go to the trouble of diet or exercise. She found a better way, which aids the digestive organs to turn food into muscle, bone and sinew instead of fat.

She used *Marmola Prescription Tablets*, which are made from the famous Marmola prescription. They aid the digestive system to obtain the full nutriment of food. They will allow you to eat many kinds of food without the necessity of dieting or exercising.

Thousands have found that *Marmola Prescription Tablets* give complete relief from obesity. And when the accumulation of fat is checked, reduction to normal, healthy weight soon follows.

All good drug stores the world over sell *Marmola Prescription Tablets* at one dollar a box. Ask your druggist for them, or order direct and they will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid.

MARMOLA COMPANY
261 Garfield Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

money to buy him what he could not do without.

All during the week before Christmas he worked early and late selling papers and he tried to save a little money for Christmas.

But he could not succeed and he went to bed very unhappy.

But he did not know what could be done in a night. All day he had been wishing that a fairy would come and give him a little of something for Christmas.

In the morning he awoke expecting to see a barren and desolate room, but what he saw made him think he was dreaming.

For what he saw was a large basket full of toys and warm clothing and another filled with plenty of nice things to eat.

The kind Christmas fairy had indeed heard his wish and had granted it.

By and by a young lady who was very rich came to live in the same town as James lived in, and she adopted him and he lived happily in his new home ever after.

If I did not observe all the rules I will do better next time.

Now I must close as my story is very long, and also this is my first letter.

With best wishes to all.

Eileen Rose Nugent, 13

SOMETHING TO DO FOR MARCH

Write clearly, neatly, and on one side of the paper only the description of your favorite game to be played at a party. There will be a gold button for the best description of the best game.

There will be another gold button for the boy or girl who sends us a good puzzle or riddle that will keep nimble fingers and brains busy. The answer should be sent with the riddle.

This monument to dogs who served in the World War is erected in Hartsdale Canine Cemetery near White Plains, N.Y., to perpetuate the memory of dogs who died while serving in the trenches and battlefields of France. Many heroic deeds were performed by dogs during the war and the stories of their bravery would fill a small book.

In the city of Edinburgh, or rather high above the city in the great Castle which towers over Princess Street, there is a tiny dog's cemetery where dogs beloved by the soldiers who live now in the castle are buried and where several dogs famous in song and story lie. This little cemetery is on a small shelf of rock which you can look down upon from the high parapet where the great guns are that boom out salutes over the city and that mark the hours with a great roar from their iron throats. There, surrounded by flowers with rock below them and above them and the beautiful city of Edinburgh spread at their feet, are the graves of the little faithful friends of men.



To the memory of the war dog

CORRESPONDENCE—Continued from page 48

in the course of their profession. But, surely, Flapper, there are some congenial companions in the neighborhood of your little log cabin.

I would be glad of an opportunity to break the monotony of your school routine with a letter during the winter months. I have every confidence it will prove of mutual interest. Next time you write sign your P.O. address. Glasgow.

[Will "Glasgow" kindly send his name and address to the editor of this page so that correspondence may be forwarded.]

Favors Bobbed Hair

Dear Editor and Readers,—

I have been reading your valuable paper for some time, so I made up my mind to write to you and see if I could squeeze a line or two into your correspondence page.

I noticed in the last issue that "A Flapper" wanted to know if boys liked girls with their hair bobbed. Why, of course they do. It improves their looks a hundred per cent.

I agree with "A Flapper" when she speaks about people who think of nothing else but work from morning till night. I like to mix the work a little with play.

I notice a great number of correspondents live in the city and are terribly prejudiced against the backbone of the country, who are the farmers. I live in the country most of the time. I have lived in the city, and of the two, the country for me. I help the folks to run a ranch and most of my work consists of riding, and there is nothing I like better than to mount a real horse and gather in a bunch of cattle or, in the winter, get after a straggling coyote that has strayed out of his way to appease his appetite.

Now, I will close, and would like to hear from some Flappers about twenty. Whiz Bang.

The Bird and the Hyphen

A teacher in a lower grade was instructing her pupils in the use of a hyphen. Among the examples given by the children was "bird-cage."

"That's right," encouragingly remarked the teacher. "Now, Paul, tell me why we put a hyphen in 'bird-cage.'"

"It's for the bird to sit on," was the startling rejoinder.

To own and honor Greatness, giving Weight.

To Worth alone, is near to being Great.

Why Try To Treat Piles From The Outside

Don't Be Cut—Until You Try This New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time. Simply Chew up a Pleasant Tasting Tablet Occasionally and Rid Yourself of Piles.

LET ME PROVE THIS FREE

My internal method for the treatment and permanent relief of piles is the correct one. Thousands upon thousands of grateful letters testify to this, and I want you to try this method at my expense.

No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development, whether it is chronic or acute, whether it is occasional or permanent, you should send for this free trial treatment.

No matter where you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with piles, my method will relieve you promptly.

I especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases where all forms of ointments, salves and other local applications have failed.

I want you to realize that my method of treating piles is the one most dependable treatment.

This liberal offer of free treatment is too important for you to neglect a single day. Write now. Send no money. Simply mail the coupon, but do this now. TODAY.

Free Pile Remedy

E. R. Page,
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Please send free trial of your method to:

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THE DOIN'S OF PUG

By J. A. Cormack. Winnipeg



THE WORLD IS SAYING

**The Movies and the Millions**

The Vitagraph movie concern has sued the Famous-Players-Lasky Company for \$6,000,000. Business must be bad when movie concerns come down to a discussion of chicken feed.—Duluth Herald.

Quite in the Order of Things

As British-born premiers are in control of affairs in Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia, it is only in the order of things to see a Canadian-born Premier of Britain.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

A Thrifty Burg

The thrifty walls of Walla Walla sets a headline in civic economy. By planting wheat on the unused portion of the city cemetery the corporation revenue was augmented by \$400.—Vancouver Province.

No Need to Worry about the Sun

It is announced by scientists that the sun will continue to shine and the justly esteemed solar system to function for eighty-six million more years. This will see us through very nicely.—Halifax Herald.

A Good Rule of the Road in Life

Practically all the Provinces of Canada have adopted the "keep to the right" rule of the road. It is also a good motto for politicians and all other citizens that come in the way of temptation.—Guelph Herald.

Elections and Governments

Elections are held in democracies for the purpose of allowing people to have the kind of government they want. One difficulty is that they are not sure what they want done with it after they get it.—Providence Journal.

A World Record

A record was made in 1922 by shipping 188,510,661 bushels of grain from Port Arthur and Port William. No other harbor in the world has ever approached this figure for grain alone.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

Another Theory Based on Statistics

Divorce records in the United States show that the third year is the one in which most barks on the matrimonial sea come to grief. This will be interesting news to a lot of people who are entering the third year.—Vancouver Sun.

A Coincidence—or What

Is it only a coincidence, and nothing more, that Kansas, the state in which life is longest in the American Union, as the statistics show, is also the State in which the saloon has been continuously extinct for the longest period?—Brooklyn Eagle.

Sentiment and Trade

The statement by a woodworkers union in the Old Country that they don't give a whoop where the timber comes from, whether from Germany, China or Canada, may be an eyecopener to those who have an idea that there is sentiment in trade.—Journal of Commerce.

He Thinks That's Different

Every member of Parliament will stand on his feet and plead for hours, if necessary, for a policy of economy; but when it comes to a question of securing appropriations for public works in his own constituency he is, for them, first, last, and all the time.—Winnipeg Tribune.

In Regard to Immigration

If the principle now being advocated in certain quarters, of discouraging immigration into Western Canada until conditions are ideal for the people already here, had always been lived up to Winnipeg would still be a village on the frontier of an empty wilderness.—Brantford Expositor.

The Right Canadian Spirit

That the exhibition authorities of Halifax, N.S., should have sent for the fair managers of Edmonton and Regina to advise them on the reconstruction of their plant is a pleasantly significant fact. There cannot be too much of this sort of broadening out in Canada.—Ottawa Veteran.

A Cynical View

The Swedish submarine chief's remark to the effect that even if the undersea boat was banned it would be secretly constructed for use in case of war, is fairly indicative of the cynical view of international agreements—the view that all treaties are scraps of paper if the devil drives.—Vancouver Sun.

As to Rules of Warfare

Of course it is right that there should be rules for warfare. When there is no war they are faithfully kept; but one or two incidents in the Great War illustrated the value of international by-laws that are intended to dictate certain principles associated with human slaughter.—Victoria Times.

Delayed News from the Balkans

There has been a change of government in Jugoslavia but the news that the retiring ministers have been shot out of hand or at least sentenced to jail for life has not yet come to hand. As this seems to be the well-established Balkan custom perhaps the announcement is only delayed.—Chicago Tribune.

What Security? None Better

"What security has the United States for the billions of dollars loaned to Great Britain?" asks an anonymous muttonhead of St. Louis. The security of as sublime a courage, as invincible a spirit, as unwavering a faith and as knightly an example of self-sacrifice as the annals of the human race disclose. Next!—Houston Post.

Wealth from the Soil

An article in a recent issue of an American weekly dilated on the fact that a well known mining area in the decade which covered its prosperity produced half a billion dollars worth of metals. Western Canada, according to the official figures issued from Ottawa raised field crops of this value in 1922 alone.—Edmonton Bulletin.

The Russian Model of Democracy

The official newspaper of the Soviet government in Moscow gives the present membership of the Communist party in Russia as 422,875. This, for purposes of government, constitutes the actual electorate for a country with a population in excess of one hundred million. Such is democracy according to the Russian model.—Buffalo Express.

Education Pays

The United States department of agriculture reports a survey of three representative areas in Indiana, Illinois and Iowa. It is shown that farmers with a college education received an average income of \$463 more a year than the man with a high school education, and \$979 more a year than the man with only a common school education.—Toronto Star.

Have We No Fakers in Canada?

When the Prince of Wales was in India the best magicians of that ancient and mysterious land did some wonderful feats for his benefit that make the cleverest vaudevillians we see in this country look like pretty small beer, if such an expression is permissible to-day. India is the land of mystery and magic, and much of the skill of the "faker" is astounding to visitors from the Western world.—Galt Reporter.

The Call to Courage

The young men of our day are too apt to fancy that big opportunities have vanished. They are mistaken. There are more chances to-day for brain and brawn, courage and hard work, pluck and perseverance, than ever. If the way is not free from obstacles, all the better. Such things bring out initiative, test fibre and create confidence.—Toronto Globe.

Past and Present—a Contrast

It is a great jump in Canadian agriculture from the day when the settler slung a bushel of wheat behind him on his horse's back and conveyed it twenty miles to the grist mill, to the present situation where the marketing of the Canadian Wheat crop entails the handling of millions of dollars and the co-operation of mammoth organizations.—Calgary Albertan.

An Order With High Sounding Titles

"The Most Bold Order of Crusaders" is the name of an organization making way in England and said to be a cross between the Italian Fascisti and the American Ku Klux Klan. The object is to revive the old spirit of brotherhood of the crusaders and apply it to everyday life. The members of the order wear striking uniforms and the officers have high sounding titles. There are a lot of things that indicate that this is an odd world.—Hamilton Herald.

Gasoline Traction and Horses

According to a trade report, the gasoline motor is rapidly replacing Old Dobbin, both on the farm and in the city. It is stated that he brings less than one half of his valuation of two years ago, regardless of strength or condition. An analysis made of recent auction and private sales in an eastern province shows that horses have brought an average of \$90 each, compared with from \$150 to \$200 two years ago.—Toronto Telegram.

Great Cities and Human Welfare

It is a highly debatable question whether nations are wise in boasting of the size of their great cities. Allowing for all the industrial production the city of New York represents, there is something parasitic about such cities, as the farmer knows, even when they constitute his market. Would not this country be richer, and incomparably happier, if two million of New York's overgrown population could be redistributed on the land outside of its borders?—Regina Leader.

No Canadians in Canada

Discussion continues on the failure of the Canadian census to recognize Canadian born citizens. Every other country in the world is recognized except Canada. When you fill out the form you are not asked to say whether you are a Canadian or not, so to-day in Canada we do not know how many Canadian born citizens are residents of the country. We can tell how many there are of British, Scotch, Irish, German, etc., descent, and nothing more. Naturally and rightly there is a strong feeling of protest that Canada permits such a system to exist.—Lethbridge Herald.

Are Flappers and Jazz Disappearing?

Now that the flapper and jazz are disappearing, we can resume the practice of blaming adenoids for everything.—Indianapolis Star.

The Hudson Bay Route

The most powerful advocate of the Hudson Bay route is the map showing North America in its relation to Europe.—Winnipeg Free Press.

A Proper Retort

A Kansas editor says women in politics get fat, to which they might retort that some of the men in politics get fatheaded.—Washington Post.

It's a Way Trouble Has

The Turkish trouble appears to have been a good deal easier to start than to stop. Trouble has a habit of running that way.—Montreal Standard.

How Henry's Quiet Life is Disturbed

Mr. Henry Ford leads a quiet life, the silence of which is occasionally broken, however, by the honk honk of his bank balance.—Stratford Beacon.

A Pointed Reply

Next time a chap springs a Scotch-thrift joke on you remind him that Andy Carnegie gave away \$350,000,000 while he lived.—Milwaukee Journal.

A Cold Proposition

Newfoundland, it is said, will give us a strip of Labrador if we take over her debt of fifty millions. It's awful how the price of ice has gone up.—Ottawa Journal.

A Way the Voters Have

The strangest thing is how many times the real issue in an election turns out to have been something the party leaders said wasn't an issue at all.—Kansas City Star.

Ananias and the Income Tax

The first tax payer who lied about his income was Ananias. What happened to him was plenty, but a fresh example as a deterrent seems called for.—Kingston Whig.

Always a Man to Fill the Gap

A few hours after Poland's President was shot another man had stepped into his place. As the guide said to Napoleon: "There be brave men everywhere,"—Halifax Chronicle.

Reason for Thankfulness in Russia

Seven million Russians who must be given aid this winter have cause for thankfulness that there are parts of the world in which the old order still exists.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Eloquence of Two Kinds

Sir Henry Thornton made some interesting remarks at the banquet, but nothing so eloquent as his appearance on the job in a snowstorm at 8 o'clock the following morning.—Ottawa Citizen.

The Greek Way

In Greece, they now have the consolation of knowing that if the cabinet makes a mess of things they can always be taken out and shot and a new start made.—Brockville Recorder and Times.